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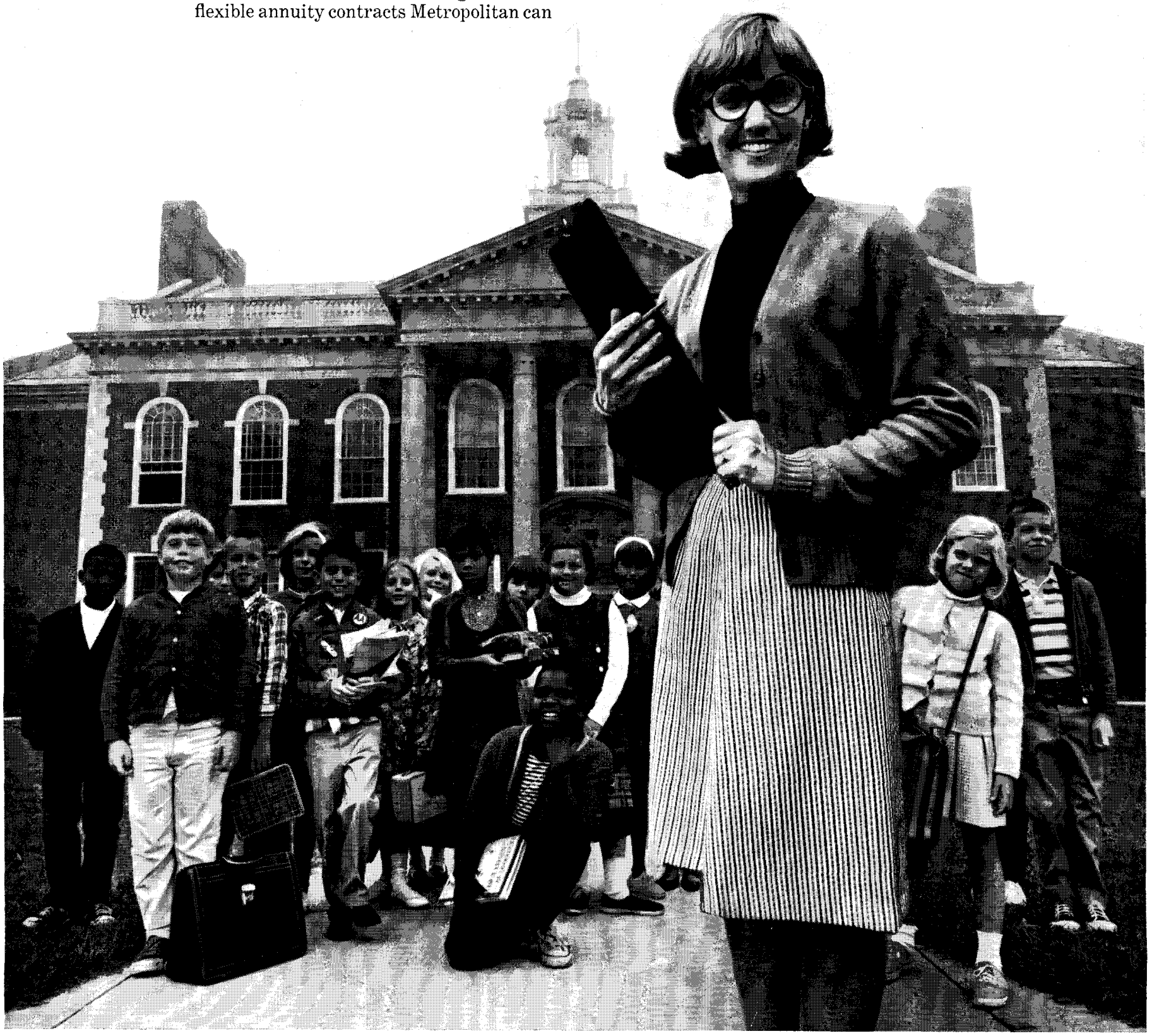

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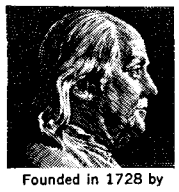
The Saturday Evening
POST



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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

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About this issue

Robin Maugham and his uncle.

When representatives of the National Liberation Front refused to guarantee him safe conduct into Communist-controlled areas of South Vietnam, *Post* writer SANCHE DE GRAMONT decided to go anyway. Because he is French, he managed to travel through Viet Cong territory that no American journalist could enter. A former staffer on the New York *Herald Tribune*, de Gramont won a Pulitzer Prize for reporting in 1961. He is author of *Secret War*, a book about international espionage. . . . ROBIN MAUGHAM, who reminisces about his late uncle, W. Somerset Maugham, wrote his first novel, *Come to Dust*, while hospitalized from wounds he received in World War II. He has since published several more novels and a number of travel books. . . . CHARLES SIMMONS, assistant to the editor of *The New York Times Book Review*, is author of a humorous novel, *Powdered Eggs*, published in 1964, which won the William Faulkner Award. / Cover by PHILIPPE HALSMAN.

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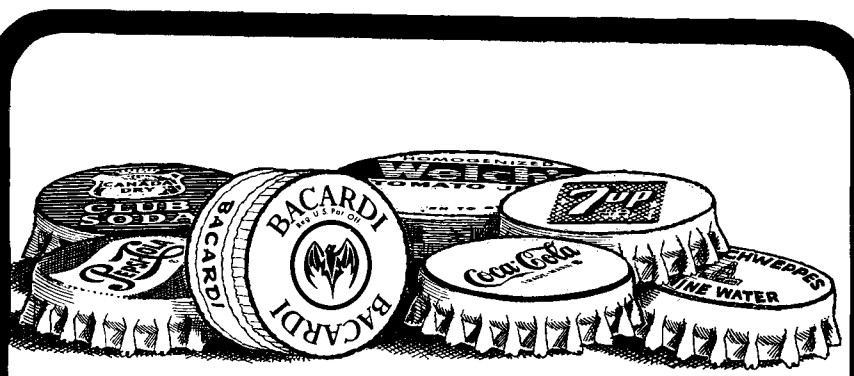

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Letters

Jobless workers

Dear Sir:

The article titled 'I'M OUT OF A JOB, I'M ALL THROUGH' by Ben Bagdikian [December 18] was the most perceptive, informative and comprehensive article, in my opinion, that has ever appeared in *The Post* in the 237 years of its history. If it did nothing else, it shattered the myth that anybody who really wants to work can find work.

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir:

Your excellent article on unemployment is a sad commentary on the poor political, social and business leadership of this nation. Our political leaders seem unable to do anything more than update old "new deal" ideas that now generate unfilled hopes. Clearly, training programs do not create jobs.

Our social scientists have guided us down a road where we reward nonproductivity and irresponsibility. We pay farmers for not farming (subsidies) and we pay workers for not working (relief and featherbedding).

Our business leaders, obsessed with seeking competitive advantage and maximum profits, have hired engineers to solve the physical problems of production. Today we can produce more than can be sold of practically everything, so are concerning ourselves with putting a man on the moon.

It *is* possible to employ *all* who want and are able to work, with no changes in our political, economic or social structure. We only need the leadership and capital to create enterprises supplementing our competitive market system, in which providing employment, an adequate standard of living and economic security is superior to seeking competitive advantage and profit maximization.

EDWARD L. PAGE
Vice President & General Manager
Employment Enterprises Corp.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Bagdikian's piece is a standard example of the cliché that what's wrong with our economy is unemployment caused by automation. Let me make several points:

1. Automation has not speeded up. It is true that "in the generation before World War II, the average annual increase in each man's production per working hour was 2 percent" and that in recent years it has been 3.5 percent, but the latter is the average rate that has prevailed since the Civil War. Note that the 2 percent rate before World War II was accompanied by massive unemployment. Because a rapid increase in productivity requires a high level of investment, rapid automation has typically been accompanied by *low* rather than *high* unemployment.

2. Statistically, unemployment among older people, for all reasons—including automation—is quite small: Among men, it is least for the age group 35 to 54 (about 2 percent). The case of Al MacGinn, described in the article, is undoubtedly real and deeply tragic, but similar cases are not numerous.

3. A third of those unemployed are under 19; one half, under 24. I doubt if automation plays much of a role. Keep in mind that three times as many teenagers entered the labor force from 1960 to 1964 as entered from 1950 to 1954, and that the availability of casual jobs has decreased as minority groups moved to cities requiring work permits and the payment of a minimum wage.

As chairman of the Middle Atlantic Regional Manpower Advisory Committee I am at least as concerned with the matter as Mr. Bagdikian. But I feel that we should address ourselves to real rather than imaginary problems.

HENRY H. VILLARD, *Chairman*
Dept. of Economics, The City College
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

How humble men are when out of work, but how belligerently and blindly they follow union leaders' outrageous demands on management when they're on the payroll!

B. P. SPONG
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I am a skilled machinists' inspector. My job was taken over by automation, and I have been seeking work for four years now. I used to believe that my difficulty was caused by a slight physical handicap, but since reading your article, I know that the magic words are, "Sorry, buddy, but you're over forty."

R. J. (BUD) ALM
San Jose, Calif.

Dear Editor:

As a writer of professional résumés, I am in daily contact with people faced with these problems, which affect almost every man and woman at all levels of employment and education as soon as they reach the age of 40. In some job categories, the age limit is 35; still others, 30. As one man said, "When I first got out of college and applied for a position, I had a tough time because I was either too young or I had no experience. I spend four years in the service to get age and maturity, ten years getting good, sound experience, and now, when I think I have everything to offer to an employer, I am too old."

DEBORAH CONWAY
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

How long can we absorb the flood of humanity knocking at our gates? Unemployment will have to be increased, with 350,000 people coming into this country annually.

DAVE LISTERMAN
Las Vegas, Nev.

Dear Sir:

As automation replaces physical work, computers replace much mental work, especially the routine. More and more, available "work" will become like higher education: design, planning and innovation. Work, in short, is becoming more difficult to do.

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By a Subscriber

FOR YEARS I was shy in groups, even at home. Didn't enter into conversations easily. By the time I'd collect my thoughts to venture an opinion, the group's talk would pass me by.

"Several months ago, I sent for a trial subscription to The National Observer, that wonderful new weekly by the same people who publish The Wall Street Journal. I hoped that regular reading of such dependable and varied information would give me more self-assurance and poise. I *hoped* for all this — but didn't really expect it. After all, what could a mere newspaper do for me? To my surprise, I have discovered that The National Observer more than lives up to my desires.

"There is a wealth of significant, useful and entertaining information every week. It is authoritative, wholesome and unslanted . . . written so interestingly that when I finish an issue the information is *mine.* I easily take part in almost any discussion of politics, science, books, movies . . . keep up to date on the theater, art, medical findings, fashions, household problems, economic events. (These are only some of the many subjects reported regularly in The National Observer.)

"Busy as I am with other chores, I don't get behind on my reading, for The National Observer very wisely gives me all this information in concise form — in relatively few pages that I can manage very conveniently.

Wives love it

"And I'm not the only one who gets a lot out of The Observer. Just the other day my wife clipped an Observer item describing six rules for better cooking developed by the Flavor Laboratory in Cambridge, and took the clipping to a meeting of her club's homemaking committee. Last week she stood up in P.T.A. and told how Yale University is offering a free summer program to high school students from all over the country whose potential is greater than their grades show. She stopped trying to correct Billy's "new math" homework after The Observer told her why experts advise parents against it. She says The Observer is the most helpful news publication she's ever read.

Teen-agers use it for their school work

"Not only that, our teen-age boy and girl enjoy it and use it in their school work. It's a pleasure to be able to pass along to them a paper filled with clean, constructive news, free from sensational crimes and scandal. John is a new driver. He was quite impressed with The Observer article that told of the safest ways to get help along a high-speed expressway. Betty was fascinated by what a sociologist had to say about college sororities today. And they're always clipping items for their Social Studies homework — such as the story about why the 400-year-old tradition of congressional immunity is now in danger, and the one about a new device being used to press legislation through the powerful House Rules Committee.

"And you should hear the whole family chattering away at the dinner table these days. We have so much more in common to talk about now. Sometimes we're still lingering long after dessert, discussing whether or not grades are essential to a college education . . . whether trading stamps are worth saving, or worth avoiding . . . whether a computer can be used successfully as a matchmaker . . .

"We're just a changed family since we discovered The National Observer."

So many National Observer families are talking like this. Why don't you join them?

Winner of awards for fine reporting

The National Observer is published by Dow Jones & Company, the same world-wide news-gathering organization that publishes The Wall Street Journal. For two successive years, The Observer has won top national awards for distinguished news reporting.

Since The Observer is printed on high-speed newspaper presses in its four modern printing plants across the country — and because newspapers can be "made up" and printed faster than magazines — last minute stories can be included only hours before the paper comes off the press.

You get more news—in a compact, full-size, single-section newspaper. And you get more out of it. The large newspaper format permits not just one major "cover story," but five or six. Inside pages are important news pages, too — there's no "letdown." Well-written headlines let you learn a lot quickly and invite easy browsing for the stories that interest you most. More than 50 excellent pictures, reproduced with sparkling clarity on our own special crisp-white newsprint, open windows not only on the people, places and events in the headlines, but also on such amusing sidelights as a "monster" built by art students out of junk and debris . . . or the Laguna Indians doing a traditional dance to celebrate their new electronics plant.

Many enjoyable special features

Each week, too, The National Observer brings you more than a dozen special features that add to your enjoyment or broaden your knowledge in important areas. "The Week in Washington," for example, can be read in a matter of minutes, yet brings you up to date on significant happenings in Congress, the White House, Government agencies, the courts and politics. Similarly, "How's Business?" fills you in quickly on important trends in industry, the performance of the stock market, and other economic indicators.

For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging puzzle; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." "A Chat With the Doctor" brings you helpful medical hints on subjects ranging from snakebite to hiccups. And the whole family will enjoy the dry humor of "Grass Roots Philosophy," culled from the home-town press. ("Brush your teeth regularly with an electric toothbrush and see your electrician twice a year.")

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Letters

As holding a job becomes more difficult, I suspect the very value of work will decrease. We have long equated the "good American" with the working American. But why is someone better than another because he works? Life *can* be otherwise. That a man should feel more of a man because he can get a job cleaning toilets seems to me bizarre.

JEFF BERLANT *Graduate Student*
Department of Sociology, U.C.L.A.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Separate but equal?

Dear Sir:

No special exceptions can be made in favor of nonconformist Negroes in our public schools [THE BROOKSES AND THE GOWSTERS by Stewart Alsop, December 4]. In agreement with Mr. Alsop, I believe that the best way to cure this social problem is to afford all Negroes the best education available.

BENNY R. LEEPER
Aztec, N. Mex.

Dear Sir:

Stewart Alsop shows a dangerously defeatist approach to the problem of school segregation. "There is really only one way," he writes, "to end it—by forcing whites to send their children to largely Negro schools. This would invite a bloody revolution. . . ." Alsop ignores a decade of creative approaches to integrated housing, both in New York and in Chicago, where white families have of their own volition moved into what would otherwise have been a segregated area. If one can integrate housing, the integration of schools is no insuperable task.

The new Housing and Urban Development Act of 1965 and the President's approach to neighborhood development, rather than just housing, give the clue to the creative approach to the problem.

ROGER SCHAFER
New York, N.Y.

Understanding Latin America

Dear Sir:

As a Brazilian American Field Service student in the United States, it is my obligation to express my opinions about the editorial titled ON THE OTHER HAND . . . in the December 4 *Post*. It begins: "Latin America remains Latin America. When President Kennedy hopefully inaugurated the Alliance for Progress five years ago, it was supposed to bring both economic growth and social democracy to the turbulent nations of Latin America."

I recognize that the Alliance is an excellent and well-intentioned organization (reflecting the kindness of the American people) which has helped my country very much. But, I say to you, do not expect that Latin America will necessarily achieve the "economic growth" through the Alliance or that Latin America will necessarily reach a "social democracy" to solve its social, political and economic problems. Do not expect to give Latin American countries a form of democracy identified with U.S. purposes and interests.

After mentioning the controversial changes introduced by Castelo Branco's administration, your editorial states: "But his action—tranquilizing as it may be—took Brazil a long step backward and away from whatever ideals the Alliance for Progress still has."

I, personally, disagree with some policies of the present Brazilian government. But I also disagree with your unilateral and biased editorial.

ANTONIO AUGUSTO CANÇADO TRINDADE
Pomfret, Conn.

Democratic tolerance

Dear Sir:

You published on your Letters page [December 18] a letter from Dick Hutzler of Santa Clara, California, in which he declared that "the biggest flaw in a democracy" is the tolerance that allows such organizations as Hell's Angels *et al.* to exist.

Although we may have serious differences with the individual actions or the group ideals of the organizations Mr. Hutzler names, the very purpose of a democracy is to allow divergence of opinion. That divergence must be as wide as the very limits of actions which are not actual crimes against society. If it is limited to the narrow confines of what does not offend the sensibilities of the majority, we would all suffer a loss of liberty.

MRS. LOUISE CADY
Alexandria, Va.

Model trains chug on

Dear Sir:

Allow me to correct a misconception held by some people, including "a slot-car manufacturer" [BIG DEAL ON TINY WHEELS by Thomas Meehan, December 18]. Toy trains may chug boringly around in circles; *model trains do not.* The chance to be engineer, brakeman, general manager, or "Master Mechanic" in charge of cars, structures or controls is fully as challenging and rewarding as bringing a Ferrari home first.

JAY BARNUM
Wilmington, Del.

Commuting by handcar

Dear Sir:

Perhaps author Marvin Kitman and illustrator N. M. Bodecker thought they were approaching originality with the theme of TO HECK IN A HANDCAR [The Human Comedy, December 18]. Not at all! The gentleman leisurely pedaling his way from Urbia to Suburbia is merely duplicating the feats of 1895 when the nation's first bicycle railroad was opened between Mount Holly and Smithville, N.J. But the 1895 version was more modern than the one described by Mr. Kitman, for it was a monorail, with switches, single units, and units which would accommodate four pedal-pushing passengers.

Besides Hezekiah B. Smith's railroad, invented by Clarence Hotchkiss, there are also claims that here William S. Kelly invented the first pneumatic tire; and in 1879, long before Henry Ford was tinkering with his first model, the Smithville plant produced a kerosene-burning steamer with a 16-inch fire-tube boiler, a three-speed sliding gear and a high-speed piston-valve motor. It was reported to have worked amazingly well, but was just 20 years ahead of the times.

CHARLES E. KEMP
Wilmington, Del.

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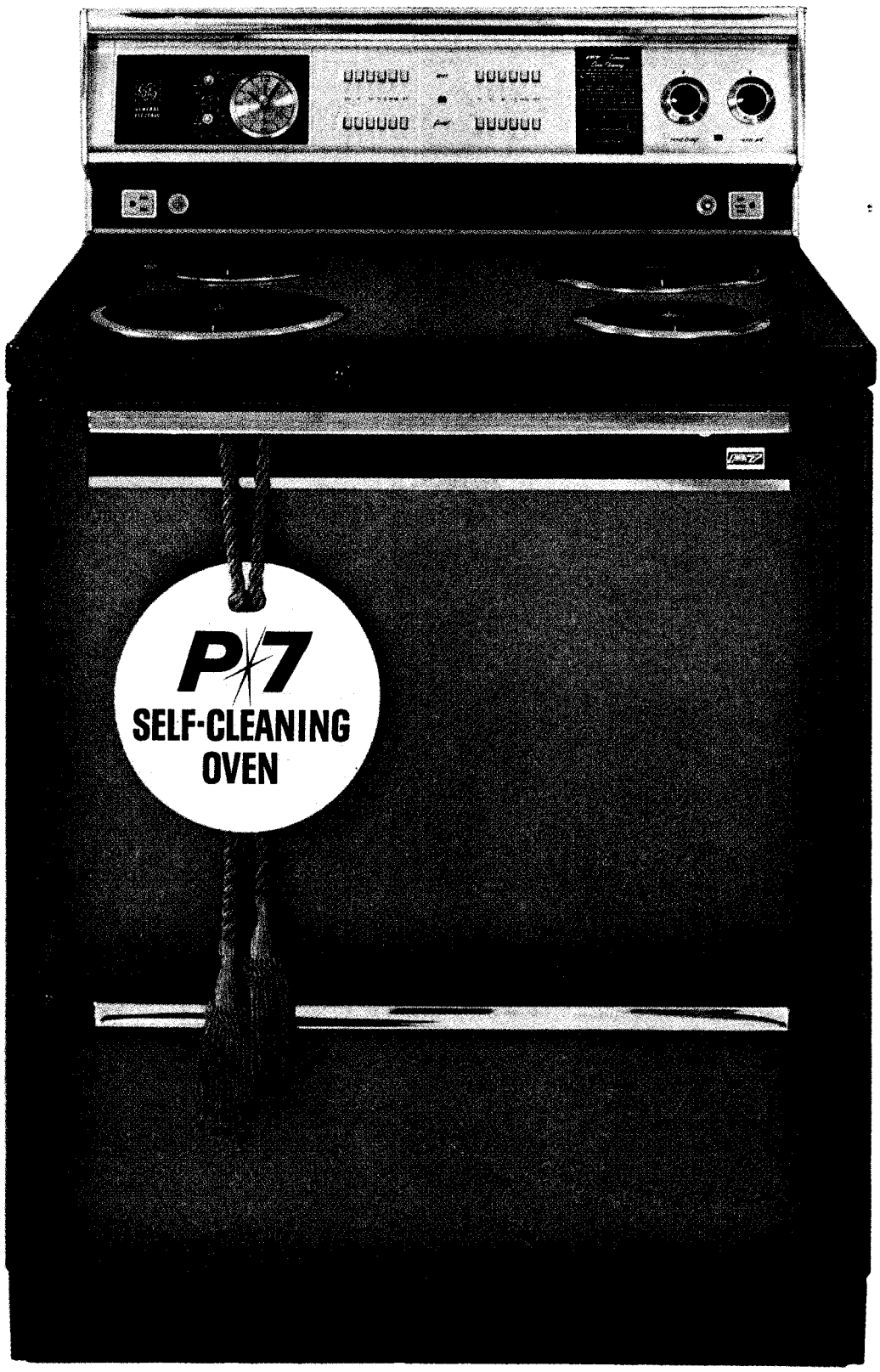

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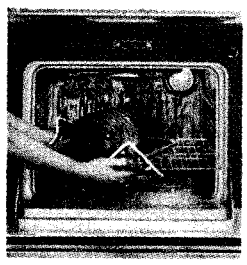
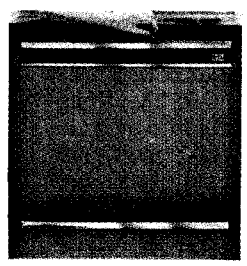
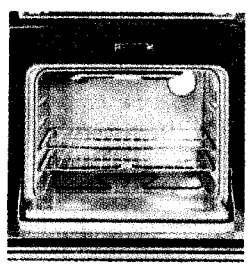


Don't touch this dirty oven.



Just set the dials, latch the door...



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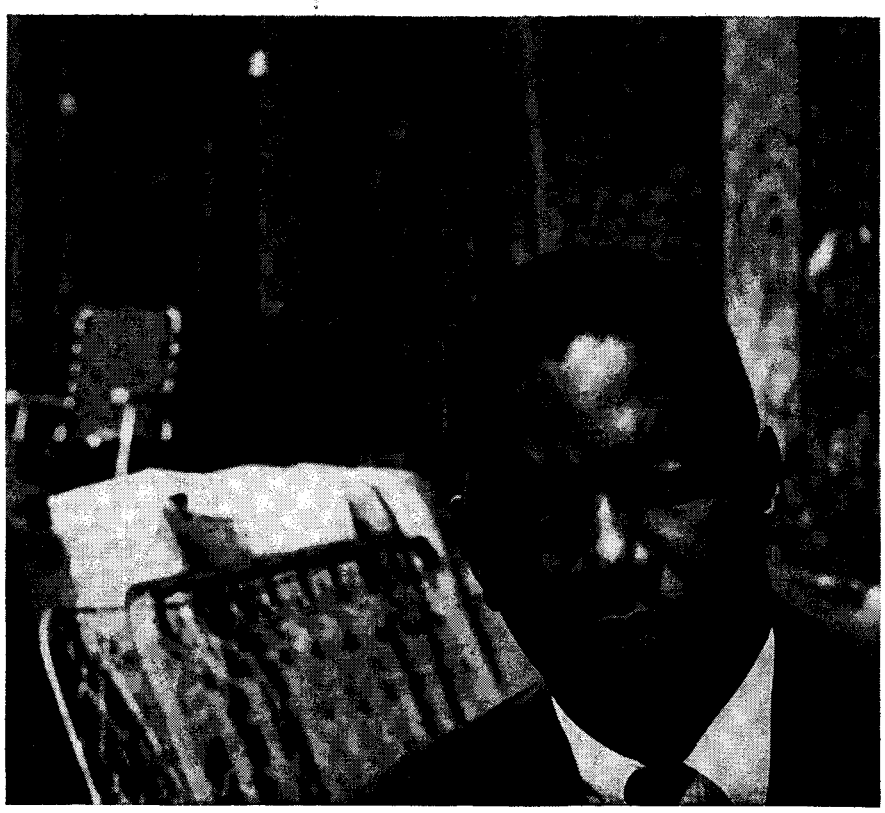
Speaking Out

THE WHITE MAN CAN'T HELP THE BLACK GHETTO

BY MARK BATTLE



The author, a specialist in the problems of Negro slum dwellers, is now a U.S. Labor Department deputy director in the War on Poverty.

With considerable fanfare, governments, foundations and charities are spending millions to help Negroes in the urban ghettos. Yet in city after city these "action plans" bog down in confusion and disappointment. Meanwhile the ghetto spirit of revolt continues to grow. White America watches in bafflement and asks with horror: What do these people want? Don't they realize how much we're doing for them?

The truth is that the white man's programs to help the ghetto cannot succeed as expected. The legions of white lawmakers, administrators and social workers who devise and run these programs may have the best intentions, but they make a momentous mistake. They assume that white America's middle-class standards of sexual morality, parental behavior, social propriety and economic success are universal. In contrast, the 16-year-old I knew at a neighborhood house in a Midwestern city is typical of the ghetto. He was the model of a clean-cut boy, but he was never available for work on Friday nights, and I finally discovered why. Since he was 10, he had had to stay home Fridays and help his mother run the crap table that provided the family's basic income, and it had never occurred to him that society might frown on this.

The fact is that the many Negro slum dwellers know little and care less about middle-class morality. These people have had less direct, personal contact with white life than any other generation in the American Negro's history. Even during slavery, blacks and whites lived side by side in a larval stage of integration; in urban areas today, the whites have escaped to the monochromatic beauty of the suburbs. Walk with a Negro youth in his ghetto environment and if you know where to look, you'll quickly get a taste of the components of his life: a drug addict nodding in a doorway; a drunk vomiting or urinating in a hallway; a sex party on a rooftop; seven-year-olds scampering over fences with stolen jars of pigs' feet; a floating crap game in an alley; bars full of prostitutes; fights in which the strong pick on the weak; merchants who overprice their shoddy goods and charge one dollar to cash a Government allotment check.

White America says: "Let us solve the ghetto problems—the illegitimacy, the delinquency, the crime. To accomplish this, we will remove legal obstacles to assimilation, grant adequate relief and welfare payments, provide good education and decent housing." Unfortunately, all the gold in Whitey's world will produce little more than a puerile intellectual exercise until ghetto life is understood. Still baffled by Los Angeles' Watts riots that killed 34, injured more than 1,000 and caused $40 million in property damage last August, whites search unsuccessfully through their libraries of liberal clichés for an explanation. Police brutality, white-absentee ownership of more than 70 percent of the dwellings, and rejection by California voters in 1964 of a fair-housing law all contributed to the explosion, but it was a more complex matter than the editorial writers think.

The looting spree was encouraged by the activities of Negro gangs that have controlled crime in the area for 30 years—under lily-white control. Ninety percent of Watts policemen were white. For years law officers all over the country have minimized the importance of crime by Negroes against Negroes, or profited from Negro law violations. In the ghetto, accounts like this are common: "There was this crap game and the cops come in and the cats meet them around the corner and pay them two dollars and they keep away from them awhile." In blinking at Negro offenses, the police may think they are doing ghetto dwellers a favor. What the officers seem unable to realize is that when they sanction illegality they lose power and respect. Nor will recruiting more Negro policemen necessarily prevent more Watts tragedies. In the ghetto it's assumed that a Negro who gets a job as good as a policeman's has pandered to Whitey's prejudices. A Negro policeman can be as hated in the ghetto—and as brutal—as a white.

But none of these factors—prejudice, housing, policemen—really explain Watts because they do not take into account one of the most important factors in ghetto life. In essence, the Watts riot was a revolt of the young Negro ghetto males who were attempting to display a sense of manhood that had been denied them by both the whites and the Negro women. To a white, that may sound like vague sociology, but in the ghetto it is real life.

Ignorance about the ghetto is particularly damaging when white America seeks to deal with "chronic social ills"—for instance, illegitimacy. The Negro illegitimacy rate is close to 25 percent; the white rate is less than 4 percent. The solution usually touted for the ghetto is birth-control education. In fact, most Negro youngsters get practical information about contraceptives at elementary-school age. Whites assume that no girl would have an illegitimate child if she knew how to prevent conception or could marry the father. What is rarely considered is that the Negro girl has likely been trained to be contemptuous of Negro men, and marriage may be the last thing she wants.

Some historians have noted that the American Negro subculture has been matriarchal for generations. The male slave had no role as husband or father; slave law did not recognize matrimony and insisted that fathers of slaves were "unknown." The prolific slave girl was valued for her production of children—they could be sold—and later on she could serve as a domestic in the white man's house. After the Civil War the male took to the road. Not even the Emancipation Proclamation could lift from him the background that had made him promiscuous and irresponsible.

It has always been easier for Negro women to find employment than for Negro men. Today, 56 percent of Negro women aged 25 to 64 have paying jobs; for white women the percentage is 42 percent. Negro women consider themselves worthwhile persons, but they see their men in the images of their fathers and brothers who constantly shifted from one menial task to another and mostly sat around the kitchen drinking beer. It is the daughter rather than the son whom the Negro mother brings up to hope for a better life. More than three quarters of the Negro honor students in high schools are girls. A presidential committee reported in 1964 that there were proportionately four times as many Negro females as Negro males in significant white-collar jobs. Girls who are striving for a place in the white man's white-collar world are not eager to marry boys who work only seasonally and come home with a laborer's dirt on their clothes and hands. In the ghetto, the Negro girl proves herself a woman and gains a tie to the future not by becoming a wife but by becoming a mother. To expect birth-control education to change that picture significantly is a hallucination. To expect that men in a matriarchal society will worry about family life when a riot erupts is a dangerous illusion.

I find it impossible to believe that formalized advice on contraception would have changed the life of Velma, for instance, or of the fathers of her children, either. When Velma was five, her father accused her mother of stealing his gin and clouted the face of every female in the one-room flat. Her mother tossed his clothes down the stairwell—and he left and never returned. The mother supported herself and Velma by working days as a domestic and nights as a hotel cleaning woman. Velma's first sexual encounter was with "Mr. Jimmy," an older man who visited her mother several times a week. She was 12. Her most admired friend was Yvonne, a 17-year-old prostitute who lived a block away and who frequently gave her small gifts, obviously as payment for pimping. Velma's first pregnancy came when she was 14. The father was an 18-year-old gasoline-station

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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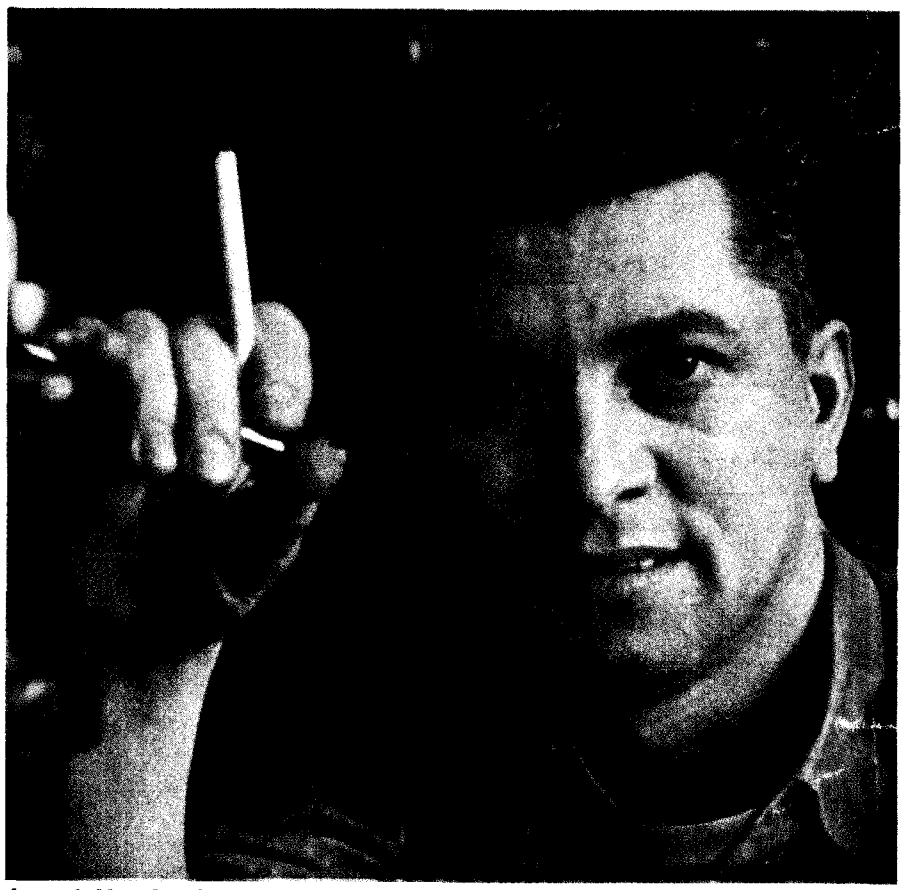
Chesterfield People:

They want taste that satisfies – and Chesterfield's got it!

Robert G. Palmer is a Colorado newsman.



Joseph Harchut is a machinist from the Midwest.

If flavor's your style, Chesterfield's your smoke!

Elly T. Dubinsky is a historian in Missouri.

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great!

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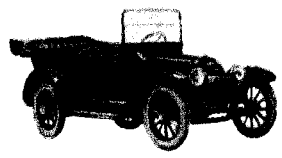
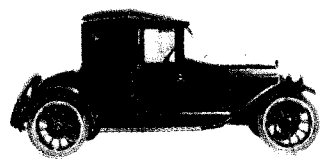
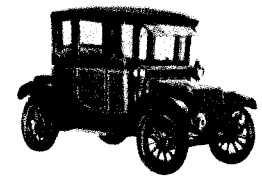


1915 Buick



1916 Oldsmobile

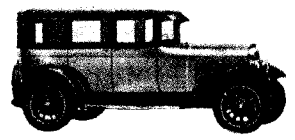
1917 Oakland



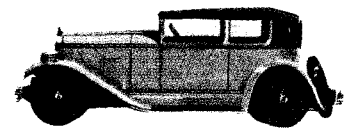
1918 Baker Electric

1919 Franklin

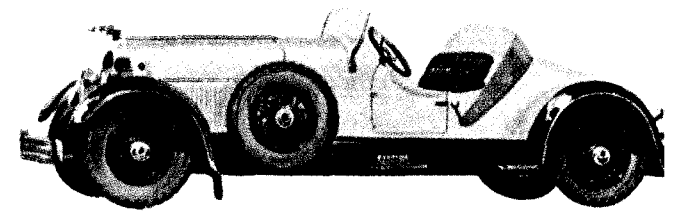
1925 Locomobile



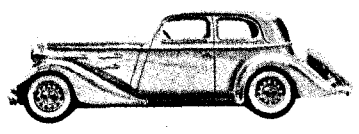
1926 Cleveland



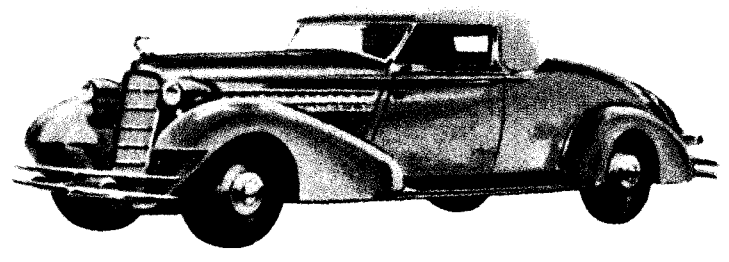
1927 Jordan



1928 Kissel
This year, Goodyear introduced the first semi-ribbed tire design. It made cars ride smoother.



1934 LaFayette

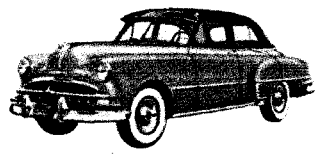


1935 Cadillac
This year, Goodyear made the world's first safety spare, a tire within a tire, for blowout protection.

1940 Mercury

1941 Plymouth

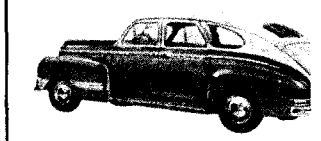
1942 Lincoln



1949 Pontiac

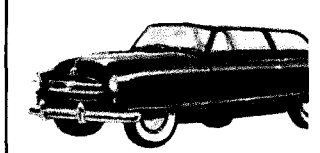
Today, more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind. And that's been true for the last 51 years.

Year after year, Goodyear has been first with the things that count to make safer, longer wearing, smoother riding tires. When you need tires, be sure you get your money's worth. See your Goodyear man.



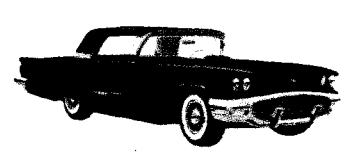
1943 Nash

1950 Chrysler

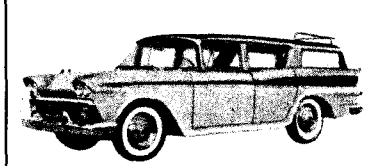


1951 Nash

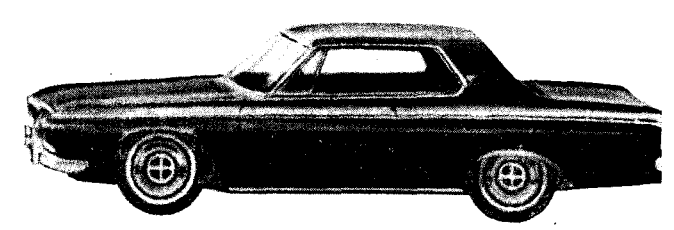
1957 DeSoto



1958 Thunderbird

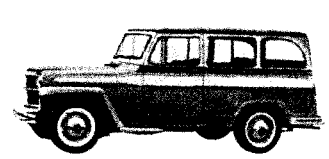


1959 Rambler

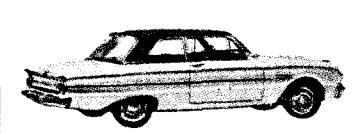


1963 Dodge
This year, Goodyear announced the development of a tire made with Vytacord—a polyester cord that comt the best features of rayon and nylon.

1960 Valiant



1961 Willys



1962 Falcon

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attendant who offered to marry her. Velma and her mother both were indignant at the idea of a man butting in. Velma was going to continue her education and become a beautician. The last time I saw Velma she was 19, had four children and had been picked up twice on shoplifting charges. She still wanted to be a beautician. I asked why she had never married. She said: "You can't trust any man. I'm not going to have a man around telling me what to do. We'll make out better this way."

White America may find it intolerable that Velma's father deserted his family, as do so many ghetto fathers; but the viewpoint is superficial. The ghetto male who walks out is leaving a squalid room where he is continually told by a mother, or grandmother, or wife, or all three, that he is "no good." Even if he is willing to put up with this, he may not see a future with his children. He must expect them to start rebelling at age five or six. A ghetto parent is likely to hear from his child, "Who the hell do you think you are? You can't even call your own shots."

White America assumes that the youths of the ghetto are a little stupid, and cite statistics: eighth-grade students in central Harlem test out at a median IQ of 87.7, which means that about a third are at or below the level of the mentally retarded. But almost all in-depth studies of the ghetto show that the inhabitants, particularly the youth, have a high degree of what the sociologists call "copability," meaning that they can deal successfully with problems that would quickly destroy middle-class white youths of that age. White, middle-class America misses or ignores the point. In the aftermath of riots such as the one in Watts, white leaders always hold meetings to promote fair-hiring practices among business men. Yet the Negroes don't get the good jobs because White America assumes that the slightly stupid ghetto man will be satisfied with any job that pays him enough to stay alive. This is a dangerous error. The Negro male is no longer satisfied by "handouts" from Whitey or by jobs without dignity or satisfaction. He knows that job programs are rigged against him—that vocational schools are seldom integrated, and the ones with mostly Negro students teach dry cleaning while white schools teach electronics and data processing. A man doesn't get to feel better from swabbing a floor. Stealing offers more pay and satisfaction and at least it requires some wits.

As one ghetto youth told me, "I'm not going downtown and wash floors as a 'boy' until I die."

This 23-year-old youngster, Danny, was known as the "slickest cat on the street." At 15 he had been president of one of the more violent gangs in the neighborhood. He had never had a job, but he seemed to have plenty of money. I once asked J.B., another member of the gang, where Danny got all his cash. J. B. told me: "Well, he keeps meeting these chicks, see, and then they get pregnant. He keeps a little book and he knows when each chick gets the government check and then he goes around and collects his cut." Danny was the one from whom I first heard a male comment that I suspect is common in the ghetto: "Women are bitches and you got to be a dog to handle a bitch."

Time after time the white man tries to solve specific "problems" of the ghetto and achieves Pyrrhic victories. He sends social workers into the ghettos, and these workers rage at the garbage worker who buys $35 alligator shoes rather than provide well-balanced meals for his family. It is a waste of time. A hungry man asks only for a full stomach and, besides, a man who works on a dung heap all day may well feel compelled to put on alligator shoes as soon as he gets home. He spends millions to build low-income housing projects, but they do not break down the pattern of street life, menial jobs, low income and inadequate education. The white man spends more millions to destroy the fighting gangs, only to discover that the members have joined the far more pernicious ranks of the drug addicts and the street hustlers. The white man finances make-work jobs to provide pocket money and gets nothing but abuse from the cats who know there is no future in jobs that require no skill. One major community now is planning to teach ghetto mothers to make their hovels so pleasant their sons and husbands will want to stay there. Negro women, many of whom work as domestics, have had plenty of chances to learn how to run households. But they also know you can't establish a middle-class home without money. And, as matriarchs, they don't see the point of keeping the males around.

Any ghetto dweller could tell the planners that such "solutions" will not calm the Negro revolt, and that this revolution may explode into many more Watts riots. After seeing Whitey's welfare, the ghetto now is convinced that what the white man defines as good for Negroes is what is convenient or economical for whites.

What the ghetto needs immediately is a disproportionate share of all city services. A "fair" share will not do; ghetto problems are unfair, unthinkable by middle-class standards. Extraordinary actions and extraordinary spending will be necessary, no matter how much urban governments and taxpayers may suffer when they realize the implications of their insistence that the ghetto adopt middle-class ways.

The ghetto needs the *best* in schools, in police protection, in public utilities, in welfare services, in testing and job training. The contradictions between what Whitey says and does must be eliminated. A city policy of open housing merely adds to racial tension when the ghetto dwellers know that the power to perpetuate segregated housing is merely transferred to the real-estate boards. What the ghetto needs is not larger doses of old-fashioned charity. It needs much more—capital to finance Negro-owned businesses and funds to find potential executives, to train them and to provide them with jobs worthy of their skills so that the ghetto can have its own middle-class look. Ghetto males must be given experience in decision-making, which means white America must permit, even assist them to develop organizations competent to exert political influence in their own self-interest. It's a large order, but the pathology of the ghetto cannot be cured with aspirin. □

Mark Battle

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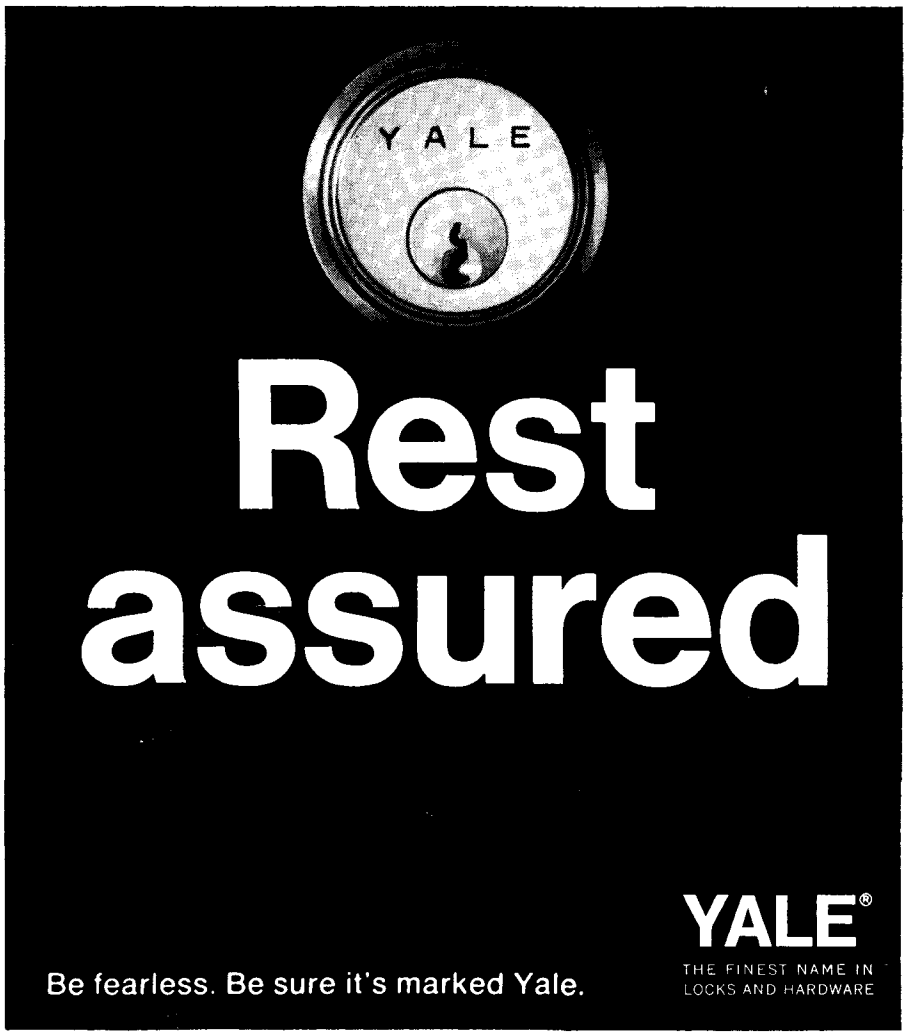

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JOHNSON THE GENIUS

WASHINGTON:

As Congress reconvenes, it is clear that a time of testing lies ahead, both abroad and at home. This testing time will determine, among other things, whether President Lyndon Johnson is a great man as well as a genius.

A President is tested daily, in all sorts of ways, and in the two years and more since he took office, President Johnson has already passed enough tests to make it certain that he will go down in history as one of our most effective Presidents. But in order to join the dozen or so truly great men which each century produces, he will have to pass two mountainously difficult tests.

The first test is this: That when he leaves office, he will have achieved a settlement in Southeast Asia with which the United States can honorably live.

The second test is this: That when he leaves office the danger of widespread racial violence will have passed.

These tests are not absolutely impossible to pass, but throughout Lyndon Johnson's first years in office, they have become steadily more difficult. Only a few months ago an odd euphoria about the war in Vietnam gripped Washington. Since the heavy commitment of American troops there, it was thought, the Communist leaders must surely be sensible enough to realize that they could never win the war, and a negotiated settlement was therefore surely in the cards. Now the euphoria has been replaced by bleakness.

The bleakness is best measured by the answers to two key questions which the Washington intelligence community was asked to answer as 1965 ended. The first question was this: Would a pause in the bombing of North Vietnam increase the chances for an honorable settlement? The answer: Almost certainly not. A pause might be worth trying for psychological or propaganda reasons. But there was a genuine risk that Peking and Hanoi—and Saigon too—would interpret it as a sign of American weakness and irresolution.

The second question was this: Would bombing industrial plants in the Hanoi area and blockading Haiphong increase the chances for an honorable settlement? The answer: Almost certainly not. There was dissent on this point, but the majority view was that escalation on this order would make the Hanoi Communists more intransigent than ever, and might well bring the Chinese Communists into the war.

These conclusions may, of course, be proved wrong. A Herculean effort to get negotiations started is being made as this is written. But getting both sides to the conference table is only the first small step toward a settlement. And if the conclusions are right, there is simply no visible way out of the Vietnamese war. If they are right, in short, the United States is in a trap. If the President can find an honorable way out of the trap, he will have an authentic claim to greatness.

He will have a second, equally authentic claim to greatness if he can somehow prevent the racial crisis within this country from boiling up into nationwide violence. The McCone Committee, in its report on the Los Angeles race riots, warned that the riots could be a mere "curtain raiser" for the kind of sporadic race war which "could split our society irretrievably."

In the well-upholstered affluent society, this no doubt sounds like alarmism. But in recent weeks I have been on reporting trips to Watts in Los Angeles, and to the Ku Klux Klan in the South, and I have joined professional pollster Oliver Quayle in testing public attitudes on the racial crisis. I am quite sure that the McCone Committee was not exaggerating.

The poorer whites in the big Northern industrial cities, feeling themselves threatened by Negro competition for jobs and houses, are more and more talking, and may one day soon begin to act, like Ku-Kluxers. At the same time, many Negro intellectuals are helping to spread a reverse Ku-Kluxism among Negroes.

This reverse racism holds that any Negro who works with "the white power structure"—a cliché which really means "white people"—is an "Uncle Tom," a traitor to his race. This is a formula for ending all rational communication between the races—a formula for race war.

There is no visible way out of this mounting racial crisis—it is like a malignancy which, excised at one point, flares up horribly at another. But somehow the President must find a way out. Somehow he must persuade the white voters that it is in their interest to spend a vastly disproportionate amount of their tax money to help the Negroes, above all the Negro schools. Somehow he must persuade the Negroes that not all their troubles are the fault of "whitey," that they must work out their own salvation. If he can do these things, if he can avert the more terrible violence of which the McCone Committee warns, he will have a second claim to greatness.

Beside the race crisis and the Vietnamese war, all the other troubles that face the President are minor aches and pains. The balance of payments, the strains on NATO, the threat of inflation—this is the sort of thing that a reasonably competent President is paid to deal with. But it will take true greatness to deal with Vietnam and the race crisis, for the race crisis could "split our society irretrievably," and the war in Vietnam could do the same thing to our world. Is Lyndon Johnson capable of true greatness?

He certainly is a genius. This is the essential answer to the mystery of Lyndon Johnson. It is amusing to look up the definitions of "Genius" in the *Home Book of Quotations*. Lyndon Johnson fits every one, from "Genius is the transcendent capacity of taking trouble" (Carlyle) to "There was never a great genius without a tincture of madness" (Aristotle).

Johnson also fits the biological definition of genius, as a sport or mutation which defies the normal laws of heredity. A genius is not necessarily a good man—Hitler was a genius, and Mao Tse-tung is one. A genius can even be a bit of an ass, like Charles de Gaulle. But a genius is essentially *different* from other human beings—built to a different scale—and no one will dispute the essential differentness of Lyndon Johnson.

A genius is not necessarily a great man, but genius is a precondition of greatness. A genius becomes a great man when he finds a way out when there seems to be no way out—as when Abraham Lincoln saved the stricken Union, or when Winston Churchill defied the all-conquering Nazis. As the dangers mount, at home and abroad, it is at least comforting to bear in mind that Lyndon Johnson, though he may not be a very nice man or a very lovable man, is certainly a genius. Perhaps he will also turn out to be a great man.

Stewart Alsop

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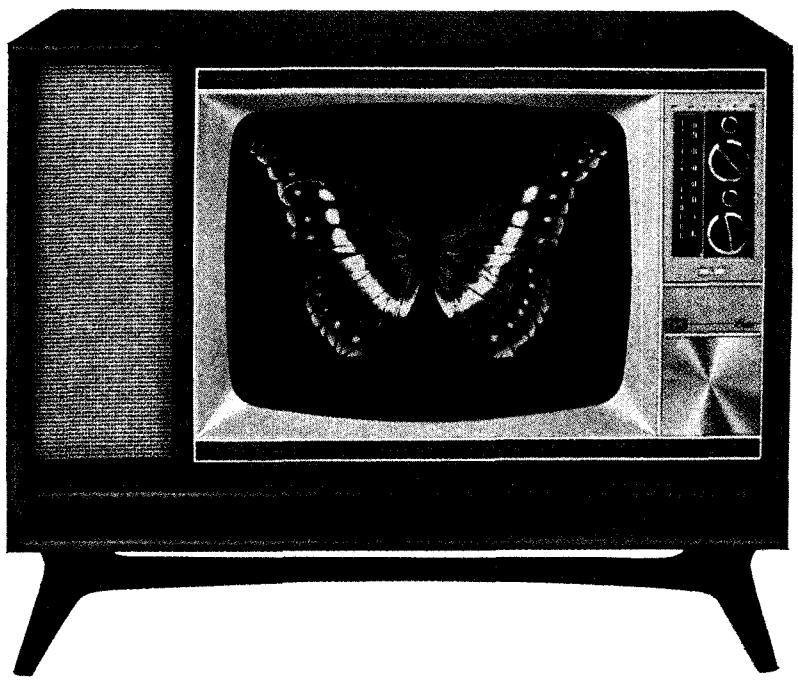

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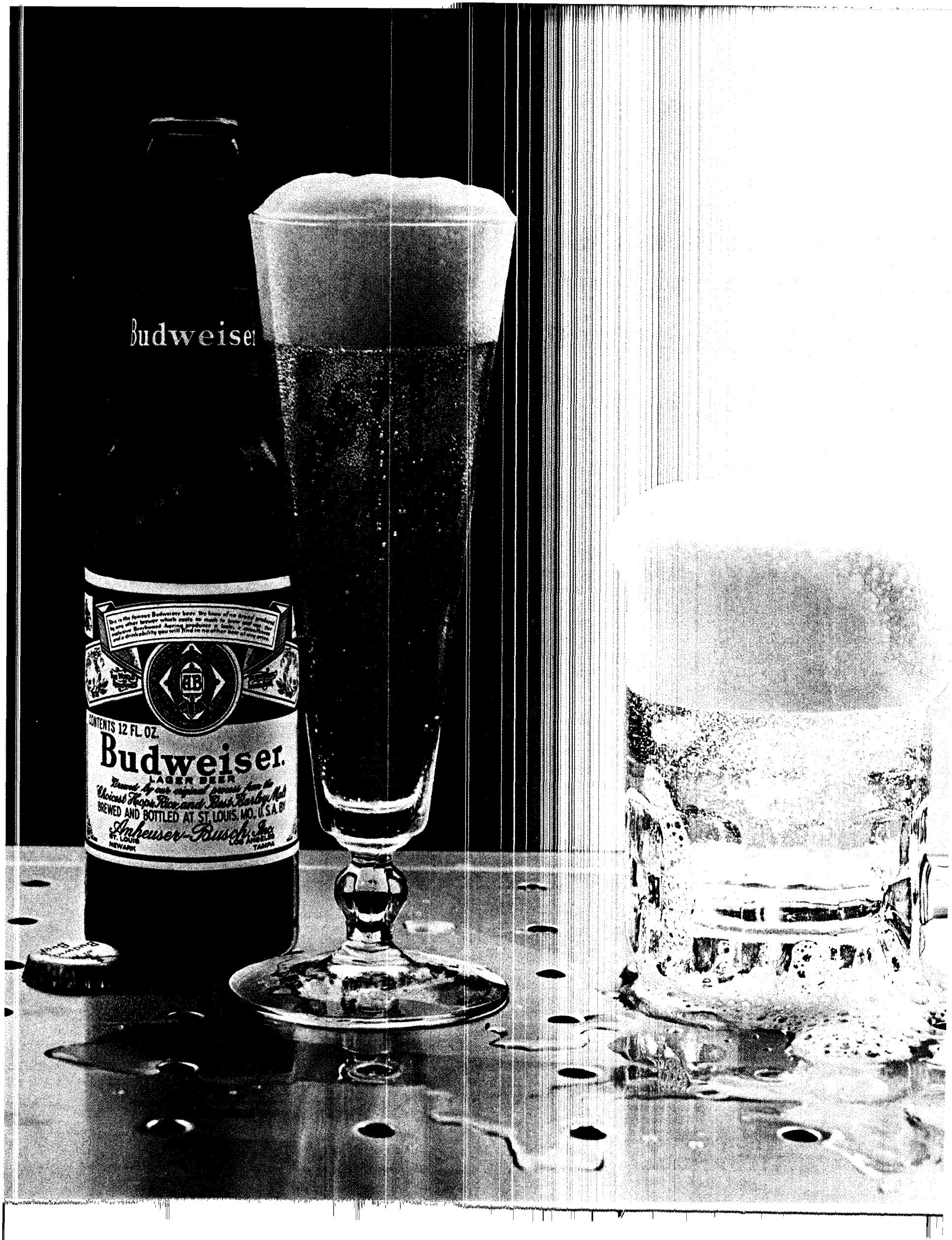

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Which is better... draught beer or bottled beer?

This is an argument that has been going on for a long time. To get the answer, we had an interview recently with our head brewmaster.

It went something like this:

"Sir, is draught beer better than bottled beer?"

"No."

"Is it different?"

"A little. All Bud® is brewed the same way. But then Bud packaged beer is pasteurized; the draught isn't, because it's kept cold all the way from brewery to consumer. That's the basic difference."

"Can you taste the difference?"

"I can. But the difference is so slight, most people can't . . . if both are served under proper conditions."

"Pardon me?"

"I mean it matters more whom you're drinking with . . . whether you're having a hot pastrami sandwich . . . things like that. Then the real difference is whether it's Budweiser or not."

"Aren't you a little prejudiced?"

"Certainly. I *know* about the extra expense and time and care we put into Beechwood Ageing to get that Budweiser taste and smoothness and drinkability that . . ."

"Pardon me . . . but then you'd say the answer to the question . . ."

"What question?"

"Which is better, bottled or draught?"

"The answer, my friend, is Budweiser. Would you like some right now?"

"Yes, I would."

"Which would you like, bottled or draught?"

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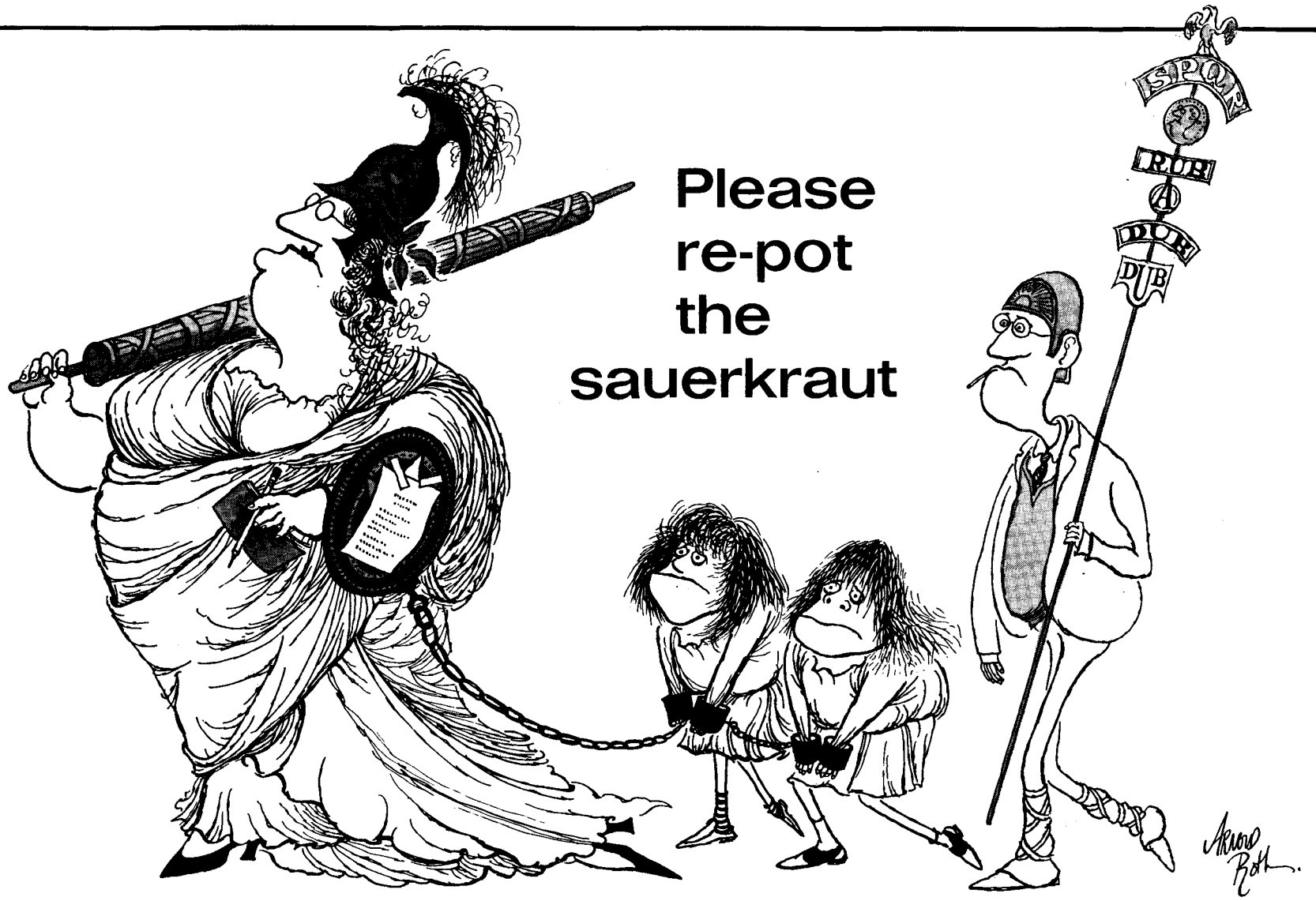

The Human Comedy

By Charles Simmons

My wife was recently called to the Midwest for eight days, and although I thought my daughters—17 and 13—were able enough to run the house, my sister Julia moved in and took over. The children knew her and liked her for her brisk and honest manner, but had no picture of Julia as a housekeeper. Neither had I. On the second morning of her reign a notice appeared. It was taped on the mirror of the children's bathroom.

TOILET TRAINING
(Elementary Course)

1. After using the bathroom, clean the floor, tub and sink of all relics.

2. Not every ablution requires a fresh towel from the linen closet.

3. When you have finished with a towel, drape it decorously over the towel rack. Do not bunch it up like a drunk's raincoat the morning after.

4. See that matter intended for the bathroom waste basket reaches its destination. Empty basket when full. (Unless you marry rich, you will find these rules of great value in later life. I urge you, therefore, to prepare by following them now.)

Deedee and Maud had been brought up in a relatively permissive atmosphere and they claimed to be outraged. They came to me with the note after supper, when Julia was out, voicing their objection and demanding that I put my sister in her place. Solomon-like I asked to have the note so that I could consider the matter quietly. I decided to say nothing to Julia. Instead, I checked the children's bathroom the next day. It was spotless.

Two days afterward Deedee and Maud brought me another note. This one had been taped to the wall between the children's beds.

CLOSETS
(Hanging Crimes, Etc.)

1. The closet floor is for shoes. No other articles of clothing should be kept there, particularly newly pressed cottons.

2. Heavy clothes such as woolens must be hung on wooden hangers. Wire hangers are easily seduced by gravity.

3. Although wooden hangers have stamina, only one article should be folded on a rung. Otherwise pieces of clothing, like the buried cities of Troy, may be lost for long periods.

4. Do not hang blouses or sweaters on hooks. Hooks traumatize both blouses and sweaters.

5. Old games which contain movable pieces in torn boxes should not be stored on high shelves.

Julia, among other minor reforms, had put the children on as kitchen helpers. They were performing duties they previously had thought fit only for mothers or other lowly persons. Deedee began referring to my sister as Aunt Julia Caesar. The next note was delivered by hand and in duplicate.

GARBAGE BAGS
(A Negative Table of Contents)

1. Do not use the garbage bag to dispose of other bags. Although a bag is copious, it is also bulky. To put three paper bags into a garbage bag is to consume four bags and get rid of no garbage.

2. Do not put garbage into a garbage bag unless it has a certain permanent solidity. Gravy, ice cubes, spaghetti sauce, for instance, have a demoralizing effect on garbage bags.

3. Do not overfill the garbage bag. Unlike chess players and new tires, garbage bags give way under pressure.

4. Do not put heavy garbage on top of light garbage. Orange skins over egg shells can be upsetting.

Julia's final note was taped up in the kitchen, where, I suspect, it was intended for me as well as for the children.

THE REFRIGERATOR
(An Aesthetic Guide)

1. After unwinding the inedible rims from such coldcuts as liverwurst, bologna and salami, dispose of them; do not wrap them up with the remaining slices of meat.

2. Pieces of fresh fruit incompletely consumed should not be returned to the refrigerator. Half a banana, folded inside its limp skin, is a dispiriting sight.

3. For obvious reasons, hard-boiled eggs should be separated from fresh eggs.

4. Rewrap, with new wax paper, foodstuffs whose old wrappings have begun to tear, leak, or otherwise not perform their original function.

5. While opened tins are adequate containers for a short time, items such as fish and sauerkraut should be re-potted and covered. The integrity of more sensitive foods may otherwise be violated.

Julia left the day before my wife returned. Her papers, however, were turned over by the children to their mother. In my innocence I thought she would be amused. I was wrong. A fifth note was attached to the television screen the next day.

THE LAST WORD
(An Unwarning)

1. A bathroom, as the name implies, is the place where you make yourself clean. Use it thus and go in peace.

2. The undersigned has been cleaning, drying, folding, ironing and hanging clothes of one child for 17 years, those of the other for 13. The habit is now formed and relatively painless. The undersigned therefore will devote a few more years of her life to the task.

3. Neat garbage, sad to say, is a contradiction in terms.

4. The refrigerator, at certain stages of her life, becomes a woman's breast. Its care and upkeep is her concern.

(Finally let it be understood that although your Aunt Julia has a keen sense of things, we here are, have been, and will remain, I trust, people.)

MOTHER

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Another Time, Another Place	*That Old Gang of Mine*	*The Song Is Ended*	*The Breeze and I*
I've Heard That Song Before	*Dance With Me Dolly*	*All Alone*	*Amapola*
In The Chapel in The Moonlight	*I'll Take Romance . . .*	*Friendly Persuasion*	*Anniversary Waltz*
I'm Confessin' That I Love You	*Stormy Weather*	*The Peanut Vendor*	*Mr. Meadowlark*
When I Take My Sugar to Tea	*Nobody's Sweetheart*	*Drifting and Dreaming*	*Sweet and Lovely*
Thank You For A Lovely Evening	*I Double Dare You*	*After You've Gone*	*Birth of The Blues*
Dear Hearts and Gentle People	*White Cliffs of Dover*	*Cheek to Cheek*	*Poinciana*
There's Danger In Your Eyes	*Rain on The Roof*	*These Foolish Things*	*One For My Baby*
Love Makes The World Go 'Round	*I Hear Music*	*Ole Buttermilk Sky*	*Say It Isn't So*
Steppin' Out With My Baby	*Me and My Shadow*	*The Road to Morocco*	

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A Pulitzer Prize-winning writer's perilous mission into country

UNDER VIET CONG CONTROL

The Vietnam war is as formless as it is deadly—no lines divide enemy and government territory. But the rebel is king in vast "liberated zones" that American and government troops rarely penetrate.

BY SANCHE DE GRAMONT

The tombstone-shaped road marker read kilometer 155—a little more than halfway between Saigon and Dalat—when my taxi was stopped by a traffic jam. Two trucks were bogged in deep ruts dug by Viet Cong saboteurs, and cars were backed up for 150 yards waiting for the road to clear.

The road to Dalat rises through green quilts of paddy in the Mekong delta, to jungled plateau land splotched with the gold of wild mimosa and the gaudy pink of hibiscus. It passes conical coffee bushes, gray-speckled rubber trees, ripening sugar cane, and rivers dotted with net-casting fishermen. Along this main artery northward from Saigon plods the military might assembled by the United States and the government of South Vietnam to crush the Communist Viet Cong guerrillas. Tanks, half-tracks and troop carriers raise clouds of dust as they rumble along in the direction of D-zone, a Viet Cong jungle-base area that is regularly probed.

Viet Cong guerrillas, their rice rations slung in rolls above their automatic weapons, file silently through jungle.

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'I raised my camera, and the guerrilla pointed his rifle at my stomach.'

UNDER VIET CONG CONTROL

I got out of the taxi to stretch my legs beside the road, and a young Vietnamese, also delayed by the traffic tie-up, asked me if I was American. "I'm French," I said. "That's good," he replied, "because the Viet Cong are 300 yards up the road. Every day they set up a roadblock at this spot."

This was the first really desolate stretch of road. It was lined with tall elephant grass, with no villages or soldiers in sight. When traffic began moving we drove on until I saw, around the first bend, a very young man with a freakishly small head enveloped by his bush hat. He waved the taxi to a halt and asked me to get out. I raised my camera, and he pointed his rifle at my stomach, and I put my camera back in its case.

Fifty yards ahead, under a thatched lean-to by the side of the road, I found the V.C. tax collector. He sat behind a table on which lay a musette bag, thick with 500-piaster notes, and a book of rice-paper tax receipts. He was in his 20's, with a pleasant face and a trim moustache, and wore a blue denim shirt, khaki trousers, and a pistol at his hip. He was flanked by two bodyguards. One was tall and toothless, about 40, with a face badly pocked as though by tiny grenade fragments, and dressed in the traditional black pajamas of the guerrilla. The other had tiny rabbitlike eyes and khakis about five sizes too large for his small frame. The short one prodded me with his rifle toward the desk, where truck and bus drivers were lined up to pay the V.C. road tax. There were about 20 V.C. crouched in combat position on either side of the road, partly concealed by the elephant grass. Other V.C. were checking the contents of trucks against the bills of lading, for each truck is taxed on the value of its freight, and rubber planters usually conceal latex under squash or bananas.

Aside from a few planters and missionaries, no non-Vietnamese travel the Dalat road except in military convoys. The tax collector asked my driver who I was, and the word that came up most often was "*My*," which means "American," to which my driver vehemently replied "*Phap*," which means "French." In these situations, I learned, it is healthier to be a *Phap* than a *My*. I took out a slip of paper prepared by a Vietnamese friend that said: "*Toi Ky Gia Phap. Toi Muon Thao Luan Voi Ong. Toi La Ban Than Oua Ong*," meaning: "I am a French journalist. I would like to talk with you. Your benevolence will be appreciated."

This did not make much of an impression, and none of the V.C. could speak French. Most of them were in their late teens and early 20's, and the variety in their weapons and dress indicated that they did not belong to a main-force unit but to regional guerrillas. The tax collector wanted me to pay a 2,000-piaster toll (about $15). I asked my driver to explain that I wanted to remain with them and see how they lived, but somehow it came out differently: After 10 minutes of animated conversation, my driver announced that I would have to pay only 500 piasters. The V.C. apparently thought I was bargaining for a better price. They were also showing signs of impatience because I was holding up the line, so I paid my tax, was handed a receipt, and drove off. My driver said that when they finished collecting taxes they would go back into D-zone, and that they had a 50-kilometer hike ahead of them.

Exactly 2,000 yards ahead, we passed a South Vietnamese militia post beside the road. The militiamen were guarding the post in the way an attendant guards a parking lot. They were barefoot (the V.C. wore sandals made of old tires, or high-top khaki sneakers), their weapons were nowhere in sight, and they were playing cards and reading comic books.

When we reached Dalat, I went to see the young Vietnamese tea-and-coffee planter I had met during the traffic tieup. He said the V.C. roadblock had been operating almost daily for four months. At one time the road was so badly damaged that traffic was completely blocked (the V.C. keep it in disrepair so that army vehicles won't be able to sneak up on them), and the planter told the V.C. collector: "Look, you make us pay taxes, but our trucks can't get through. Why don't you fix the road?"

"We are the financial and economic section," the tax collector replied. "You'll have to see the public-works and demolition section about road repairs." Disgusted, the planter went to the Dalat province chief and said, "You must do something about this Viet Cong roadblock which demonstrates daily that the government is powerless."

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Hidden in tunnels, Viet Cong soldiers wait for Americans to pass through a village. They then emerge to regroup.

"Of course," replied the province chief, "but you know as well as I do that if we attack them there will probably be civilians killed, and afterward they will sabotage the road so that you can no longer use it. Let them stay there. That way the road stays open, and they make themselves unpopular by taxing the population."

The roadblock was the first of several glimpses I was to have, during a month's tour in the central highlands north of Saigon, of the peculiar twilight world of the Viet Cong. With their jungle government and jungle army, their hidden control of large areas of the countryside, their ability to use the rural population as a weapon more powerful than bombs and machine guns, and their astonishing capacity for endurance and self-sacrifice, the Viet Cong are probably the toughest, most resilient enemy American troops have ever faced. I learned not to trust the military maps that divide South Vietnam into government-controlled zones, Viet Cong-controlled zones, and a narrow strip between the two called "contested zone," but to consider the entire country a contested zone. For either side can strike at the heart of the other: American forces can strike at V.C. sanctuaries which have never before been penetrated in 20 years of intermittent warfare, and through the use of pattern bombing and search-and-destroy operations they have made absolute security in V.C. base areas a thing of the past. The V.C., conversely, are able to raid American bases and destroy planes on the ground; they are able to attack the guarded residences of the American military in downtown Saigon, and they could, if they so chose, overrun certain poorly defended cities such as Kontum, which was partly evacuated last summer in anticipation of just such an occurrence.

The nature of the war has changed since the monsoon season ended last fall. Instead of hit-and-run guerrilla attacks, an estimated 15,000 to 20,000 North Vietnamese regulars, organized in nine regiments, are slugging it out with better-armed, air-supported American and South Vietnamese troops. Communist losses are so heavy that a military-intelligence report in November stated that North Vietnamese regiments are taking in village guerrillas to bring their units back to combat size. Announced United States losses for one week in November were 240, compared with about 100 American dead for the entire year of 1963. As a North Vietnamese officer captured in October explained: "Our tactics have changed. Before, our principle was a war of attrition; now it is a war of annihilation. We cannot run away after an attack. Now, we use the target as a bait to lure the enemy into sending reinforcements. We have to remain in the target area. We are in a new phase of mobile and positional warfare." The primary aim of this new phase, I was told by a Viet Cong spokesman, is to inflict a high casualty rate on American troops in the hope that the United States will withdraw from the war, licking its wounds.

As these bloody battles are waged in places like Pleime and Chupong, which have become part of the U.S. military vocabulary, the seesaw struggle for control of the population continues all over Vietnam, and in this the Viet Cong are still the acknowledged masters. The estimated 300,000 true believers, including local and hard-core guerrillas, political cadres and civilian militants, constitute the only potent political force in a country so thoroughly fragmented and weakened by revolving-door leadership that it has no mass parties.

Vietnamese villagers, including children, gather at V.C. political rally. Banners decry "American Imperialists."

The fiction maintained by the Viet Cong and their political cover, the National Liberation Front, is that they are a nationalist, non-Communist movement. In reality, the war is directed by the Central Office for South Vietnam in Hanoi, which is designated in captured V.C. documents as C-1000, or simply, R. The head of the Front, a lawyer named Nguyen Huu Tho, is a colorless, one-dimensional figure with little direct influence. Orders for military operations and policy decisions come from Hanoi, and U.S. intelligence has identified at least two North Vietnamese Army generals now serving in South Vietnam. These military men from the North exercise greater day-to-day influence over the lives of many South Vietnamese than the Saigon government does. Despite the large military involvement of the North, and the heavy infusion of Northerners into the rebellion, it would be misleading to underestimate the participation of South Vietnamese in all phases of Viet Cong activity.

From Dalat I went to the central highlands to visit some French Catholic missionaries who live in villages southeast of Pleiku with their Montagnard converts—tribesmen ethnically distinct from the Vietnamese. The missionaries remain at the pleasure of the V.C., who control the region and can force them out at any time, simply by asking one of them to carry their propaganda leaflets. If he accepts he is compromised, and if he refuses he knows he had better leave the village—two missionaries in the immediate area were murdered for outstaying their welcome. Most missionaries have left this part of the country, following the population to refugee camps when their villages were evacuated in the wake of bombings and military operations. But about half a dozen bearded veterans remain, men who wear work clothes more often than cassocks, who speak fluent Vietnamese and three or four Montagnard tribal tongues, and who have witnessed the year-by-year takeover by the V.C. in their region.

Burly, balding Father Etienne Blanc, 45, has spent six years in his village of 1,500 Rhadé tribesmen, primitive people who blend the recently learned dogmas of Catholicism with traditional reverence for the deities of fire, water, and rice (they stop washing at harvest time until the rice is in). Father Blanc's pepper-and-salt beard, his pipe, and his small Citroën car are familiar sights in the province, and he is proud of the fact that on one recent morning his car was stopped just as he was about to drive over a mine. The V.C. who had planted the mine, a man from a neighboring village, whom Father Blanc knew by sight, jumped up from the side of the road to dismantle the wires, laughing under his breath.

Father Blanc knows there are V.C. sympathizers in his village who spread propaganda and inform on his activities. But he feels that the bulk of the villagers are indifferent to the Viet Cong, even though they could not in any case afford to oppose the only real force present in the area. As one villager said: "We are like the paddy, we bend with the direction of the wind."

The only Americans these Rhadé tribesmen have ever seen are Special Forces advisers on patrol, and a tiny detachment of militiamen is the only defense the village can muster. But the V.C. make regular visits to prove that they control the region and move with impunity through it. They came on the third night of my visit.

It was a rainy night, and two other missionaries from neighboring villages had driven over for their weekly game of belote (a French card game something like hearts) with Father Blanc. One of them had received some canned cheese fondue which we heated over a kerosene burner and ate with local bread. The rain was pounding against the tiled roof of Father Blanc's house (the only tiled house in the village, for the Montagnards live in thatched houses on stilts). One of the missionaries said, "This is good V.C. weather."

Not long after midnight Father Blanc's German shepherd began to bark, but we thought he was barking because of the rain. A few minutes later there was a volley of shots close to the chapel, and a great deal of shouting. "It's the Viets," Father Blanc said to me. "They'll be coming in here. Don't say anything. If they ask, we'll say you are a visitor from France." Since I had a beard, and since the missionaries were all in nonclerical clothes, I did not look especially out of place. Then we heard the muffled sound of feet on the wet steps of the house, and five V.C. burst in (there were about 30 more outside).

The leader wore a soggy beret above his moon face and a dappled paratroop jacket. On his sleeve was a yellow brassard with the two red letters K-B. I later learned that he was a Kan Bo, or political cadre. He was short, in his 30's, and spoke in a guttural voice with an authoritarian manner. The missionaries immediately recognized his North Vietnamese accent. He carried a pistol in a

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'The Viet Cong blow up my bridges and sabotage my roads,' says

UNDER VIET CONG CONTROL

canvas holster with the letters U.S. stenciled in black. The others wore bush hats with rain-proof nylon sheets over them, khaki uniforms and sandals. They had sausage-shaped cloth rolls filled with rice slung over their knapsacks, and a variety of goods suspended from their canvas belts—canteens, tools, knives and containers of quinine.

No one had been hurt when the V.C. barged into the village, for when they fired their opening volley, the 10 militiamen on the other side of the village had prudently vanished into the forest. The Kan Bo seemed surprised to find four of us there, and he asked for Father Blanc. He did not know the priest by sight, but the cadre had a written order for him, signed by the National Liberation Front. The order said Father Blanc should help round up the villagers for a political-instruction session that the V.C. were about to give. The Kan Bo decided to hold a special indoctrination session for our benefit while the villagers were being brought together around the village well.

He made (I was later told) the standard speech about how the South Vietnamese were struggling against the American imperialists to liberate their country. He then asked Father Blanc what he thought of "American aggression." "I am against all aggression," Father Blanc replied. This reply seemed to satisfy the Kan Bo, who went on to say, "In France you fought against Hitler, you organized a resistance during the Second World War and hid in the forests and defeated the barbarians who were oppressing your people. We are doing the same thing here—we want your support for our action." Father Blanc replied that as a missionary he was not allowed to become involved in politics.

By that time about 1,000 villagers had been rounded up, and we were herded outside in the rain to listen to the political instruction. There was a second Kan Bo standing in front of the well, this one evidently a Montagnard, with about 30 armed men flanking him and spread out around the circle formed by the villagers. The Montagnard Kan Bo, illuminated by one of the missionaries' kerosene lamps, brandished a modern rifle and then fired it several times into the air, saying, "This is what our Chinese friends have sent us to shoot down American planes. You see, we are not afraid of the Americans. They are only a few miles away, but that does not prevent us from coming here." This was followed by a half-hour sermon which played on the Montagnards' separatist aspirations and dislike of the Vietnamese. The Kan Bo promised that once the V.C. had won, the Montagnards would be given an independent enclave in the central highlands. At the end he shouted a slogan which means "throw out the American imperialists," and which he asked the villagers to repeat. The villagers halfheartedly complied.

Then, adopting a more menacing tone, the Kan Bo said that villagers who owned rifles should turn them over to him. He went down a list of half a dozen villagers and asked each one where his rifle was. They all denied owning firearms, and the V.C. had not in fact been able to find any in their huts. The Kan Bo then asked for the village chief, but no one replied. Everyone realized that if the village chief came forward the V.C. would trump up some charge against him, hold a public trial on the spot, or would carry him off for "re-education" or worse. The Kan Bo asked Father Blanc: "Which one is the village chief?"

"I don't know," he replied.

"Well, tell these villagers that from now on they must work with us."

"I have no orders to give," said Father Blanc.

The Kan Bo said that the men suspected of owning guns would be taken away for reeducation. The families of the men began wailing and pleading, and when the V.C. left at about three A.M. several women followed them to the edge of the forest, calling after their husbands.

Before leaving, the Kan Bo had ordered his men to nail mimeographed posters in the two main rooms of Father Blanc's house. In purple lettering, the posters said: "The Vietnamese people support our struggle to liberate our country and protect the North from American aggression." When I took leave of Father Blanc later that morning, he remarked, "I had better keep those posters on the wall. You never know when they will be back."

I then went north to a refugee camp near Kontum, where I met another missionary, Father Léon Dujon, who had been a prisoner of the V.C. for six months. Flinty-eyed, gravel-voiced, and more military than ecclesiastical in manner, the 46-year-old Father Dujon has been in the central highlands for 15 years. In February, 1965, the V.C. came to his village of Daksut, about 40 miles north of Kontum, and said: "We are going to put you in safe-keeping until we have captured the Daksut post, and then we will release you."

There was, however, one thing the V.C. wanted of Father Dujon: his allegiance. Each day he was questioned for hours by tireless political cadres who addressed him courteously as "elder brother" and asked him about his family, his youth, his religious vocation, his studies and his life in Vietnam. The questioning was unsophisticated, but its persistence reflected the Kan Bo's conviction that no one is immune to political indoctrination. The cadres denied they were Communists or that the North helped them. "We get nothing from the North," they said.

"What about China?"

"We want nothing to do with China. If the Chinese come here we will fight them to our last drop of blood."

Father Dujon was asked to draft a political statement, and he wrote, "I am against war, but every country has the right to defend itself."

Father Dujon was impressed by the preparations that preceded the attack on Daksut. A scale model of the post was built and studied for days, with each guerrilla going over his part in the raid. Then for weeks the attack was rehearsed with full-sized mock-ups of the Daksut post, so that each man could perform his task perfectly and knew the post even to the number of steps between the rows of barbed wire. There were dozens of run-throughs while onlookers banged on mess tins to simulate the sound of battle. When Daksut was attacked last August, it fell in less than half an hour. A few days later Father Dujon was taken to the edge of the forest and released.

The kind of tireless organization that led to the fall of Daksut is perhaps the greatest strength of the Viet Cong. They have no brilliant strategists like the Mao Tse-tung of the Long March, who outmaneuvered Chiang Kai-shek into a stunning military defeat in China. They have no stirring leaders like Ho Chi Minh and General Vo Nguyen Giap, who instilled in their Viet Minh guerrillas a spirit so indomitable that when Dienbienphu fell, French resistance collapsed more from discourage-

Daring V.C. raiders blew up this U.S. soldiers' quarters (left) in downtown Saigon last month. Eight men died.

Rebel attacks are meticulously planned. Viet Cong officer (right) makes sure each guerrilla knows where to strike.

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a planter, 'and I have to ask their permission to repair them.'

ment than total defeat. But the Viet Cong make up for their lack of strategy and leaders with a genius for organization. Their method of taking control of a village is a good example.

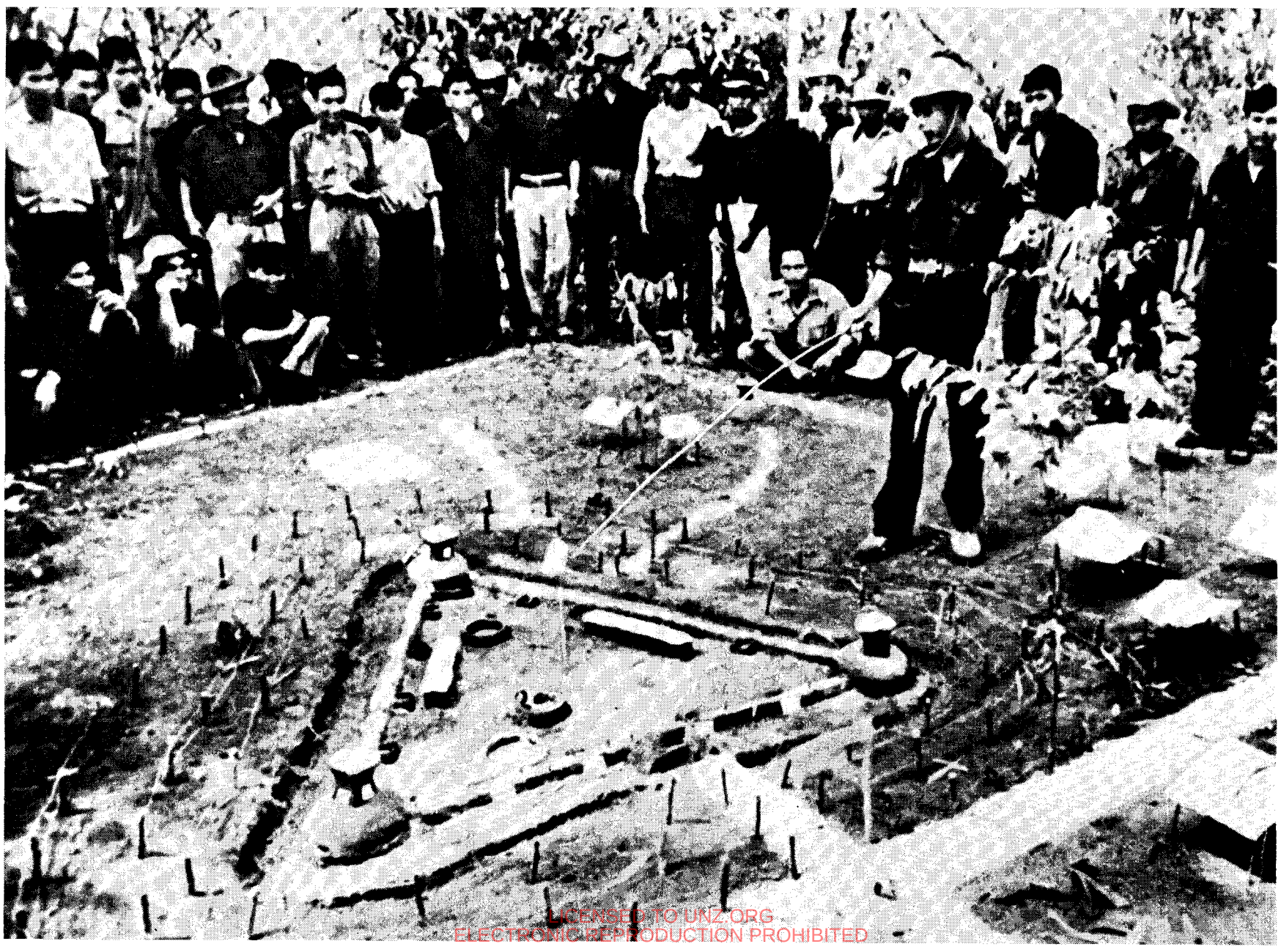
They begin like door-to-door salesmen. A small group of V.C., led by the indispensable political cadre, engages in polite conversation with the villagers: "We represent the Liberation Front of South Vietnam. We have come to pay you a visit. You have nothing to be afraid of. Please have a seat and we will chat." The sales talk is designed to enlist the voluntary support of the villager. "If you join us you will have a ruling position, your family will be treated with special respect. You will live gloriously, and your country will never forget it. Once the Americans are driven out, you will be as rich as they are in the North. The Americans have clay feet, they are discourteous to women and do not pay for their pedicab rides." The cadres also dwell on the impermanence of the American presence with slogans like: "The American coastal bases are like the sand bubbles made by crabs on the beach at Nhatrang."

Villagers who are not recruited are told to build bamboo traps, dig foxholes for the guerrillas, and "beat the wooden fish" (two resonant sticks that sound a bit like maracas) to drown out the sound of government loudspeaker planes. As the V.C. mesh tightens, every villager is recruited into one of six liberation associations: farmers, women, youth, students, workers, and cultural (teachers and doctors, mainly). Through these associations, many forms of help are supposed to be available—weddings and burials are arranged, farmers are helped at harvest time, and the V.C. are gradually able to exercise nearly total control over the villagers' daily lives. In exchange for the benefits of the association, the villagers are expected to carry out their "revolutionary duties." Particular importance is given to women, who are dubbed "the chignon army"—an army with long hair twisted into a chignon, or bun. They take on liaison assignments, lead anti-government demonstrations, and are sometimes recruited as guerrilla fighters. A bespectacled, 45-year-old woman, Mrs. Nguyen Thi Dinh, is assistant commander-in-chief of the Army of Liberation, and is known to thousands of Vietnamese women as "the third sister."

If there is resistance to the V.C. takeover, punitive measures are taken. A villager told some friends that the V.C. propaganda leaflets were "toilet paper." The next day he was found disemboweled in front of his hut. The V.C. are able to instill the belief that they are invulnerable. After the first big V.C. victory at Ap Bac in 1963, when a large number of U.S. helicopters were shot down, four guerrillas came into a village, carrying a stretcher and bent under the weight of a large object concealed by a blue cloth. When a group of curious villagers had gathered around, the guerrillas said, "Don't go near that. It's the secret weapon we used to win at Ap Bac." And they left without showing it, having convinced the villagers that they had some mysterious and lethal weapon to drive out the Americans.

The V.C. also make it clear that their punishment is more effective than the government's. Government troops arrest people haphazardly, on vague suspicions, since they have no control apparatus within the village. The V.C., however, have agents who make it possible for them to make specific charges. They say, "Why has your wife been going so often to the marketplace? Who does she contact there?" When serious charges are brought, a public trial is held. The villagers, including a V.C. claque, are asked to approve the charges pinned to the chest of the accused. As one villager described a public trial, "The sons came to applaud the executions of their fathers, so that the fathers would not be able to applaud the executions of the sons. There were V.C. in the crowd who shouted, 'Kill them, kill them, no leniency.' In one case there was a personal grudge against the victim, who had refused to lend rice to his accuser." Sometimes the victims are tortured in front of the villagers, and bamboo stakes are stuffed into their mouths to prevent them from screaming.

Once the young men of the village have been recruited as local guerrillas, or Du Kich, they are promoted according to their "revolutionary zeal" into regional or main-force units, where they are called Bo Doi. They are also subjected to an endless barrage of thought-control sessions. They must copy Radio Hanoi propaganda broadcasts in notebooks, learn by heart their professions of faith to the movement, and repeat such slogans as "We passionately love revolutionary optimism." Married men are encouraged to give their children names like "Front Line" or "Final Victory." Guerrillas form emulation groups in honor of V.C. heroes like Nguyen Van Troi, a young terrorist who was executed after trying to blow up a bridge over which Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara would be passing. Aside from the Viet Cong flag (red and blue with a yellow star in the



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center), they carry into battle an assortment of banners with unit slogans like QUYET THANG (determination to win).

Any deviation from the established pattern of revolutionary behavior is immediately brought to the attention of superiors and is threshed out in a "*Kiem Thao,*" or self-criticism session. Guerrillas are even encouraged to tell about their dreams, in case any counterrevolutionary thoughts should invade their subconscious. The session continues until the accused confesses his error.

In addition to organizational skill, another Viet Cong strength is the ability to make the jungle hospitable, despite its leeches, scorpions, centipedes, malaria-carrying mosquitoes, snakes and debilitating heat. With characteristic farsightedness they began 10 and even 20 years ago to build the jungle camps in use today (some of them were used in the war against the French), digging catacomb-like networks of tunnels, marking trees for escape routes, and storing food and weapons that might not be used for years. The Front has a medical commission with jungle hospitals where doctors make their own pills from local plants. Surgical instruments are made from the steel and aluminum of downed planes. Anti-smallpox vaccine is cultivated on water buffalo, and anti-cholera vaccine on the stomachs of hogs. Lacking glycerine, they dilute the vaccines with honey from wild bees.

Radio Liberation, the clandestine transmitter somewhere in Tayninh province, beams nine programs a day throughout the Mekong delta. A generator weighing more than a ton was taken into the jungle from Saigon. The V.C. newspaper, *Gia Phong Viet Nam* (Long Live Vietnam), is printed on an underground hand press tooled from the metal of blown bridges, sabotaged railway lines and strategic-hamlet fortifications. Paper is brought in 100-pound rolls over jungle trails. The V.C. claim they can turn out 5,000 newspapers a day with their rustic press.

As further proof to the population that they rule the countryside, the Viet Cong hold periodic political congresses. Painstaking security arrangements are made for these two- and three-day get-togethers, for they provide the Saigon regime with a tempting opportunity to catch a sampling of Front leaders. The last general congress of the Front was held in February, 1964, in the Tayninh base area near the Cambodian border northwest of Saigon. The delegates, several hundred of them, broke up at night to sleep in different villages. In the morning they were directed to a specified rendezvous point, with just enough time to get there. A liaison agent was waiting at the rendezvous to take them to the meeting place, which changed daily. If one of the delegates did not show up on time, the meeting was immediately canceled. The congress was penetrated by a government agent, who had a small radio transmitter hidden in the jungle. He was able to reach it one morning, transmit the location of the rendezvous point to his contact, and reach the rendezvous on time, although out of breath. A Ranger battalion was dispatched to the spot, but an observation plane leading them in buzzed the area. The V.C. leaders had enough warning to escape.

When they are taken unawares by planes or government troops, the V.C. repair to their secret tunnels. Wilfred Burchett, a pro-Communist Australian journalist who has twice been invited to tour V.C. "liberated zones," told me that the worst two hours of his life had been spent in one of those tunnels.

"They are not made for large men," he said, "and when I wriggled in, my breath was coming in gasps from the excitement of the situation. There were four of us in the same tunnel, and not enough air. Every part of my body was screaming to burst out, but I knew that if I did I was dead. I never before had to force such perfect discipline on myself. But they didn't find us."

The final great strength of the Viet Cong comes from the outside, like a blood transfusion. It is the infiltration of men and supplies from North Vietnam—an estimated 1,500 to 2,000 men a month, and weapons that include rocket launchers, mortars, recoilless rifles, pack howitzers, and heavy machine guns used as antiaircraft weapons. If the pipeline from the North could be sealed off, the V.C. would wither like a plant deprived of water. Infiltration is a patient, plodding process which takes months of forced marches over trails that have been used for subversion for 20 years.

A typical infiltrator is Lt. Nguyen Do Truc, a career officer in the North Vietnamese Army who was captured last August. Married and the father of four children, Lieutenant Truc was asked in 1964 by his captain whether he wanted to go South "to fight American imperialism." He accepted, thereby gaining an on-the-spot field promotion, and was warned not to tell his family the nature of his mission. He was sent to a training camp for southward-bound officers where for eight weeks he studied the South's political and military situation and learned guerrilla combat techniques. His battalion was broken down into four companies of 130 men each, who were carried by truck to the Laotian border. Each man was given 300 piasters (about three dollars) for expenses, and each company was given 30,000 piasters to buy rice along the way. At the border the companies marched into the Laotian forest at three-day intervals.

Each man had a khaki uniform, a pith helmet, a pair of black pajamas, two sets of underclothing, one mosquito net, one pair of rubber sandals, a piece of nylon cloth, a knapsack, a hammock, salted and dried food, and medicine.

In Laos the companies split into small squads traveling 400 yards apart. They were led by guides who took them from station to station. Each station could be reached in a day, and every three or four days they rested. It was forbidden to talk to the guides, so the soldiers did not know where they were. They walked at night, Indian file, and cooked their rice in underground ovens. Despite these precautions, they were bombed once, but suffered no losses. The entire trip took three months, including rest periods, and the battalion regrouped in Kontum province to carry out its first attacks. Lieutenant Truc found that his northern accent made it difficult for him to communicate with the villagers. He had been told to observe the "three-together" rule: Help the villagers, educate them, indoctrinate them. But he was captured before he had a chance to apply it.

With the U.S. increase in manpower, the flow of infiltration has quickened, as though the V.C. wanted to match the American commitment man for man. According to recent intelligence reports, the Communists are building a road from North Vietnam, near the Communist-held Laotian border town of Tchepone, through the Laos panhandle and to Kontum province, so that they will soon be able to truck troops by night right up to the South Vietnamese border.

However, as I saw on the road between Pleiku and Ban Me Thuot, they do not always travel by night. The road crosses the wild, sparsely inhabited Darlac plateau, where tigers are commonplace and wild peacocks scurry awkwardly out of the path of vehicles. It is a "liberated" zone, and every few miles there are torn-up stretches of road and mined areas marked with bamboo stakes. (This is part of the confusing nature of the war. The road is mined, but the drivers who make regular runs know where the mines are and mark them off.) The bridges are out, but the drivers improvise detours across the shallow streams. These drivers of buses and multipassenger taxis are the only motorists who still travel the road, and they make a good living running Viet Cong roadblocks. They have developed a system of hand signals to warn one another about road conditions: Swiveling the wrist with raised forearm means the road is clear; holding the forearm horizontal and waving it up and down with palm out means that there is a roadblock ahead.

I was riding in a battered Peugeot station wagon with 12 Vietnamese when the driver stopped. Cars coming from the opposite direction had given him the roadblock signal. Everyone jumped out and began hiding things. A woman stuffed a thick wad of piasters down the front of her dress. A soldier who had changed into civilian clothes for the trip hid his army shoes and his uniform in a basket of bananas on the roof of the car. The driver took off his watch and put it in the dashboard ashtray. I put my traveler's checks in one of my shoes, and my watch in an inside pocket of my jacket. We started up again, moving more slowly now and letting another car pass us. Around every bend we expected to see figures in the middle of the road motioning us to stop.

The first thing we saw was the flag. A guerrilla was standing in the middle of the road waving a large red-and-blue Viet Cong flag. The station wagon stopped, and six more V.C. emerged from the shadows of the forest. They were dressed alike, in neat khaki uniforms and bush hats, and they carried what looked like brand-new submachine guns. A tall V.C. with a pimply, greasy face and pushed-in nose addressed me in English: "You go Ban Me Thuot?" I replied in French, and the passengers in the station wagon confirmed that I was not American. I took out a green *laissez-passer*

'As my eyes became accustomed to the forest, I could see more guerrillas moving through the trees and in the tall elephant grass.'

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which the Kan Bo in the missionary village had handed out, and which said that the bearer would like to return to a liberated zone. It was read and returned without comment. As my eyes became accustomed to the forest, I could see more V.C. among the trees and in the high grass, many more than would be needed for a roadblock. As friends in Ban Me Thuot later told me, the spot was part of a well-known infiltration route, and a hard-core V.C. or North Vietnamese unit had been reported passing through it.

The apprehensions of the passengers were unfounded, for nothing was taken from the car, and no one was taxed. A cursory search was made, and the V.C. seemed almost apologetic about it. The tall, pimply-faced V.C. told me with a smile: "When you go Ban Me Thuot, tell them you see Viet Cong." They did not even check my papers, and seemed in a hurry to get us out of there. The driver was trying to start up the station wagon, but it had stalled. Four V.C. gave us a push to get the car going.

I was on my way to a rubber plantation near Tayninh, 5,000 acres of latex trees managed by Jean Paoli, a swarthy Corsican with a battered face and one of those paunches the planters call "colonial eggs." Paoli came to Indochina in 1952 with the French expeditionary force, liked the country and decided to stay and try his luck at planting rather than return to France with his sergeant's stripes. Today the planter lives in a no-man's-land between the V.C. and the government. His only goal is getting his latex out. But the V.C. tax the men who work for him as tappers, and they use the plantation as a sanctuary. The government accuses him of giving the V.C. help and asylum. While accepting favors, the V.C. basically consider planters to be vestiges of colonialism, and many plantations have had to be abandoned because of V.C. harassment and terrorism. Paoli has a natural gift for diplomacy, however, which has allowed him to juggle the conflicting demands of the V.C. and the government. But he says, "It's becoming impossible. The V.C. are very disagreeable because they had predicted total victory in the Year of the Serpent (1965). They are taking a tougher line, both *vis-à-vis* their own men, to prevent defections, and *vis-à-vis* the plantation. I had some American officers to lunch about a month ago, and a few days later a delegation of Viets came to see me. 'If we see any more Americans in your car,' they said, 'we'll shoot it up.'"

Part of Paoli's plantation is firmly in V.C. hands. "They blow up bridges and sabotage roads, and I have to ask their permission to repair them," he said. "There was a time when they were holding up my trucks for days, and I couldn't figure out why. So I went to see them, and they said, 'We're training some mechanics, and we're using your trucks for practice.'"

The tappers who make up most of Paoli's labor force live in villages on the plantation, and Paoli visits each village once a month, on payday. One sunny morning he took me along in his gray Land-Rover, with the back flaps up (a V.C. prescription, so they can see who is inside). Two canvas pouches full of piasters were stuffed in the back. We drove through the neat rows of birchlike trees where tappers were already at work. I asked Paoli why he was unarmed, and he said, "The government doesn't allow us to have weapons. Even if they did, I wouldn't carry a gun. I'm in and out of V.C. zones every day. They can get me any time they want to." He showed me what looked like a thick, silver ball-point pen, and said, "The only thing I carry is this pen gun. An American Air Force sergeant sold it to me for 400 piasters. It has a spring action that fires this red incendiary cartridge on the tip. It's supposed to make a big flame at five yards. If I ever get into a jam, I could fire this and make a run for it."

Five miles farther, the long, even rows of rubber trees gave way to a densely forested area that sloped toward a stream. We stopped at the hulk of a rusty iron bridge with wood planking, ripped apart by explosives. Paoli blew his horn three times. Soon half a dozen armed men in black pajamas appeared on the other side of the bridge. A little farther up the dirt road, on the other side, another plantation jeep could be seen waiting. "From here on in, we are their guests," Paoli said.

The armed men crossed the shallow stream over steppingstones, holding onto vines that were strung between two trees. Paoli introduced me as a visitor from the Paris office (inspectors come regularly to visit the plantation and decide whether to plant more trees in spite of the deteriorating political situation), and we shook hands all around. A couple of V.C. carried the money across the stream to the jeep on the other side. With a V.C. driving and two V.C. guards in back with the money, we drove another couple of miles to the village, where about 350 people live in a forest clearing. The village was bristling with armed V.C. The tappers were summoned, and they gathered in teams of 15 around their Cai (corporal). They were mostly women, elderly men and children.

Paoli went up to a tall, gaunt, unarmed man in faded civilian clothes, with a shock of black hair that rose straight up, and a mouth studded with gold teeth. He was Colonel Tung, the V.C. district chief, who had fought against the French in the same area 15 years before. Paoli said that work conditions were getting intolerable, and Colonel Tung said, "We want you to stay here and keep up your work no matter what happens." Paoli said things would be much easier if they fixed the bridges. and Colonel Tung said, "They (a nearby Special Forces camp) have been around here again, and we have to be careful. We lost three men just outside the plantation last week, including Red Sun" (the *nom de guerre* of a V.C. junior officer). Under V.C. supervision Paoli began calling out the names of the Cai from a list he had, and they came up to get the pay for their teams. He later explained that about a third of the workers on the list were guerrillas who were kept on the payroll as part of the arrangement with the V.C.

"It's a form of taxation," he said. "The V.C. also tax the tappers on their pay, and we get taxed again when we carry our latex out by road. On top of that, we are always getting held up for special contributions." Paoli said that until now government troops have been careful not to destroy plantation property. They are periodically sent on operations to clean up the village. "Sometimes they come halfway and then return to say they have not found anything. Sometimes they send out word they are coming, and when they arrive they find nothing but villagers who offer them a cup of tea. For years we have gotten along on this kind of understanding, the government troops knowing that if they strike at the Viet Cong, the Viet Cong will strike back. But now we have Special Forces camps with American advisers who are actually seeking contact. Usually Tung can smell them coming. He has all (*continued on page 82*)

Nguyen Huu Tho (jacketless, front row), president of National Liberation Front that is the Viet Cong's political cover, reviews a guerrilla unit massed with its heavy-caliber weapons.

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Julie Andrews is suddenly in demand

The scene is uppermost Beverly Hills, where every block, almost every house has been touched by fame. The mansion in Coldwater Canyon once belonged to Vic Tanny, renowned for physical fitness; now it is owned by a star who is perhaps the No. 1 box-office attraction in the world. It is 6:15 in the morning, and the star comes out of the huge, empty house that she has just bought and not had time to furnish. She is wearing orange slacks and a loose blouse and beach sandals, and she is going to work.

A red sedan stands in her dark driveway; behind it is her station wagon. A little sign is pasted on the station wagon's bumper: MARY POPPINS IS A JUNKIE. "Mike Nichols put it there," she says, "and just dared me to take it off. So I can't, of course." She gets into the sedan, which is the property of Universal Studios, turns on the lights and fumbles with the gear lever. "My hairdresser will have my first cup of coffee waiting for me," she says. "Then I'll shudder awake." The previous night Nichols gave a party and she attended as his hostess. The party was in a Hollywood nightclub and among the guests were the Burtons, Sean Connery, Rock Hudson, Lana Turner. CELEBRITIES ROMP AT DISCOTHÈQUE headlined the Los Angeles *Times*. Several TV cameras were turned on her as she did the Watusi and Frug with Nichols. "I do hope they didn't send shots of my wriggling rear end all across the country."

Driving the few miles from Beverly Hills to the Universal lot, she whistles now and then; it sounds curiously tuneless. At the Universal guardhouse, a guard calls, "Good morning, Miss Andrews." She doesn't know this guard; hence the Miss Andrews. The night one calls her Julie. There is some light in the sky, and it is getting on to seven o'clock, and the door of the little house assigned to her is half open. Lorraine Roberson, her hairdresser, is waiting. Julie Andrews pretends to stagger the few steps from the car, and twists her hand into a quivering claw as she reaches for the cup of coffee.

She goes through the living room furnished in what she calls Hollywood Elegant and into the dressing room to sink into a reclining chair, eyes closed, while her hair is shampooed and put in rollers. Soft music comes from a radio, and Julie remarks to Miss Roberson that this FM-station's selections seem to be improving. One of her publicity men immediately whips out a pencil and pad and jots down the number on the radio dial, declaring that he wants to "get it on my car radio." Willard Buell, a makeup man, comes in and takes over from the hairdresser. The rollers still in her hair, Julie sits down before a mirror brilliantly lit by a score of lights. Buell works on her, and so does Miss Roberson, and she signs letters dictated the day before and talks with her wardrobe girl and eats breakfast and looks at the newspaper.

Two hours go by and the telephone rings. Miss Roberson answers, listens, says, "It's Them. He's there." "Them" is the company, the set. "He" is Alfred Hitchcock, director of the film, *Torn Curtain*. Julie says, "Come along, flock," and, wearing a long white robe, strides out of the house into the sunlight. "Look at the smog!" she cries, pointing to the mountains. "We have no smog in California," a studio official says. "I know," she says, "but I love every ghastly particle of it." She walks the short distance to the set in quick time—"She's the fastest walker in the world," Miss Roberson

Julie takes a moment to relax on the HAWAII *set. She rushed back from Honolulu to make an Alfred Hitchcock movie, has three more films scheduled.*

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verywhere, a talented, unspoiled, hard-working star at the height of her career. Yet, somehow, it all seems a bit sad.

'SOME DAY IT WILL ALL BE JUST WONDERFUL'

By Gene Smith

remarks—and goes to her dressing room there to change into a suit and become the lady scientist whose American fiancé is apparently planning to defect from Copenhagen to the East Germans. She walks onto the set and Hitchcock orders the cameras to roll. She calls to Paul Newman, who is taking a shower. "Darling, we've got connecting rooms." He calls back, "That's Scandinavian efficiency." They do it over and over, perhaps 15 times. Each time, just before the cameras roll and she speaks her line, Julie soundlessly moves her lips, going over the last line of yesterday's dialogue to recapture the mood. The assistant director calls, time and time again, "Stand by. Here we go. Bell, please. Roll." Hitchcock says, "Action," and once more a smile leaps onto her face and she calls, "Darling, we've got connecting rooms." Hitchcock says, "That light is making a hell of a line over her head." She halts, puts her hands on her hips and says primly, "That's my halo."

She is a Star. Once she was a gawky kid singing in British vaudeville houses, and then she was the lead in London and Broadway musicals, and now she is a Star. She became a Star one day last spring in a little town in Massachusetts. "That little place," says Buell, the makeup man, "that's where she learned what she was." The town was Sturbridge Village and the company of *Hawaii* was shooting there because the town looks the way it did 150 years ago—or is supposed to. "It was some sort of public holiday," Julie says, remembering. "We were in a kind of park. It was not like Hollywood. Hollywood is good about these things—one is asked for one's autograph or perhaps someone in a shop tells you of having enjoyed your performance in a film, but it's not a rush, not a mad thing. But in Sturbridge, the police had to rope off the set. People started to converge as I was walking to my trailer with these rather nice husky policemen. These very sizable policemen were around me, and people would be on one side being pushed back, and then they would circle around and come in from the other side. You could hear them saying, 'Look, it's Mary Poppins' to their children. They didn't mean any harm, it was a lark for them, but then I got into the trailer and I was alone in eight square feet of space, alone in this island. You could hear them outside giggling and joshing and pushing. And the trailer was swaying. They were scratching at the walls. I pulled down the shades and sat there alone. I thought, 'My God, how alone I am. I can't send for anybody. I can't get out.'"

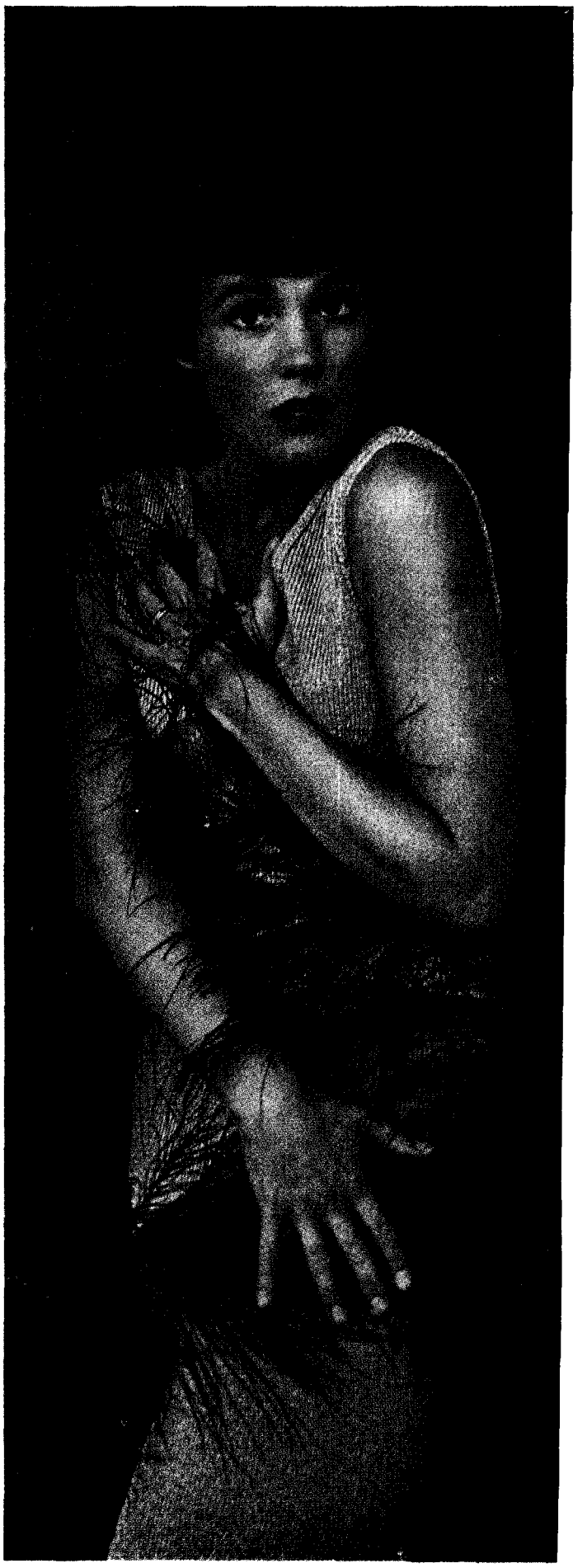
Before Sturbridge she had done movies that, completed, were not released for a time. Then *Mary Poppins* and *The Sound of Music* burst forth, each to make tens of millions of dollars, each to contribute to the reputation that would bring a frightening crowd to set her trailer swaying in that little town. Now she makes movies in which she need not sing or repeat the type of roles that made her famous; now there are no vacations for her but a lengthening series of commitments; now she is at the very peak of her career—a Star.

She lies on a bed in the Copenhagen hotel room and the cameras are about to roll, but Hitchcock suddenly says, "There is dirt on the sole of her shoe. Clean it." The shoe is removed. "Clean it, cleanse it, but don't purify it," Julie says. Hitchcock says, "Limit the cleaning." The shoe is put back on. She says, "Won't the camera be looking up my skirt?" Paul Newman leaps forward and squats by the camera and cries, "Yeah, that's the idea!" Julie yelps, "Oh, you beastly thing! I say, did you see the cartoon about Mary Poppins? She's sailing through the air with her umbrella and there are two little boys on the ground looking up and one says, 'Coo, you can see right up her skirts.'" Everybody laughs.

As a scene is repeated, over and over, a studio official says, "Oh, it's dullness and boredom for the most part. You look back over the years and remember light moments—but not many." He brightens. "Here's lunch."

Julie is eating at the studio commissary instead of, as more usually, in her dressing room. She is having an interview with the television columnist of a Los Angeles paper. She changes into her robe, and with that long, quick stride races to the commissary. Tourists are in the area and behind her there are waves of, "Look, Julie Andrews." The columnist asks about a forthcoming TV special and she says she is "diffident" about appearing in a Julie Andrews special, although she's happy to appear on other people's shows. "It seems not right, a little cheeky, to come in from left field to be the star," she says. "What I mean is that it's a bit nervy to come in with no real knowledge of the medium—in contrast to my immense knowledge of every other conceivable subject." (The show will win enormous ratings and critical praise, and NBC will decide to repeat it in March.)

She stretches her arms and focuses on the columnist's salad dressing. "Could I have a bit of that?" He says yes, and she ladles it onto her diced chicken and cheese salad. She cranes her neck and looks around and says, "Who can we see that's exciting? Ah, there's Ben Gazzara. He's exciting!



Clowning between HAWAII *takes, Julie clutches foliage in a takeoff on the tremulous, wide-eyed pose favored by many a classic Hollywood sexpot.*

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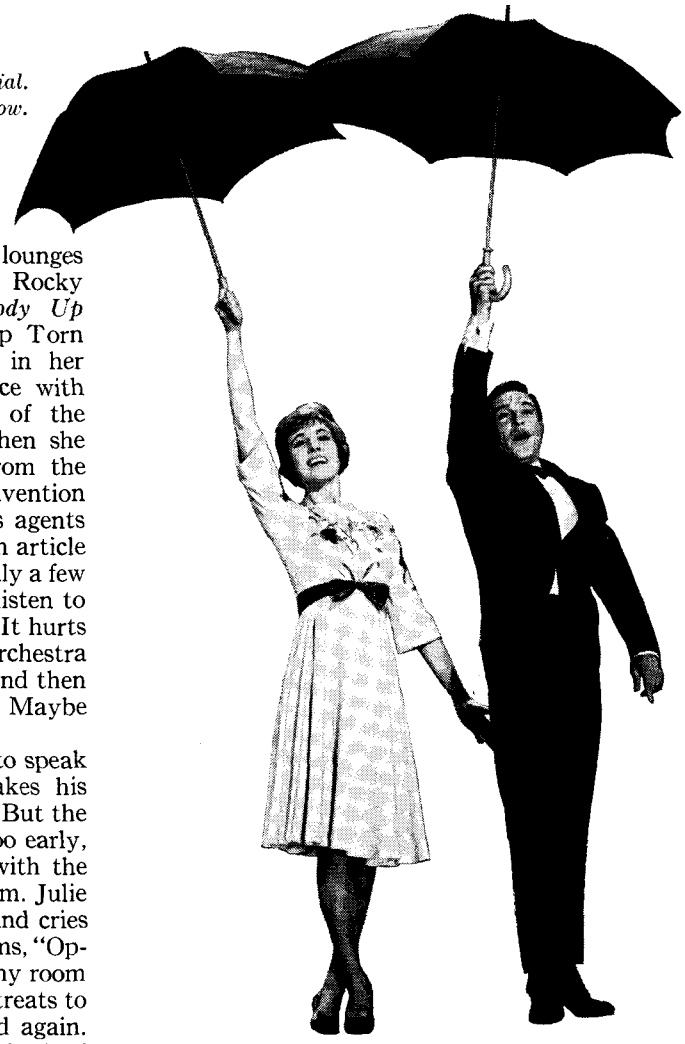
Look at the monster—who is that, Dracula?" She is told it is Frankenstein. The talk turns to British murders. Someone speaks of a former R.A.F. pilot who carried a dogwhip everywhere. "He seduced millions of women all in good order, but now and then he'd go berserk and beat one to death with the dogwhip." "What was his background?" Julie asks. Told that the murderer's father was a lawyer, she sighs. "What a Mum he must have had!"

Her interview is over; lunch is over. On the way out, she runs into a British actor. She introduces him around, but gets the name wrong, using the name of another man. She is terribly distressed and, walking back to her dressing room, literally wrings her hands. "Oh, what a stupid, stupid *faux pas*. As soon as I said the name, the curtain came down, and I knew I'd done the wrong thing."

She sits down in front of the mirror, and Buell goes to work on her makeup. But she cannot get the mistake off her mind. Buell suggests that she send the British actor a note of apology. She says she will. "And I know what I'll do: I'll sign it Julie and in brackets I'll put *Harris*. That'll make it up, a little, don't you think? You know, I am forever making this type of *faux pas*. I remember right after the engagement of Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon was announced. You remember, it was just frightful what the press did to him. the things they hinted at. So Lord Snowdon passed me in an auto one day and stopped to say hello, like a good chum. I didn't know him too well—I had met him at a couple of parties—but I wanted so to make it up to him for what the papers were doing. So I began to gush and I said, 'I am so happy,' and I threw kisses and shrieked, 'All the luck in the world and have a lovely time on your honeymoon!' He got this funny, confused look in his eyes, and he stammered out, 'Well, I must dash.' And he drove off and I was still carrying on like a teen-ager. Oh, I writhe to remember! Julie Harris. Don't you think that'll be a good idea?"

Julie dances with Gene Kelly on her TV special. She felt "cheeky" about starring in her own show.



'It is hard, the pressure. Headaches. Often I get headaches.'

She goes back to the set. They are shooting a scene in which Newman is alone, so she is free for a little while. But not really. When Newman is free, he lounges round talking of his experiences with Rocky Graziano, whom he portrayed in *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, or of drinking with Rip Torn in Newman's sauna bath. But for Julie in her moment off camera there is a conference with Edith Head, the designer. They talk of the dress Julie will wear two days hence when she accepts the Star of the Year Award from the Theatre Owners of America, at their convention in Los Angeles. Then one of Julie's press agents comes up. An Eastern newspaper wants an article on her reminiscences of *My Fair Lady*. "Only a few questions, Julie," he says. Does she ever listen to her own record of the show? "No. Never. It hurts too much. Sometimes I might hear an orchestra playing *I Could Have Danced All Night*—and then it is marvelous. But not my own voice. Maybe in a few years I'll want to, but not now."

She goes back before the camera. She is to speak into a hotel telephone while Newman takes his shower; then he is to come into the room. But the signals cross somehow and he comes in too early, wrapped in a bath towel and dripping with the water the stagehands have poured over him. Julie grips the telephone as the camera stops and cries into it, "Who is this man?" Hitchcock booms, "Operator, operator, there's a naked man in my room and I don't know who he is." Newman retreats to the bathroom, and they shoot it again and again. Then at last the shooting is over. Two and a half minutes of usable film have been created this day, which is not bad. If they can turn out 15 minutes a week, they will be doing very well indeed.

Julie changes from her lady-scientist suit into her robe and beach sandals and races to her dressing room where Edith Head is waiting with the Theatre Owners of America gown. It is of silk and wool, of cream-colored French brocade, with long sleeves and matching fringed stole. They talk of the slit at the hem of the dress, whether to taper it, whether to weight the bottom. "I just wonder if it hits the right spot," Julie says, looking at herself in the mirror. "It seems a trifle forced." Miss Head's assistant works at the slit with pins.

Julie appears not to be listening to the ever-playing radio, to Barbra Streisand singing *Who Can I Turn To?* but as the song ends she whirls and says, "Oh, she's such a good singer, that girl." "Julie sent her a fan letter after her big special," one of the publicists says.

It is dark outside now, and the clock has gone all the way around since Julie came into the dressing room to start the day. "Here I am," she had said then, "a tatty old thing at seven in the morning. I'll come alive a little bit after a while, but I'll come back to where I began once seven at night comes around." Bill Buell passes out drinks for everyone. She takes a weak Scotch and soda.

Buell and Miss Roberson pack up their things and prepare to leave. They have been with Julie for a long while. With her they went to Austria for *The Sound of Music*, to Sturbridge and Honolulu for *Hawaii*. They are her family, a little. They have to agree before the radio station is changed; it is they who pour her coffee (and sometimes she who pours theirs); they tenderly touch her face and hair one hundred times a day. She says, "Good-night, my loves." The previous night they stayed late and prepared her for Mike Nichols's party. "Like Cinderella," she says. "All fixed up for the party with pants and a big scarf." She smiles her smile—she is much more beautiful in person than on the screen—and says, "That's the sort of thing that should happen to you when you're eighteen—a lot of fuss and a glamorous party. I'm thirty."

Miss Head and the assistants keep working on

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, coming close on the heels of the equally popular MARY POPPINS, projected Julie into the top rank of box-office attractions.

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the Paris gown. Outside, the studio lot has grown quiet and dark. The streets beyond are filled with traffic, the bars are coming to life and great searchlights spear the sky in the distance (a supermarket is using the lights to announce bargains on chuck roast). One of Julie's publicity people gestures toward the lot and says, "That's always the way it is. Everyone goes home before the Star. I remember Fred Astaire synchronizing the taps of tap-dancing scenes. They couldn't have microphones in the floor, so he had to stand in front of the rushes of his dancing scenes, and dance along so the tapping could be recorded. He used to say—see, this was late in the evening—he used to say, 'I got to get out of this damn racket. Everybody goes home, people go fishing, and I'm still here.'" Julie finishes with the gown, which will be taken away for improvements, and changes into her slacks and blouse. She pulls the blouse way out from her stomach and says, "Convenient if you're pregnant." Edith Head says, "Very nice without pants, like Baby Doll." They say good-night. Julie gets into the red sedan and heads for home across the darkened hills. "I am going to a place that is fresh and clean and sweet," she says. "To bed." She whistles tunelessly for a moment.

She pulls into the driveway of her new home. It is almost totally unfurnished. She uses the stairs for a table, sitting on cushions while she eats. She thinks a lot about how she will furnish it when she finds the time (the fussy little lamp outside is doomed, and so are the *fleurs-de-lis* everywhere on the walls). It is really two houses plus a swimming pool plus a little mountain. The main residence is a chalet-type building, and she wants to buy a lot of dark, rough-textured objects to contrast with the white of the house; she wants a light and airy atmosphere to contrast with the dark beams of the high ceilings. Her daughter, Emma, three, is waiting for her, and so is her little white poodle, Q-Tip. Julie kisses Emma and the child runs in circles around the room and shouts, "Dance, dance, dance!" Strangely, her British accent is stronger than her mother's. Anthony Walton, the husband and father, is rarely with them; he is a London-based theatrical designer, and his career and Julie's career keep them apart for long months at a time. Julie bought the house on her own; her husband has never seen it. (Hollywood gossips about this, of course, as it gossiped about the marriages of Bergman, Turner, Monroe and other Stars.)

Julie pours herself another weak Scotch and soda. "There is a great loneliness to all this," she says slowly. The way she says it, a tired-looking girl, barefoot now that her sandals have fallen off, makes it seem true, for all that she has not been alone for more than a moment in all her long day. "The Julie Andrewses are never alone," a Universal publicist informed me. "But they never have any time to be social. They cannot go away and rest for a year and come back and get a big picture, because their momentum will be lost; the offers for jobs come when you're working, not when you're not working. People call their agents and say that something great is in the works, and even if they want to take a year off, the thing is so great and promising that they have to do it."

The day after Julie flew in from Honolulu and *Hawaii* she had to begin work on *Torn Curtain*, which was behind schedule. As soon as this is finished—hopefully on schedule in mid-January—she must begin rehearsals for her star role in *The Story of Mrs. A.*, the biography of Gertrude Lawrence scheduled to be filmed in mid-February. After that, she is committed to star in *The Public Eye* and *Say It With Music*, in that order.

Julie says: "You have this panic, this weight. You cope with it day by day and sometimes everything is chaotic on the surface. I need order, desperately. But I can't have it. And there's never any time. Practically more than anything in the world, I would like to be a good tennis player. But I could never find time for lessons, let alone practice. I used to read quite a bit, but now if I read for even a half hour I worry about other things I should have done. There's never any time. When I am in New York fresh from England, I think of England a lot, and then my thinking becomes spasmodic. When I come to Los Angeles from New York, I think of New York a lot for six weeks and then it goes away. In New York you read the London *Times* for a while, and then in Los Angeles you get *The New York Times* sent out, but in the end you read the Los Angeles *Times*. And then there is this very great loneliness. It is hard, the pressure. Headaches. Often I get headaches.

"But one hopes. One hopes it is not for nothing. Things come in lumps. Success comes in lumps. Hard work does. Hard times do. So, one is waiting, hoping that it won't get out of hand. If it is true that I am a success, I do not yet believe it. I do not know that state, success. It is terrifying. But somewhere common-sense balances and will make it vital, delicious, stimulating."

Now it is very late and she will finish her Scotch and have a bite to eat and go up to bed. She puts on a sweater, her final change for the day, sits on one of the two chairs in her vast living room, stretches out her legs and puts her drink on the floor between her feet. She leans forward with her hands holding the glass and her arms between her knees. For a moment her pose is oddly reminiscent of something far removed. She looks like a fighter who has gone 15 rounds and is sitting on his stool. He is waiting for the announcement of a decision that has gone the wrong way.

Julie looks up. She says:

"If one can manage, stand still, work out proportions, work off the excesses, then someday it will all be just wonderful." □

In middy blouse and sailor's straw, Julie sails off Honolulu during a brief break in moviemaking. Her work load leaves her no time for a vacation.

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HOW THE DUKE OF WINDSOR LOST HIS THRONE

The King at memorial rites as crisis mounted.

By Lord Beaverbrook

Throughout the greatest royal crisis of the century, when the British Empire was shaken by the romance between King Edward VIII and an American divorcée, one of the King's confidants was keeping a secret diary. Lord Beaverbrook, press magnate and influential politician, candidly recorded here the intimate details of the mounting storm—the appearance of Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson in royal circles, the conflict between the King and his ministers, the intrigues that finally led to Edward's abdication. Only after Beaverbrook's recent death did a search through his private papers reveal this fascinating memoir.

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Sent off to France, Mrs. Simpson awaited divorce news.

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At the outset of the new King's reign, I attended the swearing-in service at St. James's Palace. It was not my habit to attend official functions; indeed I avoided them. But I struggled into the uniform of a Privy Councillor to be present at his investiture. It was the second time I had worn the uniform in 20 years, and I knew it was a tight fit. On this occasion I was eager to pay homage to King Edward. A new reign, with a young and independent-minded sovereign, excited my imagination. I had high hopes that Edward VIII would set a fresh tone and give a colorful leadership in the country.

The faith and confidence in the new reign, which I shared with the great majority of the British people, were not held by the Conservative Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosmo Lang. The attitude of the Prince toward religion had created distrust in the minds of the Church of England leaders. Also, in 1935, the Prince of Wales had publicly declared his disbelief in pacifism. His skepticism as to the efficacy of the League of Nations was almost equally undisguised, and gave offense to both parties. He gave further offense by his open advocacy of a policy of friendship with Germany. He made enemies among politicians by his habit of discussing them in free and unflattering terms with no regard as to who might be listening.

The Prime Minister, who had a temperamental incompatibility with the King, appeared to be strong and confident of himself. In all my 50 years of political activity I have never known a character so complex as Stanley Baldwin. Under a surface air of geniality he was a thoroughly good hater. For example, he hated me most intensely. We had been friendly for a good many years and, indeed, I had secured for him his first political promotion as Joint Financial Secretary to the Treasury. We made common cause in 1922 when Prime Minister Lloyd George was overthrown, but we did not have any intimate contact. His anger, however, was unrestrained when I attacked him in 1923 over his settlement of the American loan, and matters were not improved by the tittle-tattle of his friends who took care to tell him of every gibe I made against him. He returned these gibes with interest, and made a number of amusing sallies at my expense.

Baldwin was a man of pretense. When he had friends in his library, he would walk round picking volumes from the shelves and reading out passages with appropriate comments. This gave a pleasant impression of culture, though I doubt if he was a deeply read man. But he had another use for his library. He would frequently retire there to make a study of State papers, or so he would explain. But when he had safely locked the door he would stretch himself in an armchair by the fire with a detective story until he fell peacefully asleep.

He was a thoroughly lazy man, but he was capable of immense energy when his own position was threatened. Whenever he was in danger he became a cool, determined, relentless and far-sighted adversary. He showed all the wisdom of the serpent. In the crisis of the King he was to do more. He was to show the serpent's venom as well.

Baldwin was a man of few friends. None of his Cabinet colleagues was really close to him. Indeed, most of them regarded him with some suspicion. They believed that they could not rely on his loyalty. This was the man who was to challenge the King and to thrust him off the throne.

The inner circles of England were distressed and even dismayed by the freedom of Edward VIII's outspoken opinions on many political issues, usually hostile to the Administration. Still there was no public criticism of the King's attitude. All seemed to be set fair.

While the popularity of the King was unchallenged and appeared to be unchallengeable, there were rumors in Fleet Street. These were strengthened by a photograph of a small group at a window of St. James's Palace, watching a ceremonial parade. It was an intimate gathering of the King's close friends, but there was a woman among them whose face was unfamiliar. Who was this unknown woman? Inquiries were at once set on foot, and her identity was promptly discovered.

She was Mrs. Simpson.

The people of Britain were soon to hear much more of Mrs. Simpson. In the *Court Circular* it was announced that Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had dined as guests of the King in a company which also included Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin. Her name appeared again in the *Court Circular*, as guest at a second dinner, but without her husband.

In the second week in August, 1936, the King went on a holiday cruise in the Mediterranean in the chartered yacht *Nahlin*. The press published the names of the guests. Mrs. Simpson was among them. Mr. Simpson was not. There were photographs of the King and Mrs. Simpson in the newspapers. Shortly after the King's return to England he went to Balmoral with a few personal friends. Again Mrs. Simpson was among them, and again Mr. Simpson was not.

Although no word of comment had appeared in the British press, rumor was rife among the people. The American press suffered from no inhibitions, and printed the most sensational stories. The Hearst newspapers even published a statement, with some apparent authority behind it, that the King intended to marry Mrs. Simpson. The British Press made no reference to this startling declaration, but it could not be totally concealed from the British people. The word began to go round.

Until the middle of October, I myself knew no more about the affair than the general public. I had seen Mrs. Simpson only once for a fleeting moment at a party given at Wimborne House.

I knew, of course, about the American publicity, and the *Evening Standard*, which I owned, had been under pressure to publish "revelations," offered by interested parties who wanted to bring the King's private friendship into public view. These offers were ignored. But the case was altered when the *Evening Standard* learned in the ordinary way that Mrs. Simpson's divorce suit would be heard at Ipswich on October 27.

This news reached the newspaper about a fortnight before the hearing. It is, of course, common practice to publish advance intimation of a divorce action, if public interest warrants it. Judged by the ordinary standards of news value, publication was warranted in this instance. Mrs. Simpson's name was by this time familiar to the British public and her friendship with the King was known. Her divorce undoubtedly was news.

Nevertheless the editor of the *Evening Standard*, Mr. Percy Cudlipp, consulted me on the advisability of publication. I advised in favor of it. After all, the King's name would not and could not be brought into a private action launched by one citizen against another.

On Tuesday, October 13, the King telephoned me and asked to see me at Buckingham Palace. When I asked him to fix the time of the appointment he said, in effect, "Name your own time." I was cursed with toothache and heavily engaged with my dentist during the next two days. On Friday, October 16, I went to the Palace.

The King asked me to help in suppressing all advance news of the Simpson divorce, and in limiting publicity after the event. He stated his case calmly and with considerable cogency and force.

The reasons he gave for this wish were that Mrs. Simpson was ill, unhappy and distressed by the thought of notoriety. Notoriety would attach to her only because she had been his guest on the *Nahlin* and at Balmoral. As the publicity would be due to her association with himself, he felt it his duty to protect her.

These reasons appeared satisfactory to me, and so I took part in a negotiation to confine the publication of the news to a report of Mrs. Simpson's divorce, making no mention of her friendship with the King. Most British newspapers consented without difficulty to the policy of discretion.

While I was engaged in these activities I had no knowledge that marriage was in the mind of the King. He himself had given me no hint of the matter and, at the same time, I had been told by Mrs. Simpson's solicitor that His Majesty had no such intention. I repeated that assurance to other newspaper proprietors. And I believed it. Even if I had known that he did propose marriage, I would still have done what I did. But the fact remains that I did not know. The divorce case was heard at Ipswich on October 27. It was duly reported in the press without any sensationalism and with no reference to the King.

Shortly after the divorce proceedings I was

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asked to dine by Lord Brownlow (a lord-in-waiting and very intimate friend of the King) to talk with the King. The invitation was for Wednesday, November 4, and I had another engagement. I hoped that I would hear no more of the matter, for I was shortly going to Canada.

By this time I was beginning to doubt the assurance of "no marriage." The King's attitude was so intense that it seemed to me impossible that it could be based on the issue of Mrs. Simpson's divorce publicity alone. As a newspaper proprietor I wanted to stand down from intimate consultations with the King and to regain my liberty of expression in my own newspapers.

However, Lord Brownlow asked me to name any other night, and I arranged the night following, Thursday, November 5. The dinner was most interesting, for Mrs. Simpson was present, as well as the King.

She appeared to me to be a simple woman. She was plainly dressed, and I was not attracted to her style of hairdressing.

Her smile was kindly and pleasing, and her conversation was interspersed with protestations of ignorance of politics and with declarations of simplicity of character and outlook, with a claim to inexperience in worldly affairs. Throughout the evening she only once engaged in political conversation, and then she showed a liberal outlook.

I was greatly interested by the way the other women greeted her. There were about six women who were present at the dinner or who came in afterward. All but one of them greeted Mrs. Simpson with a kiss. She received it with appropriate dignity, but in no case did she return it.

The King spoke very plainly about some of his ministers, making blunt criticism of this man or that. I, too, spoke freely. There was no mention of the divorce, though for a moment I thought there would be when the King took me into another room and closed the door behind him. But he did not refer to the subject, and the talk that followed was entirely devoted to personalities. However, on leaving, the King said he wanted to see me later for there was something he wanted to talk about. This showed me that the dinner was leading up to something. We parted just before midnight.

Now the King had asked me on October 16 to do what I could to modify the attitude of the American newspapers, mentioning particularly the United Press.

I promised to consider that problem. First I had an interview with one of the representatives of the United Press. He asked for assurance that the King did not intend to marry. I decided to place responsibility for an answer—if any—with Mr. Walter Monckton, K.C., a legal adviser to the King, and I arranged an appointment with him. Mr. Monckton did not keep the appointment and sent a message next day to say that he had been detained by a royal command.

Undoubtedly, a royal command supersedes other appointments, but as I was to see Mr. Monckton about the King's own business, I concluded that the attitude of the American newspapers could not be so very important to the Court after all. In fact, this was not so, but that was how I thought at the time, so I decided to do nothing more about the United Press. I was glad to be out of the affair, for negotiations with the Americans promised to be both difficult and tedious, and, what was worse, quite likely to end in failure.

I believed that my task was at an end and I left for Canada and Arizona by ship via New York on November 14. However, before going I asked Lord Brownlow to consider telling the King that if he contemplated marriage to Mrs. Simpson, he should disclose his intention to those whom he wished to consult. He was leaving the position too vague in the minds of those about him, and that vagueness might well lead to hurried decisions, which would be bad decisions.

'She appeared to be a simple woman. She was plainly dressed and I was not attracted to her style of hairdressing.'

On November 16, when I was two days out at sea, the King sent me a telegram saying he had no idea I was going abroad and that there was something he had meant to tell me. He now wanted to make the communication. In effect, he was asking me what was to be done.

There was a note of criticism in his message as though it was my duty to inform him before leaving England. But he had no good ground for complaint, for I had announced my intention to go to Canada in the *Daily Express*, another of my papers, on November 14. As I felt no need for self-reproach, I replied to the King's message, saying that there had been no want of duty on my part. Mr. Monckton had not come to the appointment with me, and I did not know that anything more was required of me. I added that if I was expected to deal with the American press, I could do that more effectively in New York than in London.

In reply, I was told that my message had been understood and that I would soon hear more. I did hear more, much more. One message after another came from the King.

Pressure was also put on me from several other directions. The effect of it all was to urge me to come back, as I was required to give advice. It was then that I was told that the King intended to marry Mrs. Simpson, that he had informed the Government, and that it was clear the Government would be hostile. I asked if my advice would be required only on the handling of the press and was told that I would be consulted on the wider issues and that if I required any more information, I had only to ask for it. Finally I gave the King a promise to come straight home, and my stay in New York was limited to the daylight hours.

As I journeyed across the Atlantic for the second time, I had full opportunity for reflection. I studied the American newspapers which I had brought with me for all they had to say about the affair, and that was a great deal. It appeared to me as a threefold struggle: political, ecclesiastical, personal.

The political conflict interested me above all other issues. Constitutionally, the King was free to marry anyone he liked except a Roman Catholic. The Royal Marriages Act gave him the power to prohibit the marriage of any member of the family no matter what the age of that member might be. But nobody could prohibit the marriage of the King himself.

The Prime Minister, however, had set his face inflexibly against the King's will to marry. He had, without doubt, considered his strength, and weighed his advantages. The battle would be waged to the destruction of the King, or the Prime Minister.

Stanley Baldwin's shrewd and cunning judgment of politics would serve him well in these conditions. His caution and his conviction would make him a relentless foe. There were, moreover, positive factors that he could certainly command.

First of all there was his Cabinet, which Baldwin could commit to his cause. He was official leader of

Beaverbrook with British journalists: Loyal to his sovereign, he consented to try to stem tides of press speculation.

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the House of Commons, and he could rely upon the exceedingly faithful and influential pro-Baldwin press. And in particular he would be sustained and upheld by the authority of the Church of England, which was sure to be frantically and inflexibly hostile to the marriage.

On the King's side there were compensating and formidable elements. He would be assisted by a few experienced and informed friends who could rely on a great mass of public support. There was the possibility, too, that the unity of parties would be challenged, with the chance that a new Prime Minister appealing for support would find adherents from both sides of the House, shattering party structures.

Then again, the King's counselors would draw strength and comfort from the marked weakness of Baldwin. For the Prime Minister was discredited in his public career. He had recently informed the House that he had deceived and misled the electors in order to win the election of 1935.

This confession was made in reply to a devastating speech in the Commons by Lloyd George. Baldwin said he would use "appalling frankness" and admitted that he had concealed the need for a great armaments drive, because to tell the truth would have lost him the election. Though he tried afterward to wriggle out of an admission which shocked every member, his own election speeches were brought against him. They left him without a shred of excuse or any defense at all.

Yet in taking this view of Baldwin's political chances in an open contest with the King, I did not enter the struggle to dislodge the Prime Minister from Downing Street. That would be a welcome by-product, but I was striving to help the King because I believed he had the right to command support and because his cause was just.

My meditation led me to believe that on the political issue the King must prevail and Baldwin must be destroyed. Short of persuading the Commons to pass a bill to depose the King, which was impossible, there was little that the Prime Minister could do, if the King played his cards well.

The ecclesiastical front, on the other hand, would be a serious and probably indestructible obstacle to the King's wish to marry the woman of his choice.

As I understood it, the opposition of the Church of England would be based on the sacramental character of marriage. The Church regarded marriage as indissoluble, except by death.

Edward VIII was a member of the Church of England. By the Act of Settlement of 1701, the sovereign is bound to be a member of that Church. The King is officially designated as "Defender of the Faith." There is a widespread but erroneous belief that the monarch is the "Head" of the Church of England. This is not so. But there was no doubt that the King must expect the most tenacious opposition and the most active hostility if he ventured on a marriage to a woman with two living husbands. How could divines call down God's blessing upon a man who, in their conception, was living in sin?

Different attitudes, too, prevailed among the nonconformist members of the King's subjects. The Westminster Confession of Faith, which governs the Church of Scotland, defines the marriage relationship as a contract and not a sacrament. In the Presbyterian interpretation of marriage the innocent party in a divorce suit incurs no word of blame. Nor is there anything in the law of the Church of Scotland forbidding a minister to remarry the guilty person. It is customary for a minister to satisfy himself that the sinner sincerely repents. If the minister is assured that the repentance is genuine he will then be allowed to perform the marriage ceremony.

In the dominions, of course, there was no Establishment, and Presbyterianism, in one form or another, was at least as powerful as Anglicanism. In the dominions, the contractual view of marriage was accepted in ordinary social life, whatever any church might say.

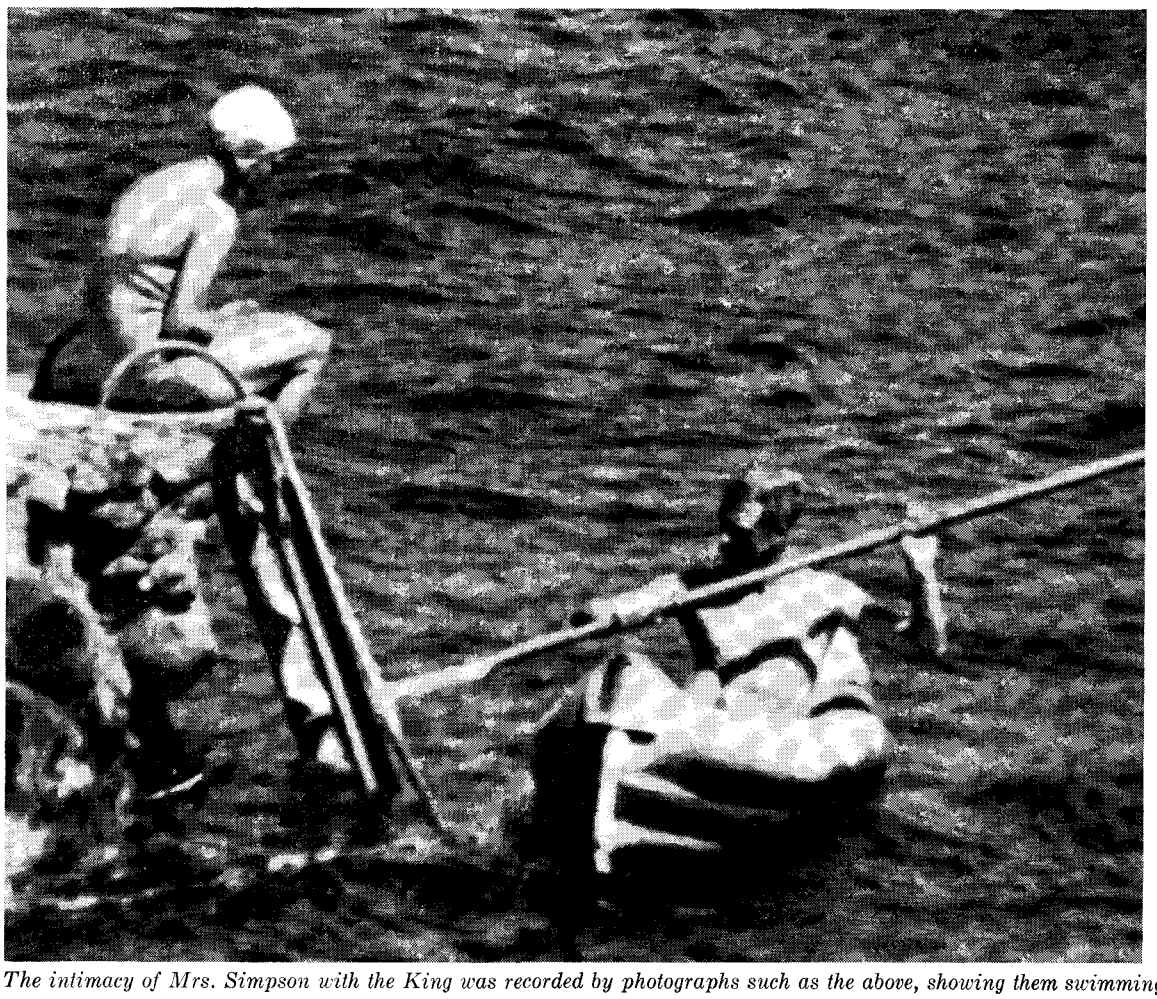
Finally, people must be considered as in every human drama. Mrs. Simpson was not a popular name in West End circles. Her little band of friends was small and not influential. The aristocratic families of Britain had not taken up with her. She would be a burden and a heavy load to carry. But the King would spread his covering wings about her, and that protection must brush away many troubles.

Queen Mary, King Edward's widowed mother, might be more important than priest or politician. She was much respected and greatly admired. If she entered into the arena, her presence might do heavy damage to the marriage project.

Undeniably, the House of York was popular. If the King left the throne, his brother the Duke would make a success of monarchy. He was held in the highest esteem. His influence would please both state and church.

In the preliminary movements now developing into open political warfare, absolutely everything depended upon His Majesty's resolution and steadfastness of purpose. Insistence on marriage would leave the hostile politicians in a state of impotence. Their only hope would be in the mobilization of public opinion against the throne.

Any movement in that direction would be blocked and beaten down by the combined efforts of the forces of Lord Rothermere and me. Rothermere was proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and together we controlled sufficient net sales of newspapers to blast and frustrate the knavish tricks of the enemies of the Crown. And I felt sure and certain that Lord Rothermere would join me in a full-blooded campaign. Baldwin would no doubt



The intimacy of Mrs. Simpson with the King was recorded by photographs such as the above, showing them swimming on the Riviera, and by blaring headlines in the U.S.A.

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make use of the radio. But the King would have the right to the same opportunities as his enemy.

Then there was that mighty weapon which counted large in the political estimation against Baldwin, the opposition Labor Party, and the whole hierarchy of politics. If the Prime Minister resigned, a new Government in sympathy with the King's desire to marry the woman of his heart would draw strength from the back benches of both Tories and Socialists, and even the tiny band of Liberals.

Thus the prospects of the collapse of two great political parties would follow and a new group taking over the affairs of State might become a successor to both Tories and Socialists, consigning the big shots of these organizations to tiny splinter followings. Baldwin, with his ministers all about him greedy for power, would hesitate for long before facing such an upheaval.

This weapon could be used with such advantage that I convinced myself, on that journey, that the King had only to persevere in order to prevail.

On arriving back in England I drove immediately to Fort Belvedere, the royal manor near Windsor, where the King met me at the door. He had had a special lunch prepared, according to the diet which I then followed.

Much had happened in my absence. On October 20, four days after I had first had an audience of the King, Baldwin had come to see him. In seeking an audience Baldwin did no more than his duty, but when he came to the one vital issue, he shied at the fence and did much less. Instead of asking about the marriage, he asked for a whiskey and soda. Fortified by the drink, he worked his way round to suggesting that the King should endeavor to stop the divorce hearing at Ipswich.

The King replied that he could not ask Mrs. Simpson to sacrifice her legal rights because of her friendship with himself. That was a perfectly proper reply provided the King had no feelings toward her except those of friendship. If he had deeper feelings, and an intention to marry, it was no reply at all. But the King kept his own counsel, and the Prime Minister, having edged around the subject, stayed to talk about the roses.

There was a certain failure of candor on the King's part. Certainly there was deceit and dishonesty on the part of the Prime Minister. For he knew at the time the intention of the King to marry Mrs. Simpson, and he concealed that knowledge from his sovereign. The answer that should have been volunteered was not given.

Both King and Prime Minister came out of this interview with discredit. They did not approach the problem about to shake the nation and the Empire with any measure of sincerity.

The audience had proved most unsatisfactory and Baldwin did not press for another meeting. He now set out on a canvass for support.

He had already received encouragement from Lord Kemsley, the powerful newspaper proprietor. He called a meeting which included Ramsay MacDonald, Neville Chamberlain and Lord Halifax for the purpose of ascertaining the attitude of the Free Churches. Here it may be said that Halifax was a curious source of Free Church dispositions. He was in fact a fanatical High Churchman and, of course, violently critical of divorce and remarriage. He must have been present to "make weight" for Baldwin.

Baldwin talked with Clement Attlee, leader of the Socialists, receiving assurances of support. Sir Archibald Sinclair, Liberal leader, was consulted with a similar result. Baldwin also saw Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada. He found Massey in doubt and hesitation about the proper course for the dominions.

It was not until November 16, two days after I had sailed for Canada in the *Bremen*, that the King told the Prime Minister what he meant to do.

Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin told the King that the dominions would never stand for his intended wedding.

The Prime Minister met the King to talk about marriage— but he asked for a drink, the King kept silent, and the talk was of roses.

Now, in Fort Belvedere, he told his story fully and frankly to me, and he told it very well.

He began by saying that he intended to marry Mrs. Simpson. If the Government would make no concession to the marriage, there would be no Coronation. "No marriage, no Coronation." He said these words emphatically, rapping on the table to drive home his point, as if to show that this decision was settled beyond discussion.

He mentioned a letter he had received on November 13 from his secretary, Major the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, which recited:

1. That the silence of the British press on the subject of Mrs. Simpson would be broken, and that there would be an outburst in a few days.
2. That the Prime Minister and senior members of the Government were meeting to decide on action. Resignation of the Government could not be excluded.
3. That an alternative Government, he had "reason to know," was impossible.
4. That the only other course was a dissolution and a general election when the chief issue would be Mrs. Simpson.
5. That Mrs. Simpson must go abroad without delay.
6. That the matter was of great urgency due to the attitude of the press.

The King summed up by saying, "Who could have told Alex Hardinge all this but the Prime Minister?"

The King told me of his second interview with Baldwin on November 16 when he had informed Baldwin of his marriage intentions. He explained that Baldwin had "advised" against the marriage and had told the King that if he meant to go on with it, he had better abdicate, for neither the nation nor the Empire would accept Mrs. Simpson as Queen. The King went on to say that he had asked Mr. Baldwin to consult with his Cabinet colleagues, having a belief that some of the younger members would stand by him. He also said to Mr. Baldwin that he would like to talk personally with Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Duff Cooper, Secretary of State for War. Baldwin had agreed to this and the interviews had taken place forthwith.

He told me that Sir Samuel Hoare had given him no encouragement at all, but he still had hopes of Mr. Duff Cooper. Mr. Duff Cooper had urged delay of marriage for a year or perhaps for longer, but the King believed he could be relied upon to speak for him in the Cabinet.

He then said that on November 21 Mr. Esmond Harmsworth, Lord Rothermere's son, had taken Mrs. Simpson to lunch and had propounded to her the project of a morganatic marriage. Mrs. Simpson, the King said, preferred the morganatic marriage to any other solution of the problem. (This would mean that Mrs. Simpson would have been the King's wife, but would not have become Queen; nor would any of their children have been heirs to the throne.)

In order to impress me still more with the possibilities of the morganatic scheme, he told me that Lord Rothermere of the *Daily Mail* had promised to give the project his unflinching support. He told me further that Mr. Baldwin had consulted Mr. Attlee and had reported him as being unfavorable to the morganatic marriage. However, the King thought that Mr. Attlee's attitude had been misinterpreted, and he did not believe that the Labor members of the House of Commons would be hostile in the long run. He went on generally to argue that the morganatic marriage was a reasonable proposal, and that there would be a great deal of support for it in Parliament and also among the younger members of the Cabinet.

If the Conservative Government fell on the issue of abdication, Churchill might have assumed leadership.

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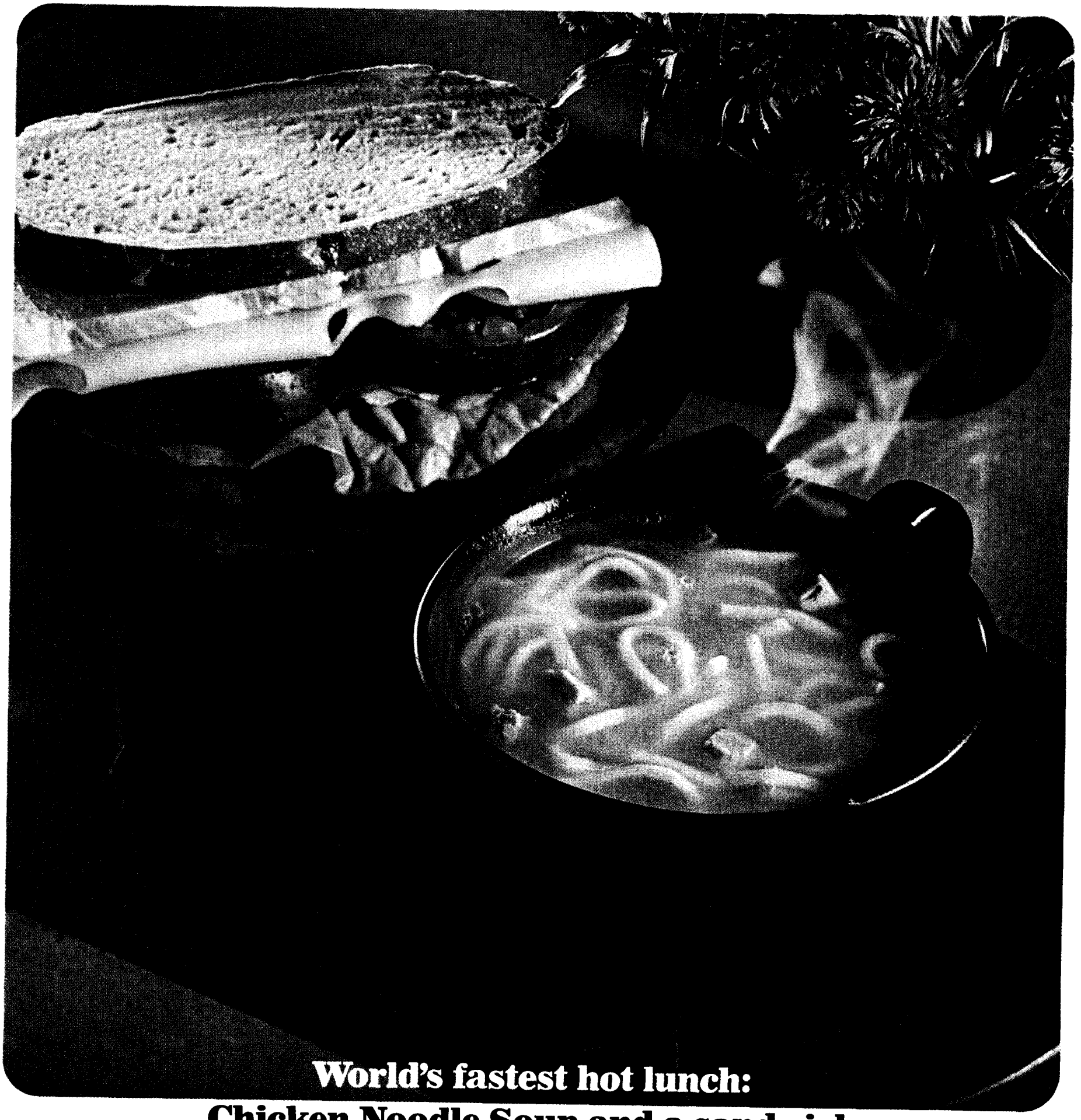

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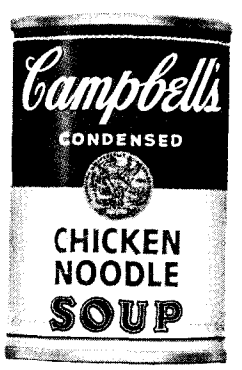

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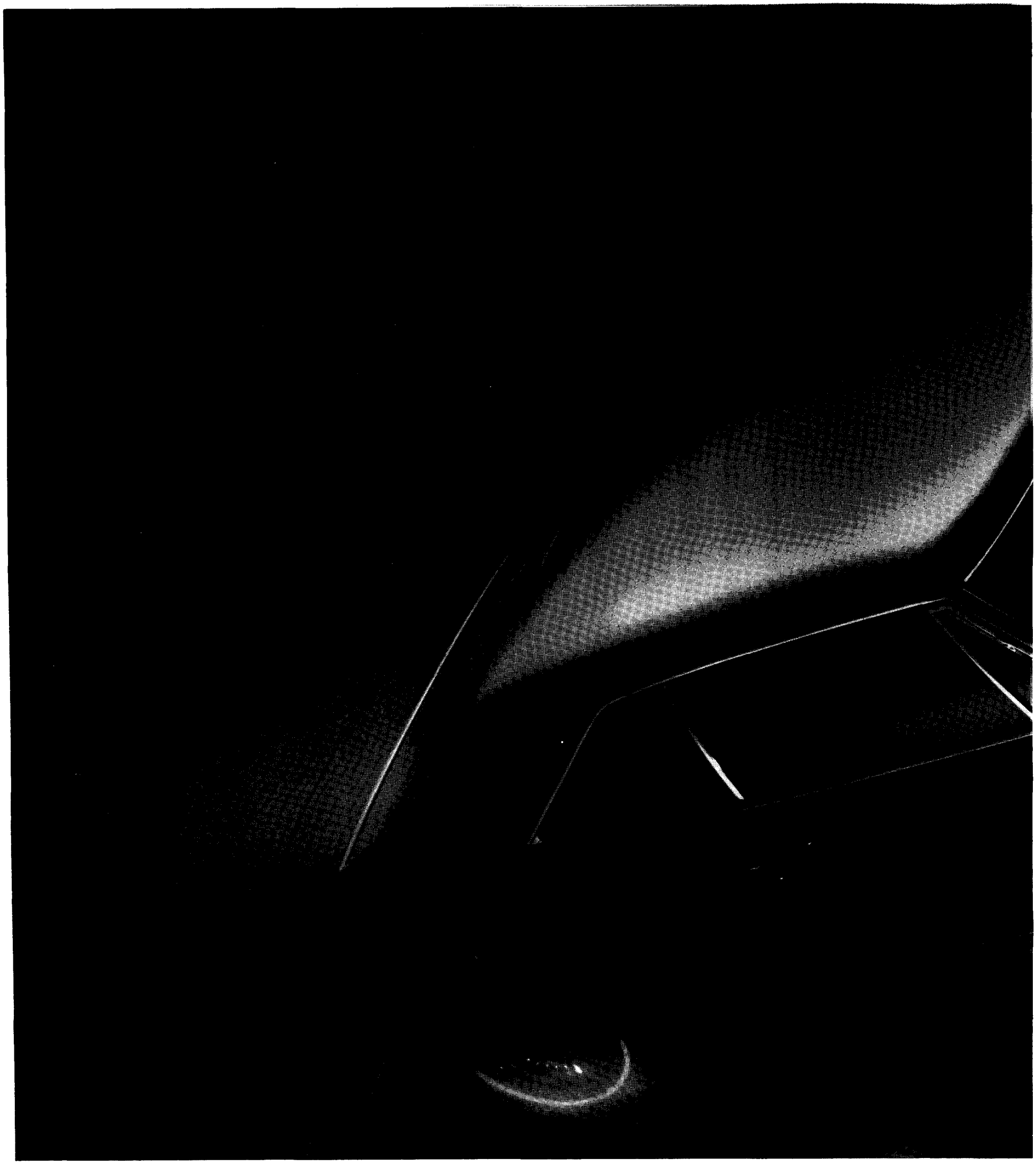

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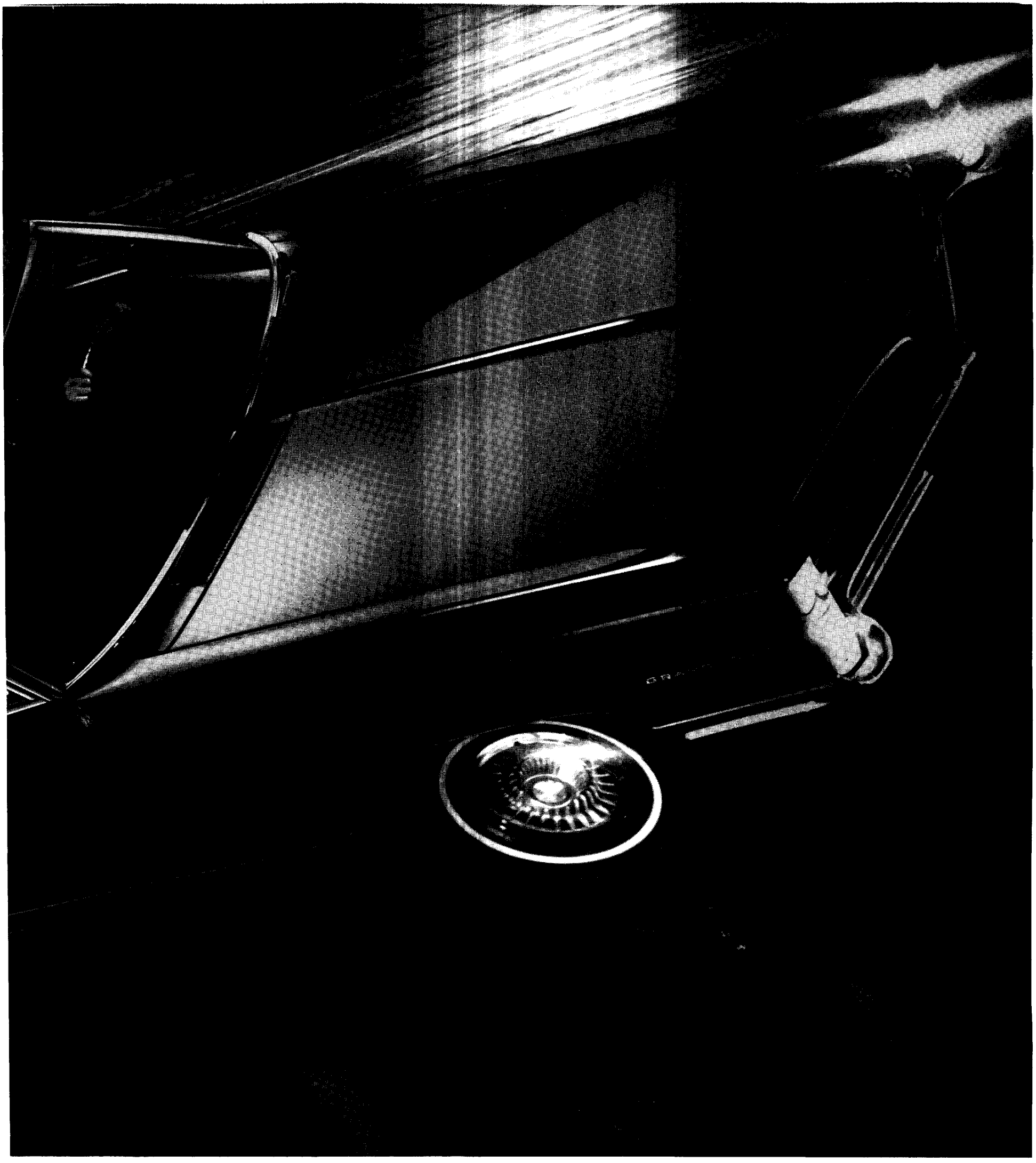

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I then gave my recommendations: Withdraw the plan for a morganatic marriage at once. It would be rejected by the Government. I was emphatic on this point.

The request for permission to make a morganatic marriage would place the King in the hands of Baldwin and the other politicians. The politicians had no status at all in the main issue of marriage. The King was free to marry whom he chose, and the Government had no power to forbid it.

But he was not free to make a morganatic marriage, because such a marriage was unknown in English law, and could only be made possible by Act of Parliament. By proposing such a marriage the King was asking for legislation, and only the Prime Minister could grant or refuse parliamentary time for the necessary bill.

If he refused, then the King (1) must accept an open humiliation and the jeopardizing of his marriage, or else he (2) must dismiss his ministers and seek new advisers in the House of Commons who would give him the support he required.

At the same time, I tried to soften this very unpalatable advice against the morganatic marriage by saying that the King should not necessarily refuse such an offer if it eventually *came from the Government.*

The King was in an exceedingly strong position. His intended marriage might be highly distasteful to the Executive, but the Executive had no powers to prevent it. If the Executive thought that a morganatic marriage would make things easier and would avert their own resignation, then they might propose it and the King might consider it. If he accepted, he could not be asking for a favor, but rather granting one. He would not be playing into Baldwin's hands. Let it come from the Government or the press, but not from the King.

'Although the King appeared to accept all I recommended, I was not entirely sure of him. He would certainly consult Mrs. Simpson, and his agreement would be contingent on her opinion.'

Coupled with this advice were two other recommendations. I advised the King to find some friend in the Cabinet who would represent his case, and advised him also not to let the Cabinet reach any decision on any issue until he had measured the strength on either side. I then said that I would discuss these suggestions with Mr. Monckton if the King approved of them.

The King then said that he approved of my recommendations, and so I took my leave to go back to London and consult with others about putting the recommendations into effect.

Although the King had appeared to accept all I recommended, I was not entirely sure of him. I had the impression he would certainly consult Mrs. Simpson, and that his agreement was contingent on her opinion also being in favor of my views. But Mr. Monckton appeared to me to be heartily in favor of abandoning the proposal for a morganatic marriage. I was strengthened by his sound judgment on the whole issue of the marriage plan.

It was growing late in the evening when I concluded my meeting with Mr. Monckton, but I drove straight to the Admiralty where I saw Sir Samuel Hoare, hoping to persuade him to be the advocate for the King within the Cabinet. I pointed out to him that this would not involve any approval of the course the King proposed to take. He would simply be an advocate representing the King's point of view. If the King were given fair representation and a fair hearing, I thought the marriage could be postponed until after an interval of mature consideration and informed discussions.

My object was to get rid of the morganatic-marriage proposal and to gain time for the King, so that he could weigh the effects of his marriage intentions on men of importance who could interpret public opinion. Sir Samuel Hoare replied that he did not want to play the role that I proposed for him. He was against a morganatic marriage, or any other marriage, and if the King persisted with his intention he would be in favor of abdication. However, he promised to talk with his friends in the Cabinet and see me again the next day.

I had got home to Stornoway House and was asleep in bed at two in the morning when the King telephoned. A conversation took place that greatly embarrassed me. The King spoke, as on a previous occasion, with such freedom that I was positively alarmed, and he, in turn, was impatient of the guarded nature of my replies.

The King asked me if I suspected that we might be overheard, and said that if his telephone was tapped, that was the end of everything. I said there were other dangers to privacy. We might be overheard merely through crossed wires, but, in any event, I believed that there were unauthorized listeners here and there.

The King then told me again he approved of my plan and endorsed my recommendations. But, he added, Mrs. Simpson preferred the morganatic marriage to any other solution. Indeed, if the choice were between becoming Queen and being a morganatic wife,

While the British public rallied strong support for the King's position, Edward was never permitted to make a direct appeal to the people, and he refused to allow friendly newspapers to help him.

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she would choose the latter. When he made this statement, I knew that the agreement between us was null and void. Whatever he might assent to in his mind, it would not have the agreement of his heart. I no longer expected him to withdraw the proposition of a morganatic marriage from the Cabinet. And he did not withdraw it.

It was now obvious that the prospects were clouded with doubt and uncertainty. The fatal weaknesses of the King's position were rapidly becoming apparent. His anxiety was intense, but he was anxious about the wrong things—all his energies should have been devoted to the main issue, which was the struggle to remain on the throne and to marry in due time.

If he had carried out a well-organized campaign, he would have attained his end and finished Baldwin politically forever. But he was preoccupied with other things, principally with protecting Mrs. Simpson from hostile publicity, or indeed from publicity of any kind, at whatever cost or sacrifice.

So he was now facing a grave political problem quite unprepared for the task, and he was neglecting to follow the advice of his own counselors and was also neglecting to consult sage and experienced friends to whom he might have turned. Even his legal advisers were at that time quite inexperienced in politics. He should have clung to the main purpose of staying on the throne. If that had happened all else would have followed—but that demanded patience, not impatience. It demanded delay, not hasty and impulsive actions.

"Ask me for anything except time," said Napoleon. The thing that the fighting soldier could not grant, the King of Britain should have been able to command—but the King could not command it.

When the King telephoned me late at night and told me Mrs. Simpson preferred morganatic marriage to becoming Queen, I knew my urgings were in vain. A morganatic marriage was what Mrs. Simpson wanted, and what Mrs. Simpson wanted was what the King wanted.

Baldwin would certainly press the King to abandon marriage or give up his throne. Refusal of the Prime Minister's advice would automatically result in resignation of the Government. If Baldwin did resign, what next? Had the King any hopes of finding a political leader willing and able to form an alternative Government that would be more friendly disposed toward himself?

There was no hope from any members of the Baldwin Cabinet. They had all been pledged to stand by their chief. If he went, they would all go and no doubt would be committed not to serve under anybody else. There was equally no hope from the official Opposition, for Mr. Attlee had given Baldwin an undertaking of support. But there was also the Liberal Party led by Sir Archibald Sinclair. His following in Parliament was small, but he had many friends and what was more important, he had no enemies.

But it was not to be. Sir Archibald Sinclair had a strong bias toward nonconformist conscience and he, like Mr. Attlee, had joined the "no marriage" front. "I thought that the morganatic marriage was an unsatisfactory compromise" he wrote me. "It would offend Puritan opinion, which still survives in this country (especially in the Liberal Party), and the controversy would not be settled but would be revived whenever questions arose about the rights and status of the morganatic wife—the King always pressing to enlarge and his critics to restrict them."

Thus, acting from these motives, this distinguished and popular man rejected the glittering opportunity that was offered to his party. But there was still a promising chance that an eminent backbencher might form an Administration which would draw support from members of all parties. Destiny appeared to point to Winston Churchill.

Churchill would and could form a Government. His appearance as Prime Minister would have put an end to talk of abdication. Marriage would have been another matter. Churchill would not have been in any position to oppose the union. But he might have found ways of reconciling the King to a long delay with all the chances of another and different outcome. Of course he had disadvantages. His personal following in Parliament was small, and he was unpopular with a number of the Tory members because of his uncompromising stand in favor of rearmament. But he was the greatest figure on the parliamentary scene, and there was no doubt that he could form a Government well able to hold its own. The ministers who resigned along with Baldwin might well find themselves left high and dry, and it

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would not be long till they drifted back to the fold. Accordingly, I set to work, seeking to rally support for His Majesty. But the situation was gravely worsened on November 25. It was on that day that the morganatic plan took on a most disastrous aspect.

Malcolm MacDonald, Secretary of State for the Dominions, had reminded Baldwin that legislation in providing for a morganatic marriage would require corresponding measures in some of the dominions.

Baldwin saw at once that if his question were framed in blunt and uncompromising terms those dominions would say No. Baldwin therefore informed the King that his request for a morganatic marriage would have to be referred to all the dominions as well as to the British Cabinet. He asked if the King wished him to make this reference. The King answered "Yes"—and thereby sealed his own fate.

The message to the dominions was sent out on November 27. It was cunningly framed. Baldwin gave his own version of the crisis. He put forward his own arguments. The King's case was not stated. Thus it was that a prejudiced and misleading account of the King's request to his own Prime Minister was sent out to the dominions.

There was a Cabinet meeting on Friday, November 27, which approved the words of Baldwin's message to the dominions, words of disaster for the King. Sir Samuel Hoare came to visit me after the ministers' meeting was over, and his news of the reference to the dominions was a great surprise and shock. I made all haste to the Palace, thinking there was still time to alter this fatal decision, for I believed that the message was not yet sent out. However, Baldwin got his message to the dominions nearly as quickly as I could get to the Palace.

My interview with the King was profoundly unsatisfactory. He confirmed the bad news. He also showed that he understood very clearly how Baldwin would frame the question—"Do you recommend the King's marriage to a woman with two husbands living, or do your recommend abdication?" Anyone who knew the dominions must recognize at once that "abdication" would be the answer.

I emphasized to the King that there could be no hope of securing popular support for the morganatic marriage unless opinion was carefully prepared by judicious propaganda.

I also pointed out that he had the right to send out his own question, framed in his own terms, in the manner most favorable to himself. He was under no compulsion to let Baldwin put the question for him and put it in such a way that the replies were bound to be unfavorable to the King. But unless the reference to the dominions was stopped at once, 75 Ministers (more or less) would know of the King's intentions, and no secret could possibly be kept among so many.

It would become known that the King had been refused permission by the Cabinet to marry the woman of his choice, and it would be morally impossible for him to remain on the throne, a discredited man who had abandoned his intended wife. The King saw all this—but he did nothing. When the King asked Baldwin about the dominion replies, Baldwin answered that they were not all in yet, but that they were generally unfavorable. Australia, where Joseph A. Lyons was Prime Minister, had sent a particularly hostile answer, and Baldwin made haste to show that reply, and no other, to the King.

But he made no mention of the New Zealand reply. M. J. Savage, the Prime Minister, like Mr. Lyons, was also a Roman Catholic, but had failed to express any real opposition to the morganatic marriage. Baldwin therefore took immediate measures to secure a reply favorable to his own designs. A New Zealand minister in London was interviewed and asked for an answer hostile to the King.

It was also known that Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada, had been canvassed. He was on a visit to London in late October. On October 23 he spent the night with Baldwin at Chequers, the Prime Minister's official country residence, and was informed of the pending divorce of Mrs. Simpson and discussed its implications.

On the morning of October 27, Mr. King attended a council at the Palace at which the King's intimate friend, Lord Brownlow, was also present.

Shortly after two P.M. on the same day, Mrs. Simpson was granted her conditional decree *nisi* at Ipswich. After the council, Mackenzie King told the King of the affection in which he was held by the Canadian people.

The monarch gained the impression that Mr. King felt that the King's relations with Mrs. Simpson were of a purely personal nature and not a public matter.

Time was now desperately short. Every day increased the urgency of the situation. I saw Hoare again at Stornoway House on Sunday, November 29. He dined with me and told me that an outburst of publicity in the press could not be long delayed. I was well aware of this fact. He also told me that the Cabinet would meet on Wednesday, December 2, to reach a final decision on the King's request for morganatic legislation. I knew that if a decision was reached it must be against the King, and a head-on clash would be inevitable.

This must be avoided. I therefore saw the King again on Monday, November 30, and made a fresh proposal. Let him withdraw the whole question of his marriage, not merely the request for morganatic legislation. Let him tell Baldwin that, for the moment, he wanted no advice at all on his marriage intentions. That was a perfectly reasonable request, for the Simpson divorce decree could not become absolute for another five months, and that period could most profitably be used in preparing public opinion. Also, it was possible that Baldwin's discredited Government would fall before long.

The interview was long, and the King declared over and over again that he intended to make the marriage, on the throne or off it. "Mrs. Simpson," he declared, "will not be abandoned." But he did consent to instruct Mr. Monckton to tell Baldwin that the King wanted no advice on the marriage.

On Tuesday, December 1, Mr. Monckton told me of his interview with Baldwin. When he delivered his mes-

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sage, Baldwin asked if this represented any change of attitude by the King—in other words, did it mean that the marriage was to be abandoned? Mr. Monckton replied that he had no instructions on this point, and Baldwin thereafter ignored the King's request. He went on as if it had never been made.

This Tuesday was the last day of the press silence. It was on that day that Bishop Blunt of Bradford made the speech that touched off the publicity gunpowder barrel. He deplored the King's alleged inattention to religious matters, and the Yorkshire *Post* and other northern newspapers not only printed the speech but made editorial comment on it. This comment did not appear to the public till the morning of December 2, but I saw it the night before and communicated it to the King. At the same time I asked him to release the restrictions that he had imposed on the press that was favorable to himself. He refused.

Now that publicity had broken out, Baldwin worked hard to secure a unanimous press in his favor. He even commissioned Hoare to suggest to me, for the second time, that a solid front among the newspapers was most desirable. I replied, "I have taken the King's shilling. I am a King's man."

Baldwin's approach to Lord Kemsley, chief of the Sunday *Times* and many other newspapers, was frank and outspoken. He met him at a luncheon given by Lord Fitzalan. Baldwin discussed the King's affair and asked Lord Kemsley for his opinion. Lord Kemsley replied that the nonconformist conscience in England was not dead. Baldwin agreed. At the end of the conversation, Baldwin said, "It has been a most interesting talk," and then added, "I wish you could take over my task."

Other newspapers were approached either directly or by intermediary. There were also many provincial newspapers which rallied spontaneously to the side of Baldwin without the need of any approach whatever.

On Wednesday, December 2, the Cabinet reached the decision to oppose the morganatic marriage, come what may. It was the day the Yorkshire *Post* "belled the cat." The fight was on and in full public view.

Of course, everything depended on the King's willingness to defend himself. He spoke to me on the night of Wednesday, December 2, and told me that he meant to retire into private life. If this statement was final, there was no sense in carrying on the struggle. But I did not believe it was final, for though the King often spoke of abdication, he always indicated that he was anxious to remain on the throne.

Whether he made his declaration in a mood of momentary depression or as a half-threat, I did not take it as final, for he had shown that he was most unwilling to leave the throne, and he had taken no steps toward abdication.

When the lines of battle were clearly drawn, the newspaper support for the King was certainly more powerful in the country than the opposition. *The Times, Morning Post, Daily Telegraph,* and *Daily Herald* were against him and so was the Kemsley press, but that was only to be expected. On the other hand, my *Express* and the *Mail* groups were strongly for him, along with some of the provincial papers. We had a powerful propaganda agency at our service, if we were allowed to use it.

But working for a favorable press was not my only line of action. There could be no drawing back on the King's part, but it was still possible that Mrs. Simpson might withdraw from the intended marriage. With this idea in mind I tried to communicate with her. She was living at Fort Belvedere, closely guarded by the King. I drew up a leading article, which I thought would be pleasing to her, and I telephoned the King asking permission to read the article to her. He replied by saying that I might send the article to him, and he would show it to her, if he thought fit.

As this method failed, another had to be tried. The new method was worked out at a meeting at Stornoway House on the evening of Thursday, December 3. It was agreed that the best method of persuading Mrs. Simpson was through the agency of someone who had free access to Fort Belvedere. Accordingly, I asked Lord Brownlow to join the consultation.

When he came I asked him to go next morning, Friday, December 4, to Fort Belvedere as soon as he knew the King had left for London and try to persuade Mrs. Simpson to make an act of renunciation. This he agreed to do although he knew that it might endanger his friendship with the King.

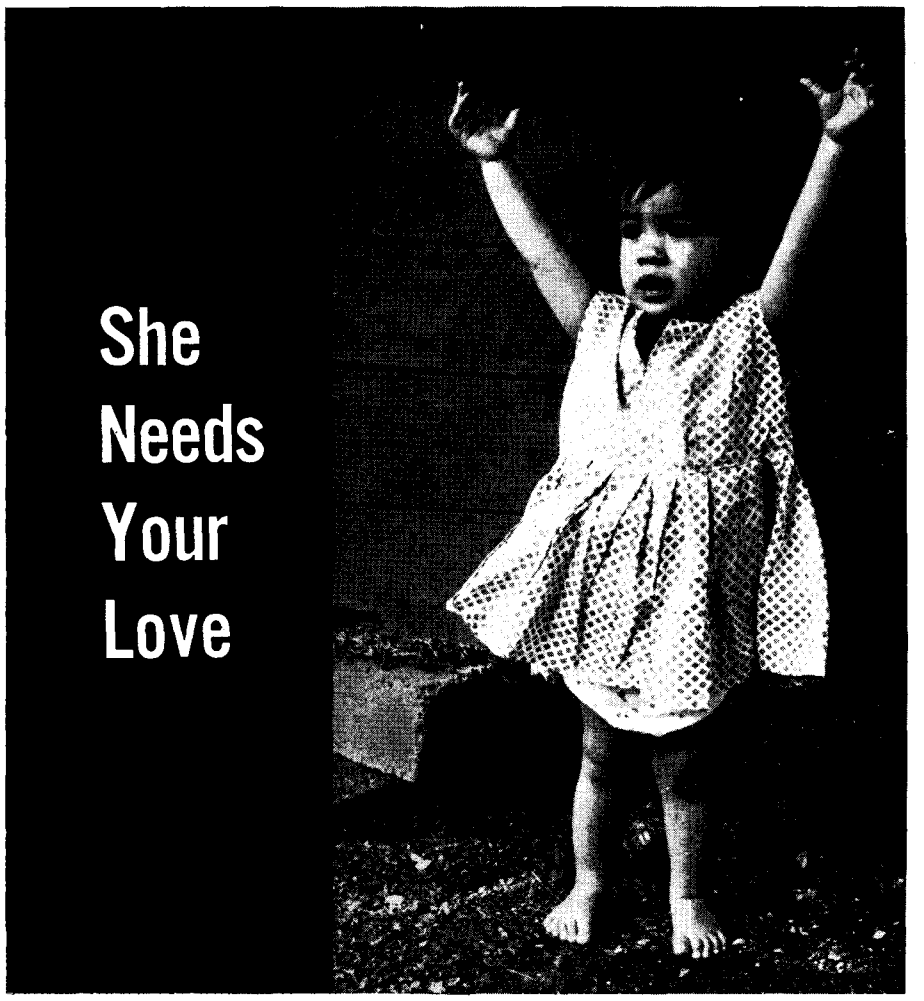
In the Duke of Windsor's own story he calls this a "conspiracy." But there was no conspiracy. I cannot, of course, speak for the others who were engaged in this scheme, but my sole purpose was to ease the tension and to gain time. If Baldwin were deprived of any excuse for the rush tactics he was so ruthlessly employing, we could enjoy a breathing space and be enabled to present the marriage issue to the public in its true light. With a favorable public opinion supporting him, the King could redeclare his intentions in his own good time and season.

A period of respite for quiet thought and for mature consideration had become necessary. The strain of the crisis was telling heavily on the King. He showed it in many ways. He smoked incessantly, sometimes a cigarette, and sometimes a pipe. He kept on saying: "No marriage, no Coronation," repeating this phrase more and more often and with increasing emphasis as the days wore on.

Sometimes he would sit with his head in his hands. Occasionally he would wipe the perspiration from his brow with an unfolded handkerchief, or hold the handkerchief against his head, as if to ease some hidden pressure or pain. If he continued to be subjected to this intolerable strain, it was clear to me that some fatal and quite unnecessary decision would be taken. Something had to be done to ease the nervous tension, and we considered an approach to Mrs. Simpson the most promising means of achieving that end.

Meanwhile, the King was engaged on an effort of his own. He had been working on the draft of a broadcast which he hoped to make to the nation, and on Thursday he sent his solicitor, Mr. Allen, to Stornoway House to show the draft to me, asking for my comments and advice, and also asking that I should go over it with Mr. Churchill.

When he arrived at Stornoway



Little Kim was abandoned by her mother in an alley of Seoul, Korea. She was found curled up behind a box, shivering, hungry and frightened.

Her G.I. father probably doesn't even know she exists. And since Kim is a mixed-blood child, no relative will ever claim her.

Only your love can help give little Kim, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only $10 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers. . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

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Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938 thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Kim and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed for children in: India, Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Formosa, Brazil.

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

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☐ Choose a child who needs me most.
I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year)
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Send me child's name, story, address, and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____
☐ Please send me more information SEP b 16

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House, we examined the draft and made one or two suggestions to Mr. Allen. But both of us believed that Baldwin would resist the proposed broadcast, claiming in effect that it was an appeal by the King to the people over the heads of the Executive. We united in recommending that the King should read the draft to Baldwin but should on no account give him a copy.

Friday, December 4, was a day of spectacular ups and downs. Baldwin appeared at a Cabinet meeting with a copy of the draft broadcast which he had obtained somehow or other, against our advice. The Cabinet turned the proposed broadcast down for the very reason which Churchill and I had anticipated. The King was therefore silenced, but he found most unexpected spokesmen in Friday morning's press. The *Catholic Times* came out vehemently in favor of the King. The *News Chronicle*, the traditional voice of the nonconformist conscience, published a bold and stimulating advocacy of the morganatic marriage.

There appeared to be a tide now running with immense and gathering force in favor of the King. If the hearts of the King's supporters were uplifted, there was good reason for it.

Very soon there was even better reason for optimism. Our plan for getting Lord Brownlow to put the case for renunciation to Mrs. Simpson had looked entirely defeated by the simple fact that the King did not leave the fort for London on that Friday. So long as he was in the fort there was no possibility of making a private approach to Mrs. Simpson. But the King himself gave us an opportunity far better than we had dared to hope for.

He decided that Mrs. Simpson must go to France for her own peace of mind, and the man he chose to accompany her was none other than Lord Brownlow. We relied upon him to press the case for renunciation as soon as the journey started, and he was not to fail us.

If our hopes were high, there was good reason. With the press support that the King enjoyed, it now seemed possible to swing the country in favor of him and against Baldwin. If public opinion could be brought round to the King's side, and if Mrs. Simpson would agree to offer a withdrawal from the marriage, Baldwin would find that his seemingly impregnable position had been overturned. The future was bright with promise. Victory seemed to be within our grasp.

A message in code came from France, using the names of Beaverbrook's family, but really intended for the King. The meaning of the message was very clear— Mrs. Simpson was willing to withdraw.

But on Thursday, December 3, there had come a crushing blow. I was informed that Mr. Monckton could not see me anymore. The King's legal adviser was engaging in negotiations with the Government on the terms of abdication, and must dissociate himself from those who were in the other camp. He did not wish to endanger the financial conditions of abdication by maintaining contacts of which Baldwin disapproved.

For the first time I believed that the King was seriously determined to abdicate. But I was not yet ready to give up. On Friday, I wrote to Monckton asking him to keep open some channel of communication with me.

I sent the King a copy of the letter I had addressed to Mr. Monckton, and intended, of course, for His Majesty himself. As there were to be no more talks with me, I might as well use two lines of communication for a final message. But the King rejected my request for an interview. He repeated Mr. Monckton's representations that there was nothing left to settle but the terms of abdication, and in such negotiations I could be of no help.

Friday was also a day of action for Mr. Baldwin. He was becoming impatient of delay. Although I was excluded from further conversations with the King—and Mr. Baldwin was within his constitutional rights in deciding to reject me—our Prime Minister now admitted Mr. Churchill to the councils of the sovereign. However, I was told on behalf of the King that I could talk with Churchill, who was going to the fort at seven o'clock. With that I had to be content.

Churchill went to the fort for dinner and urged the King not to abdicate. He insisted that there was no constitutional issue at stake, and there could be none until marriage became a practical possibility. He was angry with Baldwin for securing the promise of the Opposition not to form an alternative Government. He insisted on the importance of delay. He raised the whole controversy to the high level of the hereditary principle, and he asked the King to demand a release from strain, on the advice of his doctors, and then to retire to Windsor to pull up the drawbridge and refuse to parley.

Churchill drove straight from the fort to my house. It was the King himself who telephoned me to advise me of Churchill's coming. Hope flared up again for the last time, for this was a restoration of communications.

Since the King had refused to see me on this very same day, I concluded that he did indeed intend to abdicate. When he spoke to me on the telephone that Friday night, I also concluded that he had changed his mind and was ready to fight for his throne after all. Churchill was of the same mind. His vigor, eloquence and enthusiasm appeared to have put fresh heart into the King.

When Churchill arrived at Stornoway House at two in the morning, he told me that he meant to write two letters, one to the King himself, and one to the Prime Minister. He was also preparing a statement for the press.

When he left me at a late hour, my spirits had recovered from the earlier shock of the King's intimation that he meant to abdicate. Churchill's enthusiasm was infectious, and I felt I had good reason to believe that the King had reversed his fatal decision. I was further strengthened by yet another piece of good news.

A message in code had come from France. It was a simple code, using the names of members of my family to suggest that the message was meant for me, whereas it was meant for transmission to the King. It was impossible to mistake the meaning of this message. Mrs. Simpson was willing to withdraw from the marriage.

Here is the code message:

"*W. M. Janet strongly advising the James Company to postpone purchase of Chester shares to next autumn and to announce decision by verbal methods, thereby increasing popularity, maintaining prestige, but also the right to reopen negotiations by the autumn.*"

Here, it seemed, was a last chance. If the Churchill policy was followed, and if the renunciation was heavily emphasized, there was every hope the day might yet be won.

But the Churchill policy was not followed, and the golden opportunity offered by the renunciation was entirely lost. The responsibility was the King's.

Throughout all the days of public controversy he shackled the press that was favorable to himself. He would allow us no liberty in expressing our views or in arguing strongly for his cause.

His chief desire was to secure a minimum of publicity for Mrs. Simpson. He was also anxious to avoid any suggestion of conflict with Baldwin.

As a result, the pro-Baldwin press had the field all to itself. The press attacked the King with increasing bitterness right to the end of the crisis and even beyond, while the newspapers favorable to the King were crippled in everything they sought to do. There could be only one end to a contest waged on such terms.

But, by Saturday, December 5, the King's errors of policy had ceased to matter, and my last hope was totally extinguished. For on that very morning the King said to Walter Monckton, "I want you to tell the Prime Minister that when he comes to see me this afternoon, I shall formally tell him that I have decided to abdicate."

Walter Monckton duly performed this melancholy errand.

A member of the Cabinet came to my house and told me the news. It was evident to me that Mr. Baldwin intended that I should be persuaded by this revelation to cease further agitation.

Several members of Parliament and newspaper editors had also been given the news of the King's intention, and word was circulating that the struggle between King and Prime Minister was over, with victory on the banners of Baldwin. Further controversy, it was explained, should be stilled.

Unfortunately, the same information was not conveyed to Churchill. Like myself, he had thought on Friday night that the King had decided to resist abdication. But unlike myself, he still thought the same on Saturday.

I went to his Westminster flat at 11 o'clock on that morning. He read me his statement to the press. It was a most moving and powerful document, but I knew that it was now too late. I said, "Our cock won't fight," and told him I believed that the King's decision was absolute and final, and that any further struggles would do no good.

On the previous night Churchill's eloquence had made a momentary impression on the King, but it was only momentary. Churchill was now flogging a dead horse, but I could not convince him of the fact. I left him with the parting words, "No dice," but he would not believe my miserable news.

But while the King had committed himself to abdication, the events of Saturday afternoon were to cast strange shades and contours on the crisis. In yielding to Baldwin's demand for immediate action, the King had asked a corresponding favor from his Prime Minister. On Saturday, December 5, His Majesty suggested that the Bill of Abdication should be accompanied by a second bill to make Mrs. Simpson's divorce absolute at once. Baldwin consented. He went further. He promised his own resignation should he fail to implement the legislation.

But he counted without his colleagues. On Sunday the proposed marriage bill met with strong opposition from some of the most influential Cabinet members.

Inskip, speaking for the "low" church element, said that the church simply could not tolerate what was in effect a bill facilitating remarriage for a divorced person. Such toleration would undermine the very foundations of the church. And what the church could not tolerate, Inskip would not tolerate. Halifax spoke for the "high" church, which regards divorce as an abomination. Kingsley Wood, a Methodist, said that the bill would lose votes.

Sunday was therefore a dreadful day for the "self-interested manipulator." His divorce bill was rejected. He could not carry his own Cabinet. He dared not face the opposition of his colleagues. What then?

The agile Prime Minister was in a very difficult situation. But not for long. He had promised resignation if the divorce bill failed. Would he resign? No; a thousand times no. He would try another expedient. Mrs. Simpson had made a statement to the press declaring she was willing to withdraw from the unhappy situation. Could Baldwin not pin her down to declare that she would not complete her divorce proceedings? Thus the need for the divorce bill would be disposed of and Baldwin could escape from his dilemma.

Mr. Goddard, Mrs. Simpson's solicitor, was invited to visit Mr. Baldwin at Downing Street. He was asked to go to Cannes. Accordingly, he left by Govern-

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ment airplane, arriving on Tuesday night, December 8. Goddard's heart was troubling him, and this was his first flight. He was accompanied by his physician, Dr. Kirkwood, who was mistakenly described as a gynecologist.

Excitement flared, and rumors distressing to the King and Mrs. Simpson were retold throughout the country. The press printed restrained but damaging reports. American newspapers pounced on such exciting material.

When Mr. Goddard interviewed Mrs. Simpson on Wednesday morning, December 9, she was evasive and indefinite in her conversation. She may have guessed the motives of our ingenious Prime Minister in sending Goddard to see her. Would Mrs. Simpson save Baldwin from fulfilling his pledge of resignation by canceling her divorce proceedings against Mr. Simpson, which was within her legal rights? Would she pull him out of his deep well of deception and deceit? No.

The game was up. Baldwin failed. His emissary had asked the direct question: "Was it wise to continue with the divorce proceedings and to obtain the decree absolute?" This plea was rejected. Baldwin then broke his pledge without hesitation or explanation—a pledge solemnly given to his own sovereign. Guilty Prime Minister.

The King was told on Sunday that the divorce bill had been rejected. By now his anxieties were overwhelming, and Baldwin appeared to be his only sure passage to the haven of marriage. The Prime Minister had crushed the spirit of his King and was the master of the departing monarch, who dared not speak a word of complaint. Marriage was now the King's only goal.

On Wednesday, December 9, the general public learned what the Cabinet and many others had known since Saturday, that abdication was decided. On Thursday the 10th, Baldwin made his abdication statement to the Commons, and on Friday, December 11, the King gave his Royal Assent to the act which ended his own reign.

But in fact that reign had ended on Saturday, December 5, 1936. The intervening days were filled with noisy but useless controversy in public and in private, with the handling of the formalities and details of what had already been decided beyond all hope of recall.

The separation of the King's private fortune from the Royal Estate involved tedious and difficult negotiations, and several days were given over to discussions. He owned Balmoral and Sandringham outright. The contents of Buckingham Palace belonged to him subject to entail. It was planned to transfer these properties to the Royal Establishment. The fortune of the departing monarch amounted to more than £850,000. His annual income was not less than £100,000, which was free of tax. As much as £500,000 had been settled on the Duchess who subsequently renounced all except £10,000 yearly. King George VI undertook to pay an annual sum to the Duke of £25,000 free of tax. Altogether it amounted to a tidy figure.

The deed was done. By Thursday, December 10, the throne was passing to another, and the King was preparing for exile.

It was then that Baldwin rose in the Commons to tell the story of the crisis. He spoke to the same House which had listened to him in shocked dismay less than a month before, when he confessed that he had misled the nation on the need for rearmament.

But this time he was total master of the situation. When he began to speak he already commanded the approval of the House. When he ended, he could count on the respect and confidence and even the admiration of nearly every member. The speech was utterly unadorned and surprisingly short, for the greatness of the occasion, but Baldwin succeeded in creating the impression he wanted in the minds of his hearers and of the millions who read him in the newspapers.

By skillful, subtle, and unnoticed touches, he painted a picture of himself. It was the picture of a loyal, honest, and humble English gentleman who had striven to serve his King and had suffered much in his strivings. It was a bitter disappointment that he had failed, but where he failed no one else could have succeeded. And if he had failed to save the King, he had succeeded in saving the monarchy.

He claimed that he sought to serve the King not only out of duty as his principal servant but also as his devoted friend. The King wanted no one but Baldwin to assist him in his agonizing decision, and the end of the crisis had left the friendship not only unimpaired, but stronger.

The speech was deeply moving. It was utterly convincing. It was also utterly untrue.

What he neglected to tell was the true explanation of his conduct and his policy. What he did tell was no more than a recital of the empty and insincere gestures he had made. While professing to serve the King he had worked to destroy him. The picture he painted was as false as it was fair, but it was believed.

A final touch of meanness was being added even while Baldwin was speaking. The King had asked him to insert two messages into his address to Parliament. One was a reference to the Duke of York, who was to ascend the throne. The other was a reference to Mrs. Simpson, explaining that she had always sought to avoid abdication. We have since learned that the omission of Mrs. Simpson's name was deliberate, and the reason was that Baldwin regarded her with contempt, and he would not do her justice, even when the struggle was over.

On December 11 the King spoke. Half the world was listening, but I had a special reason for paying close attention, for the speech was based on the original draft for the broadcast which Baldwin had refused to sanction. Of course, there were many changes to meet the changed circumstances.

The King was no longer speaking to defend his throne but explaining why he had felt impelled to surrender it. I listened to the speech in my home at Cherkley with a few friends. I was delighted and fascinated by the quality of the delivery and the rhythm of the King's voice.

I was also deeply moved, as so many millions were, by the dignity, the absence of rancor, and the deep sincerity of the utterance.

I was listening with the greatest admiration and pleasure when suddenly I was startled to hear the King speak of Baldwin in terms of friendship.

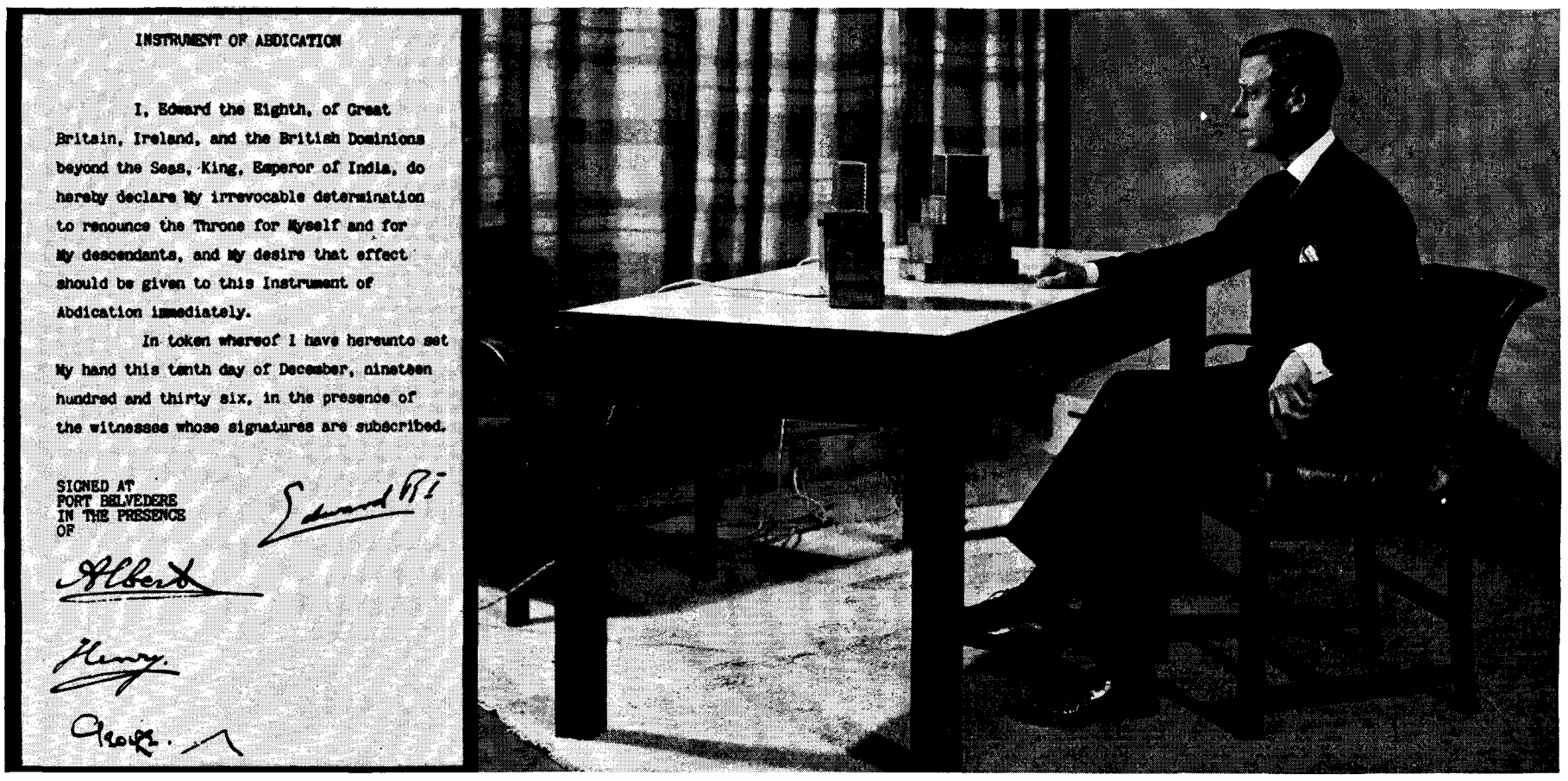
I could not believe that I had heard rightly. I knew how Baldwin had treated the King, and I knew what the King really thought of Baldwin's behavior toward himself.

I knew because he had told me. For this reason I could not understand this complimentary phrase, and I continued to be puzzled until years later the King revealed the secret in his own story. Baldwin had asked him for this friendly reference, and he had agreed to make it.

Apart from this seemingly inexplicable compliment, the speech was a masterpiece, of a different kind from Baldwin's in Parliament the previous day, but equally effective in doing all that a speech could do.

By one masterly speech he had recaptured public sympathy, and had even won a great deal of admiration. In foreign cities thousands of miles away women wept openly in the street.

It was a triumph of natural and sincere eloquence. It won back the people's goodwill. But it could not win back the throne for Edward VIII. That was gone forever. □


INSTRUMENT OF ABDICATION

I, Edward the Eighth, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Emperor of India, do hereby declare My irrevocable determination to renounce the Throne for Myself and for My descendants, and My desire that effect should be given to this Instrument of Abdication immediately.

In token whereof I have hereunto set My hand this tenth day of December, nineteen hundred and thirty six, in the presence of the witnesses whose signatures are subscribed.

SIGNED AT
FORT BELVEDERE
IN THE PRESENCE
OF

Signed by the King and his brothers, the abdication meant exile as well, but allowed the King to marry the woman he loved, as he explained in a moving and memorable broadcast.

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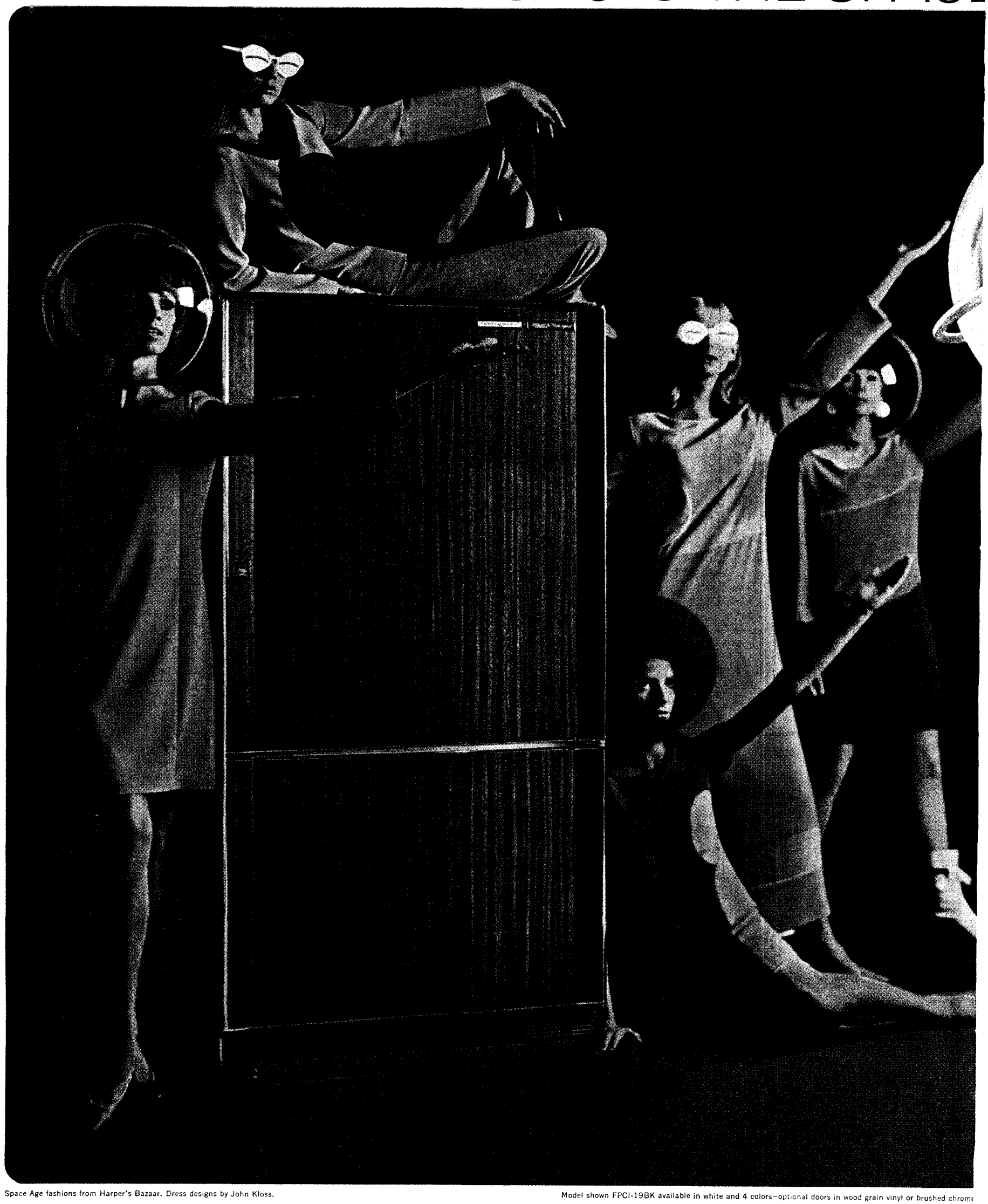
FRIGIDAIRE ANNOUNCES THE SPACE



Space Age fashions from Harper's Bazaar. Dress designs by John Kloss.

Model shown FPCI-19BK available in white and 4 colors—optional doors in wood grain vinyl or brushed chrome

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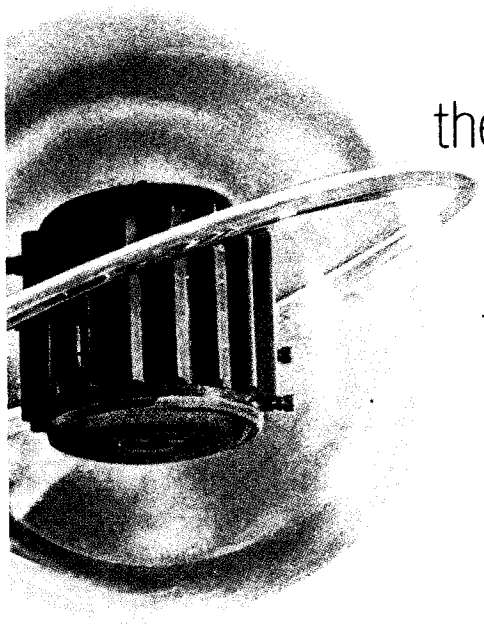


the **POWER CAPSULE**...revolutionary space age successor to the old-fashioned compressor... new power for more space, new features...now in the new Frigidaire Frost-Proof refrigerators.

Refrigerators have been getting bigger. Better, too. More space. Exciting new features. They're all big improvements, but they all put big new demands on the power system—demands the new Frigidaire Power Capsule can meet without even breathing hard.

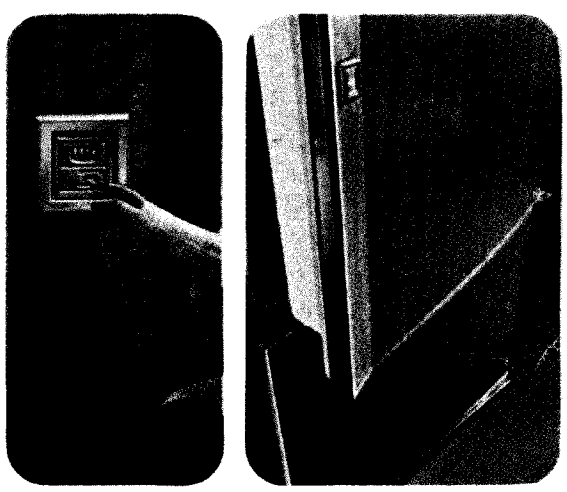
Compact! Powerful! Packs more power per cubic inch—as much as 78% more than past Frigidaire units.

No pistons, no gaskets, no connecting rods—only 3 moving parts, sealed in steel, oiled for life, cushioned to reduce vibration. Whisper silent.

Made with incredibly wear-resistant materials—the divider block, one of 3 moving parts, is made of a satellite-type material which has a resistance to wear 4 times greater than highest grade steel.

5-Year Warranty includes amazing new Power Capsule—evidence of its new space age reliability. And you don't pay your Frigidaire dealer a penny more for this long, strong protection.

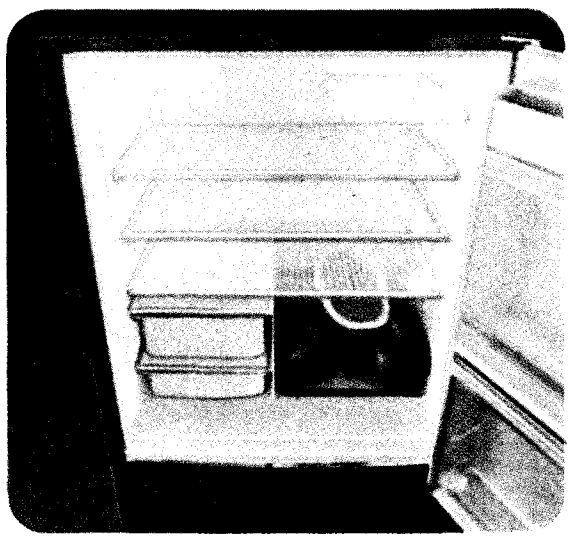
See the 1966 Frigidaire Custom Imperial Nineteen Refrigerator—Space Age inside and out.



New Electric Door Opener—Now even with both hands full, you can open the refrigerator door. The Electric Door Opener responds to the lightest touch automatically.

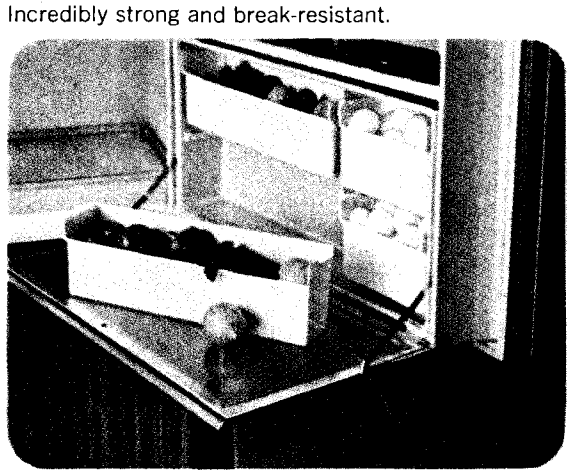
Beautiful new Wing-Swept Exterior—a whole new structural design. A soaring beauty no other refrigerator has. Stripped of non-essentials. Not even a handle to break the grace of its Wing-Swept doors. So functional the whole edge of each door acts as a handle, if you wish. Built-in beauty without built-in expense.

Exclusive new Space-Crafted Interior



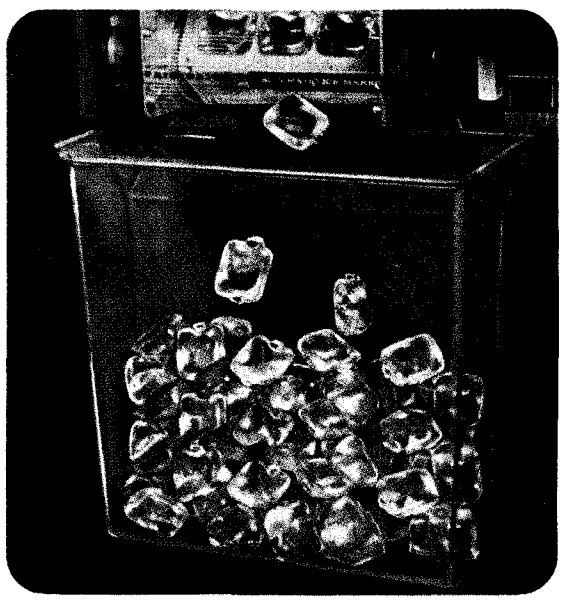
Space Booster—new interior design for expansive living. See the huge new Space Booster at bottom right. Takes a fat watermelon, or a 25-lb. turkey with no shelves to adjust, no crowding.

Solid Visi-Shelves—note how they provide a smooth, transparent surface to replace old-style wire racks. Incredibly strong and break-resistant.



Vapor Zone—for foods hard to keep fresh—eggs, certain fruits and vegetables. Wraps them in moist air to keep them at peak flavor. Strong, clear, Visi-Door acts as handy shelf when open. Lets you see provisions at a glance when shut.

Compact Automatic Ice Maker—fills, freezes, releases and stores cubes automatically. Handy door server holds 270 cubes right where they're easiest to reach. Marvelously convenient! You'll never mess with ice trays again. Can be easily connected to water supply.



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"After it!" the Prince shouted. "Keep it in sight! Don't lose it! Faster! Faster!"

THE EAGLES

It had taken a kind of reckless courage to fly these jalopies in combat. And now, in peacetime, the madness persisted.

By MARK RASCOVICH

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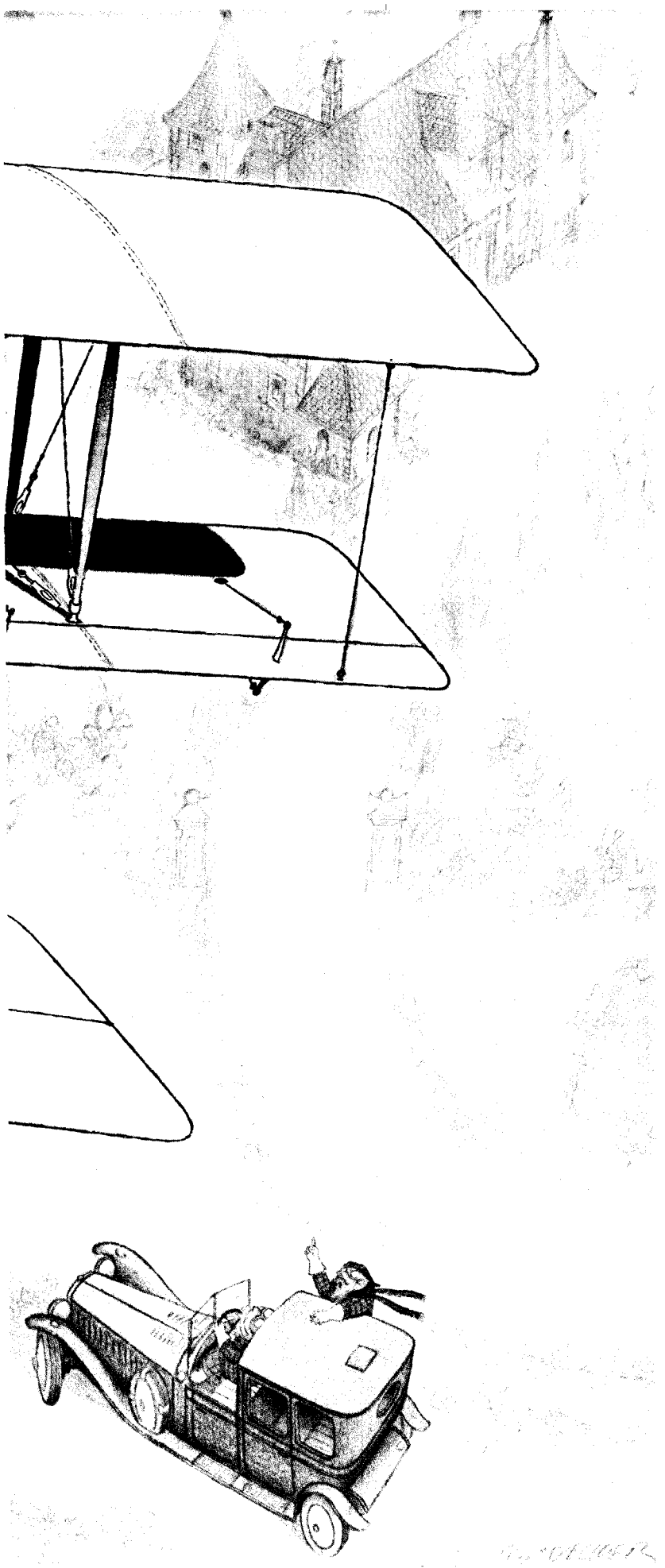

Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

Sometimes, when I am in my cups, I tend to brag about my family's providing three generations of airmen over the three quarters of a century during which aviation has been a force of consequence in our civilization. Sober consideration may bring up some qualifying reservations, yet there remains a fairly solid foundation of fact to the boast. It is a matter of record that my grandfather took a joy ride in a captive balloon offered as a daring novelty at a San Francisco fair in 1896. The flight would have caused little notice had it not been for a defective winch which left him aloft for over four hours instead of the ten minutes to which his fifty-cent fare entitled him. Grandfather, a splendidly traditional sea captain of his day, thus came to share with an anonymous and terrified fellow passenger the California endurance record in this type of aerial conveyance for something better than a year.

His son, my father, went about gaining his wings in a far more deliberate manner, but he also took to the air for the first time while visiting a fair. He was an engineering student at Stanford University and paid two months' allowance to one Lincoln Beachey, a famous pioneer barnstormer of the day, to fly him over San Mateo in a rickety Curtiss biplane. It was most likely an act of defiance committed in the vain hope of silencing the old captain's endlessly repeated embellishments on his own aerial exploit, but only resulted in an immediate and violent infatuation with the sky and the temperamental machines being developed for its conquest. Like so many American young men of 1914 who were afflicted with aviation madness, he was driven to enlist in a fledgling European air service. He picked the French, shrugging off the fact that war was creating additional hazards besides the natural ones of flying over that country. It was the land of Blériot and Farman, and it had the most liberal requirements for enlistment of young pilots—that was all that mattered!

It was inevitable that I, my father's only son, would be drawn to aviation—or thrust into it, rather—at a very early age. He took me for my first ride in an airplane when I was five years old, and (so he claimed) I howled during the entire fifteen-minute duration of the flight. If this be true, my reasons were probably acute discomfort rather than lack of courage. I doubt that I had enough sense to be afraid of flying at that age, but was quite capable of a loud reaction to being strapped to Father's lap while he manipulated the controls, my nose well below the rim of the windy open cockpit. In any case, such was *my* introduction to aviation, and on that occasion one of Father's friends who witnessed the event cracked: "There goes the eagle and his egg!"

In those early days of aviation, pilots were considered an extraordinary breed, and it was customary to call them "eagles," especially if they had survived the air war of 1914–18. However, Father was not eagle-like in either appearance or temperament (and so would be unlikely to hatch out an eaglet). Perhaps he was born with a nose resembling a beak, but his attempts to fly like a bird had resulted in its being broken so often that it gave his face the pushed-in appearance of a bulldog, making him look ugly and petulant in most of his photographs; he had a peculiar quirk of always putting on a frozen scowl when a camera was pointed at him. Yet it was actually a face animated by a beguiling variety of smiles, and only one terrible scowl when he was angered. The pensive gray eyes, flecked with startling spots of brown, could twinkle with humor, and if they acquired a faraway look at times, it was that of a dreamer rather than an aviator. His reddish-brown hair began receding very early to form a disorderly bristle around an unusually high forehead. With his six-foot-four-inch height and 215-pound weight, he was really a bear of a man with many of that animal's playfully lumbering characteristics; sometimes these could deceive one into taking the liberty of teasing him—always a mistake if carried too far. His powerful bulk was capable of amazingly quick reaction, and his genial nature could turn into slashing wit. He did not often lose his temper, but when he did, it was best to vanish as quickly as possible, no matter how fascinating the spectacle.

As for looking and acting like a pioneer aviator, none appeared more miscast for the role than Father. He could not fit his big body into those cramped wood-and-canvas cockpits without much prying, squirming, and grunting. He was physically too lazy to be a real

© 1966 by Mark Rascovich. From the book "The Eagle and His Egg," to be published by Atheneum.

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daredevil. And perhaps there was some seriousness behind his laughing explanation that he loved flying because it was the only great adventure which one could enjoy *sitting down*. In truth, neither Grandfather nor Father nor I had any real talent for flying, and while the senior patriarch had shown a certain rashness in his one and only effort, caution coupled with a pigheaded tenacity seemed our most outstanding characteristic as airmen. This was bolstered by a fantastic luck which took over whenever we were faced with an emergency beyond our scope.

After three and a half years and at least five crashes with the French air force, Father had briefly returned to San Francisco in 1919 to collect the engineering diploma he had left behind during the rush and confusion of '14 (and, incidentally, the wife he had married and the son he had fathered during a brief but significant leave in 1916). This occasioned another lucky escape for both Grandfather and him when the former somewhat dubiously agreed to ride as a passenger in a Jenny, the first of a number of ramshackle airplanes which Father acquired after the war. The old gentleman was then seventy-six years old and undoubtedly allowed himself to be buckled into the cockpit only in anticipation of copping another California aviation record, this one in the geriatrics class. Unfortunately, when Father swung the propeller to start the engine, the plane promptly burst into flames, and it was touch and go before he managed to drag his aged parent to safety as the whole contraption went up in smoke. "I knew those damned things were no good!" Grandfather spluttered through his singed whiskers. "Balloons are the only sensible answer to flying!"

The war had made Father a confirmed Francophile, and as he seemed unable to adjust himself to the "roaring 'Twenties" in his own country, he took himself and his family back to France and the less hectic life of an American expatriate. Unlike many of his compatriots who followed a similar course, he did not become a semi-bohemian dabbling in the arts, but pursued his engineering career as a self-anointed apostle of American technocracy—which he firmly believed would eventually bring about the *true* world revolution. He did not apply his engineering talents to airplanes, following instead his family's natural inclination toward things nautical. He designed engines for ships, specializing in modern turbine installations (much to Grandfather's contemptuous chagrin, as that grand old sailing master had spent much of his life trying to stamp out steamships). But alas, following the Great War there came a disastrous slump in marine construction and for a number of years Father was forced to accept work involving steamrollers, locomotives, and even lowly house furnaces. The office overlooking Cherbourg harbor had to be closed down while the more modest and totally land-bound one in Paris provided a tenuous grasp on the standard of living he aspired to. As a hobby and outlet for his frustrations, he would buy and fly old third-hand airplanes together with his surviving wartime comrades, the "Canards Crevés."

The Canards Crevés (roughly translatable as the Ruptured Ducks) was the closest thing to a veterans' organization Father belonged to, and it had no official status whatever. The first qualification for membership was to be a survivor of a French bombardment or observation squadron—which made it quite small and exclusive, since the mortality rate had run higher than sixty percent. It was started in 1920 by Father and Captain Auguste Poncinet and initially included only a half-dozen members; by 1929 there were almost fifty, including several other Americans who had chosen to remain in French uniform after their country entered the war. Once a year the general membership threw a raucous party in Montmartre, one in which the police usually had to intervene in the end, but the hard core of the organization remained: the original half-dozen charter members who would gather every other month in one another's homes to eat, drink, smoke, and talk about the dreadful old days over the front. They did this in a quiet and peculiarly detached fashion which made wives and the occasional outsider wonder what kind of cold-blooded sadists these men were. "Ah, remember poor Paul? He was like a tinder blown from the hearth when he fell out of his burning Farman." "Yes, three thousand meters over the Marne, wasn't it?" "He was a nice chap." "Yes. Nice." After a while such sanguine conversation inevitably deteriorated into prosaic technical discussions about airplanes (indicative of truly dedicated aviators, according to Father). The longest and most spirited part of the meeting would invariably concern who would host the next one, each member vying for the honor.

If there was any other qualification for a Canard Crevé besides that previously mentioned, it seemed to be *not* to have been a hero. The Canards were the complete antithesis of the famous and official alumni of the Cigognes or the Lafayette Escadrille, a lionized and bellicose elite within the politically powerful Anciens Combattants, the French equivalent of our American Legion. The Ruptured Ducks boasted no fighter pilots, all of them having flown in those frightful inflammable kites which were used alternately for bombing and artillery spotting. They shunned publicity, took little part in politics, wore no veterans' berets or medals, their most conspicuous decoration being a tiny rosette in the lapel to represent a Médaille Militaire or Croix de Guerre. They were men like Prince André de Faur et Béarn, who had lost a leg when shot down by the great Boelcke; Sergeant Jean-Jacques Queffeleq, who had gone through the entire four years of aerial warfare without causing a scratch to himself or an enemy (he was an observer-gunner who had piloted himself only once, when his pilot was killed); Lieutenant Lucien Le Longe, known as "The Hiker" because so many of his flights had ended in incredibly long and tenacious walks back to his airdrome; Lieutenant François Poussin (Petit Poussin), who had had to pilot his plane with three cushions under him so that he could see where he was flying, an arrangement which had prevented his one very embarrassing wound from being fatal; Sergeant Charles Boutrie, who was the only bona fide ace in the group, having downed five German planes in two months, the last two months of the war and sum total of his combat service. And, of course, there was poor Father, who had been shot down five times without being able to retaliate with a single victory of his own. Captain Poncinet's record nearly matched Father's, with four crashes in three years against zero score. It was perhaps by reason of their heroically ineffective tenacity as military aviators that Father and Poncinet were alternately elected, odd year in, even year out, by their fellow Canards to the presidency of the organization. As Petit Poussin once explained to me, "The mere survival of flying, let alone fighting, through those years proves an ability to blackmail the gods. Such men one trusts!"

Although they talked endlessly about aviation, only one member of the original Ruptured Ducks made flying his career. That was Le Longe, who became a pioneer airline pilot and finally, in 1933, made that last flight from which he was unable to "hike" back. He splattered himself and fourteen passengers against a cliff in the Swiss Alps. Most of the others were dedicated amateur pilots who grudgingly sacrificed flying time in order to earn money for the support of their airplanes rather than their families. Boutrie ran a garage near the Porte d'Italie. Father was a naval architect. Queffeleq worked in a bank. Petit Poussin owned a small stable of sightseeing vehicles in which he took tourists on excursions to the battlefields, an enterprise that eventually became an enormously prosperous travel service. Poncinet was a lawyer who eventually abandoned law to write detective stories. Prince André de Faur was—well, a *prince*. Like his illustrious ancestors, he continued to survive wars, revolutions, communes, and guillotines by diligently applying himself to what he called "*les affaires*." These did not appear to involve much work, yet resulted in a sybaritic life in a luxurious town house on the Parc Monceau.

Whether the bimonthly gatherings took place in the little apartment above Boutrie's garage, our run-down old manor house outside Paris, or the Prince's baroque domicile with its forty-foot-long dining room, a spirit of totally uninhibited camaraderie always prevailed. There was no distinction of rank, class, or status, the bond between them being something even stronger than "*la gloire*" of which other veterans' groups eternally blathered. In effect, they were old friends who had gone through hell together and could never quite convince themselves that they had escaped it (in the long run, few of them did after being caught up in the next war).

Aviation in itself formed a strong bond between these men, of course, and in those days it virtually became a mystical cult for those who fell under its spell. The 'Twenties and early 'Thirties are nostalgically remembered as the "Golden Age of Aviation." In a narrow technical sense, they may have been, yet for the vast majority of enthusiasts this was an era of bitter trials and tribulations. For every Lindbergh there were thousands of pilots whose dreams brought them nothing but despair, poverty, and fiery death. For every successful design there were hundreds which wound up as bloodied jumbles of wreckage. It was the era of the rule-of-thumb builder as well as the seat-of-the-pants pilot. The manufacturing of airplanes, especially those intended for private use, degenerated for some years after the war into a kind of home-workshop activity usually accomplished in barns or garages. Even so, the products were too expensive for any except the wealthiest. Sportsmen pilots were mostly limited to surplus military types which could be bought for a few hundred dollars from the government and required two hours of maintenance for every hour in the air—*if* they could be got into the air, which sometimes they providentially could not. The best models would have been German, but Allied officials in their vengeful flush of victory had made bonfires out of all surrendered enemy airplanes, an act which outraged their own pilots as well as the Kaiser's. In truth this was more like the Dark Ages of aviation. If there was anything "golden" about it, it was the spirit of those men who persevered in their worn-out Farmans, Sopwiths, De Havillands, and Moranes.

I have no actual recollection of my first flight in my father's lap. However, I vividly remember his friend Lucien Le Longe's trying out his newly refurbished single-seater Nieuport on a fine summer afternoon in 1924. It happened at Orly, then a vast, lovely expanse of poppied meadow where ecstatic larks and nubile rabbits outnumbered airplanes and aviators by a thousand to one. The two clapboard hangars with their lazily fluttering orange wind socks did not clash at all with the surrounding farms; the poplars which lined the bordering highway to Fontainebleau still had a secure nobility as they rustled their leaves in the mild breeze. It was a picnic, really. Father and I, Prince André, Petit Poussin, a gendarme who had casually propped his bicycle against a tree, a couple of village kids in their black schoolboy smocks—all were flopped in the grass around a checkered cloth off which we shared luncheon snacks and wine as we watched Le Longe dart overhead among the fleecy summer clouds. His bright yellow biplane looked and sounded like a hornet up there, its wings shimmering and delicately translucent, its engine buzzing and whining as the pilot showed off his graceful aerobatic skills. Then, as he was swooping out of a loop, the top wing suddenly crumpled and folded back over the fuselage. The engine seemed to give a scream of terror before stopping with a series of diminishing pops. The little Nieuport came plummeting down like a bird cleanly killed by a hunter's shot—down, down, right into the ground!

Following the impact, a stunned silence fell over the Orly meadows. The larks abruptly ceased their song, and the picnickers sat transfixed by shock, the food turning dry and tasteless between their rigid jaws. It was a movement within the pitiful ball of wreckage which propelled us to our feet and sent us tearing across the intervening two hundred meters. But even before we reached the remains of the Nieuport, Lucien Le Longe had managed to dis entangle himself from splinters of varnished spruce and shreds of yellow fabric and was actually standing up, a tattered, bedraggled, yet entirely whole figure who kicked angrily at a tangle of wires snagging his feet. "Another fifteen hundred francs shot to hell!" he disgustedly lisped through

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some broken teeth as Father clasped him to his breast. Then we had to turn our attention to the gendarme, who had collapsed in a cluster of poppies, fainted dead away.

Those old airplanes could sometimes be miraculously forgiving, even in their ultimate moment of disintegration, and that quality should have registered upon my impressionable young mind when I saw Le Longe walk away from his demolished Nieuport—but it did not. For weeks afterward I dreamed every night about that broken old airplane falling out of the sky, usually coming down right on top of me. Many years later, when I was a pilot in *my* Great War, the same kind of dream recurred between missions. Not crashing P-38's or P-51's, but that same wretched little Nieuport. In a strange way it became my guardian angel who was frequently to remind me that man-made wings are not divine.

That year of 1924 turned out to be a disastrous one for Father and his Canards Crevés: Their entire three-plane "air force" was wiped out by November in a series of tragicomic mishaps. Barely one month after the demise of Le Longe's Nieuport, Charles Boutrie had to force-land his Caudron near Meaux, splashing it into the Marne, where it sank in fifteen feet of very turbid water. After the soggy wreckage was grappled back to the surface and dragged ashore two days later, the only useful result of the tedious salvage operation turned out to be a pair of eels which had run fatally afoul of this extemporaneous fishtrap; they were delicious sautéed in butter, white wine, shallots, and capers. Father's Avro 504 was the next to go, quite literally committing suicide in a perverse gesture of independence which was totally in keeping with its stiff-necked British ancestry.

There is no question that along with the JU-52, the DC-3, and the Ford Trimotor, the Avro 504 remains one of the most reliable contraptions for aerial travel ever constructed by mortal hands—in its class, *the* most reliable because of a simplicity which closely matched that of an ordinary box kite. The original model was built in 1913 and there were a goodly number of them still flying around twenty-five years later. The first operational long-range bombing mission (126 miles) in history was accomplished by three Avro 504's in 1914 when some intrepid Royal Flying Corps pilots flew to Friedrichshafen and set ablaze a couple of Zeppelin hangars. Its top speed of seventy-two miles per hour limited its military usefulness even in those days and it was soon relegated to training new pilots, a job it evidently performed only too well. The 504 was so easy to fly that a large number of its alumni immediately killed themselves when they graduated to more advanced types. Many pilots claimed with affection (and some with contempt) that this was the one airplane which could fly itself and was absolutely safe for even the worst duffer—provided he kept his hands off the controls. Perhaps it was this particular reputation which persuaded King George V to allow the young Duke of York to take flying lessons in an Avro 504 and become the first royal pilot of England.

Father bought his 504 for twenty pounds from an English widow whose late husband had foolishly tried out a Sopwith Camel with the intent of making a trade. It was already then, in 1922, at least seven years old and had probably seen active service over the Western Front and received plenty of abuse in a number of aviation schools as well. Father dubbed it "Old Bill," after the famous British cartoon character of the Great War, and enjoyed hours of safe flying in it as well as many more of tinkering and sprucing up the old machine. He painted the fabric a sprightly orange and hand-rubbed the spars and woodwork to a high gloss. The rear cockpit had an auxiliary stick and rudder bar, but was mostly intended for a passenger and contained an upholstered bucket seat, a small picnic hamper, and a spittoon (paper bags for flying purposes had not been invented as yet). The front cockpit had no more complicated instrumentation than a compass, a tachometer, and an oil-pressure gauge, none of which gave more than a rough approximation of the data they were intended to provide. The airspeed indicator was merely decoration; it never worked at all. To estimate Old Bill's airspeed, it was necessary to have a fairly good ear for music so as to perceive and interpret the different pitches of sound made by the wind as it played on the wires which braced the struts and wings. At a cruising speed of sixty-five miles per hour, they sang a steady E major; when near stalling, at thirty-four miles per hour, it became a low B flat; if Old Bill dived toward a dangerous ninety, his tune would rise a full octave to a wailing C sharp. The various intermediate speeds could be interpolated accordingly and always, of course, to the accompanying percussion beat of his big, brassbound wooden propeller. When, sometime in 1923, the engine began to show signs of old age by shedding assorted pieces to the wind (without ever failing completely), it became advisable to shop around for a "new" secondhand one. This presented Father with a financial crisis, as there were a number of things which he and Mother needed far more desperately than a fresh engine for Old Bill. Then Prince André de Faur, one of the original one-legged pilots, came to the rescue by offering to buy a half interest in the airplane, by coincidence for a price which exactly matched that of a fine ninety-horsepower Salmson, thus temporarily averting a divorce in our family.

Father and Prince André became pioneers in that branch of private flying which today's industry calls "executive transport"; at least, they tried to convince their friends and relations that a 1913-vintage biplane was an asset to their business as well as a sporting proposition. They claimed that flying to a distant appointment was a time-saving convenience, even though it was obvious that Old Bill was slower than the average French motorist and locomotive engineer of the day, both of whom would frequently overtake him as he hovered above road or track.

Father and the Prince had received their navigational training over the Western Front during the war, and since their duties had rarely required them to operate far from that starkly obvious gash which stretched from the Vosges to the Channel coast, their capacity for the science was most rudimentary. If they strayed from the railroad tracks or main highways and attempted real cross-country flying, it was likely that they would miss their destination by miles. Airports were few, and landings on isolated pastures in search of gasoline and information from local inhabitants were frequent. Old Bill invariably put his owners down safely, even with a dry fuel tank, but this was always extremely inconvenient for the one-legged Prince, whose artificial limb was not suited for rambles over the countryside.

They thought it impressive to make a long-distance telephone call to a business client and casually announce: "We'll fly in from Paris and discuss the deal over lunch!" However, this often had an effect opposite from the one desired when a pragmatic French businessman decided he was dealing with a pair of lunatics. Even their old cronies Le Longe and Boutrie, who regarded a single-engine airplane much as a circus aerialist regards a trapeze, used to ridicule their efforts to make aviation "practical." The apprehensive derision of Father's and the Prince's wives could be most biting of all. Yet they persisted, not really deluding themselves (they were both very intelligent men), because they loved to fly in Old Bill, which could add a touch of high adventure to the humdrum routine of earning a living.

Then came that day in November of 1924. The "flying season" was really over, as the raw, blustery autumn of northern France was well along; however, this particular day happened to be deceptively mild, with blue skies and a light breeze which barely rustled those golden leaves left on the trees. Father and Prince André had an important contract to sign in Rouen and had made reservations to travel there by train, but the weather was so fine that they decided to use Old Bill instead. They put on their "business-flying clothes," consisting of tweed knickers and jackets, wool scarves, long leather greatcoats, gauntlets, and caps which were exchanged for helmets and goggles when the aviators were actually in the air. Since reliable aerial charts were not yet generally available to civilians, they plotted their course with the help of the *Guide Michelin* and the consolidated railway maps of France, two publications which were entirely compatible with their navigational techniques. The picnic hamper was stocked with hot broth, cold chicken, and a bottle of wine. Into Old Bill's tiny luggage compartment they stuffed their briefcases and Prince André's spare leg, which he always took along on these trips.

The procedure for taking off went normally, at least in its initial stage. After parking the Prince's Hispano behind the hangar at Orly meadows, they pushed Old Bill out on the grass and gave him a careful preflight check (plonk the wires, kick the tires, and flap the control surfaces). The fuel tank was filled to the top—fifteen gallons poured in by hand through a funnel. As there were no brakes, wooden chocks were placed in front of the wheels while the engine was started up (pull the propeller through a couple of turns by hand to suck fuel into the cylinders, then give it a mighty, leg-swinging heave with ignition on and throttle cracked open).

Because of Prince André's infirmity, this last procedure always had to be done by Father while his companion stood on the bottom wing, leaning into the front cockpit to jockey the ignition switch and throttle. The Prince *sat* in the cockpit only if it was his turn to

America, America

"Here is how it works. When you pull the curtain, the machine is automatically set to register your vote. Now if you want to split the ticket . . ."

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pilot the airplane—which, on this quiet early morning, it was not. When the engine started up with the very first heave of the propeller—a most unusual occurrence indeed—the surprised Prince lost his footing and began slipping off the wing. As he thrashed around to recover himself, he accidentally knocked the throttle wide open. Old Bill gave a roar and a lurch which caused the wheels to jump the chocks. Father howled and tried to grab a wing, but missed and fell flat on his face. Prince André was dumped on top of him as the airplane lunged ahead, and they both sprawled in the dewy grass, watching in aggrieved disbelief as Old Bill escaped all human control, hurtled across the field, and soared into the morning sky all by himself.

The tragedy was so far beyond redemption that they just sat there staring in stunned silence after Old Bill and bracing themselves for the inevitable crash. But they were not completely aware of the fantastic inherent stability which had been built into the Avro 504, and not till it cleared the poplars at the opposite end of the airfield did it occur to them that their airplane was off on a long, independent cross-country flight. It hovered near a stall, wobbled, and meandered from side to side, then recovered and settled down on a steady climb in a generally southerly direction, fortunately away from nearby Paris and, of course, on the opposite course from Rouen.

"After it, for God's sake!"

Prince André's artificial leg had become unhitched in his fall, but he fought off Father's attempts to put this to rights. "Never mind that! Help me to the car! We've got to go after it right away!" Half supported by Father while hopping along on his good leg with the useless prosthetic appliance dangling behind, he rushed for the Hispano. While Father took the wheel and started off in hot pursuit of the errant Old Bill, the Prince jostled around in the back seat, struggling to repair his powers of locomotion and all the while shouting: "After it! Keep it in sight! Don't lose it! Faster! Faster!"

While Father may have been a conservative pilot, he was definitely a spirited and fearless automobile driver who fully rose to this emergency. Old Bill had a head start as well as the advantage of traveling through clear airspace unfettered by narrow, winding roads; but against this Father skillfully matched the power of the big Hispano. He pressed every ounce of performance out of the automobile in a wild ride that would have done credit to a chase sequence in one of the Mack Sennett film comedies. Thundering down the main highway to Fontainebleau at over ninety, he nearly caught up with the fugitive biplane, now wobbling along at close to three thousand feet of altitude. But Old Bill veered off with an erratic puff of the breeze, and it quickly became necessary to turn into a side road in order to keep him in sight. Fortunately, this was largely open farm country full of wide fields connected by lanes and unpaved roads which were just wide enough for the Hispano. The car rocked and bounced and shook over the ruts and potholes, a long plume of dust swirling up behind it, its Klaxon horn bawling furiously as it hurtled through one intersection after another. Startled farmers looked up from their tilling, then shook their fists after it when their cows panicked and galloped away, udders wildly flapping. As Father concentrated on this highly dangerous driving, Prince André acted as his observer, leaning out of a window, with goggles over eyes which remained riveted on the elusive little cross up in the sky, and shouting instructions: "It's angling left! . . . Take the next left! Faster! Faster!"

On and on Old Bill led them, deeper and deeper into the rural hinterlands of France. Inevitably, they had to pass through villages, but with only token relaxing of a speed which left outraged peasants cursing as they collected their scattered fowl. A shepherd and his flock blocked the road at one point, forcing Father to swing the Hispano around them through the bordering pasture, bucking past the bleating animals, which promptly stampeded; the sheep dog further disconcerted its raging master by abandoning its primary duties and chasing the offending automobile for a full kilometer. Then they had to drive through a thickly wooded section, probably the western fringe of the forest of Fontainebleau, and for a while Old Bill was screened from their sight. When they broke into the clear, their airplane was a mere speck on the horizon, and they could pick it out only after considerable scanning. The chase continued, but from now on it became more difficult, and Old Bill managed to maintain a commanding lead. And finally Father maneuvered himself onto a road that angled inexorably away from the necessary course of pursuit without offering a single bisecting lane. They stopped, got out, and stood staring after the vanishing speck in the sky.

Prince André shrugged, turning philosophical about it all. "Well, we did our best. All we can do now is to advertise in the rural papers for a lost Avro 504 principally identifiable by containing an artificial leg. . . . I wonder if there is a decent place for lunch somewhere nearby?"

"Nemours can't be too far away," Father answered. Then he suddenly stiffened. "Look! I think it's going down at last!"

By straining their eyes to the utmost, they perceived the speck to be making some erratic turns while sinking toward the crest of a hill.

"My God, yes! The engine must have stopped. Come on! After it!"

The next twenty minutes provided the wildest ride of the entire chase as Father threw all caution to the wind, left the road, and drove the Hispano up the stubble field which covered the slope of the hill. An enraged farmer ran after them, cursing the deep ruts which the churning wheels were carving out of his land. From the crest, they momentarily had a wide view and thought they caught a glimpse of Old Bill swooping toward a small town in the next valley, but because of the pursuing farmer they could not slow down the violently bucking Hispano to make sure. In high gear, with the accelerator to the floor, they plowed on until they burst through a hedge bordering a winding lane. This connected with a dirt road, over which they bounced and lurched in the general direction of the expected crash. Suddenly they debouched onto a paved highway and were speeding along it toward the beckoning church steeple of the town they had seen from the hill. Their hearts sank as they noticed a column of greasy black smoke rising from a spot which appeared very close to that church. "Hell and damnation!" Prince André exclaimed. "With all the open country around here, you'd think your stupid airplane would not have to land in the middle of a town. The lawsuits are going to be ruinous!"

"I remind you Old Bill is half yours," Father retorted, and jammed on the brakes, bringing the Hispano from a breakneck speed to a jarring stop. "I think we had both better carefully consider our next move."

"That should obviously be to telephone our lawyers," the Prince suggested ruefully.

"Not unless it has killed someone or set fire to the town," Father counseled. "Let's go find out, but not dressed so conspicuously like aviators. Off with these leather coats and helmets and goggles, quick!"

When they casually drove into the little town, which was just large enough to have a noisy, one-engine volunteer fire department, Father and the Prince looked like a couple of innocent country squires in their caps and tweedy knickerbocker suits—except for their ashen, guilty expressions, which should have aroused the suspicion of any alert observer. But nobody was paying any attention to anything except the airplane, which had just crashed into the garden of a private sanatorium for senile geriatrics and was burning brightly in the shambles of what had been a greenhouse. In a state of wild excitement and alarm, the two thousand inhabitants were converging on the scene of the conflagration, where their amateur firemen were frantically trying to unravel a tangle of hose out of their fire engine and generate some water pressure out of its wheezing pump. The shouting and screaming were deafening. On the balcony of the sanatorium, a bizarre collection of aged people wearing garish dressing gowns, nightshirts, and pajamas crowded against the railing, some crying, others cackling and laughing; a bearded man in a white smock was trying to calm them, but was himself so distraught as to be totally ineffective. Shrilling children were climbing into the trees for a better view. A gendarme was rushing about, shouting, "Keep back! Keep back!" and was bitten by a dog when he inadvertently stepped on the animal. "Courage! Courage!" the fire chief exhorted his men while he kept himself a respectful distance from the blaze.

By the time a fitful stream was spurting out of their nozzle, the firemen could only wet down the sizzling remains of Old Bill, and when these were cooled to a mere steaming, they cautiously waded into the ashes and began poking around. The blackened lump which had been the engine seemed to be the only solid thing left, but the fire chief suddenly picked up a weirdly shaped charred object, stared at it for a moment, then slowly raised it up above his head for all to see. As he did so, he removed his helmet and crossed it over his heaving chest. Except for the noisy old idiots up on the balcony, an awed hush fell over the crowd. Hats were doffed, and trembling hands made the sign of the cross. A young woman wailed and crumpled to the ground in a faint. What was so dramatically being shown them was what was left of Prince André's spare leg. "I believe," the chief somberly intoned, "that all children should be removed from this ghastly scene."

Prince André gulped and made a move to shove his way through the crowd toward the wreckage, but Father grabbed him firmly by the arm and held him back. "That's pretty flimsy evidence against us," he quickly whispered in the Prince's ear. "Leave well enough alone and try walking away from here like you had two natural feet. Now! Quickly!"

And quietly, still unnoticed, they left. Being men of honor, they sent the unfortunate sanatorium an anonymous donation which more than covered the loss of the demolished greenhouse and singed flowerbeds.

In spite of his humiliating experience with Old Bill, Father was unable to stay away from airplanes for long. New sports models were appearing, and his enthusiasm was fired up by a salesman pilot who took him for a demonstration flight in a Gypsy Moth, a little two-seater biplane destined to become the aerial Model-T flivver of Europe during the next twenty years. Its price was around six hundred pounds sterling, when the pound was worth nearly five pre-Depression dollars. I recall being sent upstairs to my room while Father argued with Mother over the advantages of such an investment. As I lay on my bed, staring at the cracked ceiling above, I clearly heard her resist his every effort to persuade her.

"Airplanes, airplanes, airplanes!" she shouted at him, letting fly her honest female temper against his contrived male logic. "Will it never be anything but airplanes? I thought I married an engineer, not a crazy pilot! Wasn't the war enough, when I used to pray every hour out of two long years that you wouldn't get yourself killed in an airplane? No! It's still got to be prayers that you won't kill yourself in an airplane! You and your friends have to go on playing with those vile contraptions like children playing with fire. And for what? That big blue sky you're always falling out of? Look at your nose! Look at Lucien's toothless mouth! Look at the way Petit Poussin has to sit on a chair! Look at Prince André's horrible artificial leg that's always tripping him up! Among the four of you, you've had over a dozen crashes—five of them *yours*, O eagle husband! And now I'm supposed to go along with spending six hundred pounds we haven't got—for another airplane! I praise the Lord for taking the last one and sending it down where it belonged—to burn in damnation!"

"I simply don't understand your attitude," Father answered in aggrieved perplexity.

Father reluctantly gave in on the Gypsy Moth, but only to the extent of compromising on a cheaper (and less airworthy) surplus model. Then came one of his worst mistakes in aviation. He tried to teach *me* how to fly. Since my first flight in his lap, he had taken me on no others until my thirteenth birthday—probably because Mother had expressly forbidden it. But when I reached thirteen, he gave in to my pleading, and I accompanied him on a number of aerial excursions which I suspect were arranged expressly for my pleasure. In actual fact, my seemingly unbridled boyish enthusiasm was partly a sham. My true attitude toward flying was full of conflicting emotions, and I doubt that Father was even aware of them. I took great care to conceal from

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him that I was still haunted by Le Longe's crash on the Orly meadows, and when, in 1933, that revered veteran finally succeeded in killing himself, I was severely shaken by the tragedy. It has been only in the last few years, since I have reached middle age and after more than twenty-five years of military and civil piloting, that I admit even to myself a strong, subconscious fear of airplanes which mars my love of the vast beauty of the sky. To admit such a thing to Father would have been unthinkable. The pride of neither of us could have withstood the shock.

Yet when I was a boy, airplanes always held a fatal kind of snakelike fascination for me. Even when measured in an epoch when most youngsters avidly gobbled up the offerings of any pulp magazine on the subject. I had an astounding amount of knowledge about past and contemporary aviation. I knew the name, manufacture, specifications, and history of virtually every airplane that had been built since the Wright brothers' machine, and had re-created models of a goodly number of them. From Santos-Dumont through von Richthofen, Lindbergh, and Wiley Post, I could recite in detail the histories of all the great pilots—and, thanks to the Canards Crevés, the names of some quite obscure ones. I had absorbed much of the theory of flight and piloting by listening in on hundreds of discussions among the Canards, and although Father did not talk aviation *ad nauseam*, when he spoke about it, it was in simple, easily understood terms. He was to me the world's best pilot, and the only reason he was not universally acclaimed as such was that he was preoccupied with more important matters. He was the *eagle*, and I should indeed have been his *egg*. But when, on my sixteenth birthday, the time came for me to spread my wings and fly, all of these things failed me most ignominiously.

It started the summer I was approaching fourteen, in a Morane-Saulnier "Parasol" monoplane, which was then the finest machine available for sport flying in the true (and now forgotten) sense of the term. It was a great airplane. But it had neither the plodding reliability nor the inherent stability of Old Bill and therefore was completely dependent on the skill of its pilot. This airplane you had to *fly!* Modified "souped-up" versions were used by such aerobatic champions as Detroyat and Fonck. A number of European air forces trained future fighter pilots in Morane-Saulniers *if* they showed promise in simpler types. Why Father bought this airplane I do not really know, unless it was the influence of Boutrie, who loved to borrow it and show off his rolls and bunts. Maybe the pride and sensitivity of an aging survivor of the late air war was involved. With his long and varied experience, there was no question but that he could fly it with as much safety as anybody, but it was not at all a machine in keeping with his character; and it certainly turned out to be not in keeping with mine, even if initially I had a wonderful time flying it—as a passenger in the front cockpit. Its big radial engine had a deep roar and made it climb like a "homesick angel," as the old saying went; it could reach twelve thousand feet in nine minutes, and the visibility, being unobstructed by any lower wing, was superb. I was spellbound by the view and thrilled by the cloud formations, especially when Father banked and swooped among the silvery ramparts of towering cumulus. I felt no fear then because I had absolute confidence in his piloting, and the Morane itself had a secure, solid feeling to it.

The first three or four flights were all exciting joy rides, but then one fine day Father connected the dual controls and turned the airplane over to me at six thousand feet. I had anticipated this with a certain apprehensive eagerness, but it came as a shock to find how very difficult it was to control the Morane. Father let me struggle, without any interference from him, for the better part of ten minutes, at the end of which time we seemed to be heading downward in a weird, sideways position, with the whole airplane snarling and shuddering in protest. I was about to scream for help when he finally took back the controls, straightened us out, and started a long, smooth, spiraling descent to the airfield, where he landed gently on the grass. I was shaking like a leaf when I climbed out, anticipating being told contemptuously that I had no aptitude whatever for flying. But he said, "That wasn't too bad. You'll get the hang of it soon enough." I was relieved, but seriously doubted him just the same.

For the next lesson, he installed a gosport tube between the cockpits, which enabled him to give me verbal instructions, but this device merely connected his mouth to my ears via a flexible rubber hose and was strictly a one-way proposition. As I flubbed all over the sky, his voice remained implacably calm, yet failed either to reassure me much or to improve my efforts. "Keep her straight and level, just straight and level, please. . . . Pick up that right wing . . . *right* wing, please. . . . Watch the nose. It's dropping. . . . No, don't stand her on her tail, please." After we landed and my pallor turned into a blush of shame, he laughed and exclaimed: "I had forgotten how terrible a green pilot can be. You darn near made me sick up there!" Then he handed me a small, flat package, and when I unwrapped it, there was my own official logbook with my name printed in gold beneath a fierce eagle with outspread wings.

During that summer vacation I cold-sweated through a total of three more hours in the Morane, which I became convinced was consciously trying to make a fool of me. But for the last fifteen minutes I managed to keep it flying in the same general direction and altitude, even though we were moving through the air in my customary sideways position. Father's voice rumbled through the tube attached to my helmet: "That's better! Much better!" The next afternoon I returned to my boarding school, where I quickly forgot the terrifying aspects of my flying experiences and was soon bragging about them to my envious chums. I did not have to prove myself again until the following summer. The very little skill I had acquired was completely forgotten, and poor Father was not quite so patient this time because he could not understand why he had to suffer through the whole business from the beginning again. It took another three hours before I could fight the Morane into ten minutes or so of reasonably straight-and-level flight. "I soloed after only two hours of dual instruction," he reproached me, shaking his head. "You have already had *six*."

"Sure!" I dared snap back at him. "You learned in an old Longhorn, flying low and slow, not in this damned thing at six thousand feet and one hundred twenty miles an hour." Even as I spoke, I knew that injured juvenile pride was making me say a stupid thing, and he confirmed it with his angry reply:

"I prayed for twenty years for an airplane as good as this one! You'd better grasp the fact that speed and altitude are a pilot's best life insurance, son."

The next year I was put through my culminating ordeal. In September I was to be sixteen years old, the minimum age for which the French air ministry would issue a provisional pilot's license. Four months ahead of time, Father announced that my birthday present was to be that license, and to make certain I qualified for it, he would give me a concentrated flying course instead of the sporadic lessons of the past two summers. When I timidly asked him for a motorcycle instead, he looked horrified and pronounced such contraptions far too dangerous; besides, there was a matter of family tradition. I *had* to become a pilot.

We spent most of that summer in Brittany, but by August 27 we were back home in Fontainebleau and I found myself facing that damned red Morane with a stiff-upper-lip kind of smile as Father exclaimed, "Now we are going to go about this continuously and systematically until you solo next week. Climb aboard!"

Things initially went a little better than I had expected, and by the end of the first three-hour session I had caught up to where I had been the previous year and was able to fly straight and level. On the next day I built more confidence by learning to make turns without losing too much altitude, then promptly lost it by failing to grasp how to get safely out of stalls and spins. Father tackled this deficiency during the next session by putting me through twenty or thirty consecutive spins, the last one of which I managed to bring the plane out of on my own. It was such a violent experience that my mind remained scrambled and numb for hours afterward. Next came takeoffs and landings. I was still very rough in my general maneuvers, but, after all, in order to get my provisional license it was only necessary for me to get up and down *once* alone, and make only a single circuit of the field. Father became grimly determined that I would do this correctly.

I had no trouble taking off—in fact, I almost enjoyed it—but oh, God, those landings! The Morane-Saulnier, touching down at seventy-five miles per hour, was a "hot" little airplane for its day. Its gliding angle was steep, and the shock absorbers in the undercarriage were very stiff. It could bounce like a hard rubber ball, and I proved this characteristic until our spines ached and the fillings in our teeth began to feel loose. I ground-looped three times in two days, which Father attributed to faulty use of wheel brakes (a novelty with which the Morane was equipped). He had them disconnected after all his yelled instructions failed to bring improvement. That helped somewhat, but also resulted in my coming perilously close to running out of airfield during those long landing rolls. On the after-

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noon of September 2, I made three reasonably good landings in a row, and after the third, and what seemed to me a disconcertingly long consideration of the matter, Father announced, "Let's not push our luck any more today. Tomorrow you solo."

That night I thrashed around in my bed until dawn, flip-flopping from half-sleep to whole nightmares in which yellow Nieuports and red Moranes spun out of the sky like autumn leaves in a whirlwind. When the sun rose, so did I. I walked to the window, watched the sun's rays kindle subtle fires in the ripening wheatfields, and decided I did not want to die on this first lovely day of my seventeenth year. "You must show some guts," I scolded myself, "and tell the old man you bloody well *won't* fly his damned Morane! Yes, that's what you must do. *Must!*" With my mind full of resolve, and reassured by the thought that Father's wrath would certainly have less fatal consequences than going up alone in his airplane, I fell back into bed and went sound asleep. I was rudely awakened when Father came in and exuberantly ripped the covers off me, shouting: "Get up! You're wasting a fine morning for flying! Happy birthday, by the way. How do you feel?"

As I groggily peered at him, my will power wavered, and I managed only to mumble something about a queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"That's perfectly normal before a first solo flight," he laughed. "It will go away as soon as you take off. Hurry and get dressed. We can't keep the gang waiting at the airport."

"The gang?" I stammered. "What gang?"

"The Canards, of course! Don't you realize you are the first of our second generation to spread your wings? This isn't an opportunity I'd let them miss, to see *my* boy fly first. And I've invited Inspector Romain to witness your flight officially and issue you your license afterward. Don't worry about him—he's an old friend of mine. The last part of the program will be a big party here, a double celebration of your birthday and solo. *Everybody's* coming—and I don't think empty-handed. OK, son?" He gave me a broad wink and a hearty slap on the back, then left me to dress, thinking that the expression on my face was one of stupefied gratitude.

The Canards Crevés were at the airfield, all right, gathered around the Morane, which they had wheeled out of its hangar. Prince André, Charles Boutrie, Petit Poussin, Auguste Poncinet, Jean-Jacques Queffeleq. There was also the willowy Princess Irène, wearing the same kind of silky print dress and wide-brimmed straw hat she always wore at her famous garden parties. The hawk-beaked Mme. Poussin, who was a foot taller than her squat husband but weighed only one third as much. Poncinet's bespectacled, acne-faced son, Egbert, who tiptoed about the grass as if he were expecting to step into something unsanitary. Boutrie's ten-year-old hellion of a boy, who had to be restrained from climbing all over the airplane and kicking holes in it. There was Le Longe's widow, still wearing black and a look of melancholy forbearance which sent a chill through my throbbing heart—and his daughter Elise, a leggy nymphet who had of late stirred equally disturbing but more mysterious palpitations in me. And finally there was the stocky man with the formidable waxed moustache, the redoubtable Inspector Romain, a petty official of the air ministry who had whitewashed all of the Canards' previous aerial mishaps in exchange for a grudging camaraderie within their exclusive little circle. He was a vain, humorless bureaucrat who flew as little as possible, but always strutted about in his quasi-uniform and carried a bulging briefcase (which Petit Poussin claimed contained nothing but the leavings from air ministry wastebaskets). Nobody took him seriously except himself—and *me* on this particular morning. The other men greeted me with sober smiles and handshakes which were reassuring in their unspoken acknowledgment of confidence, but Inspector Romain tweaked my nose and said, "No nonsense now, boy! This is serious business, and we expect you to rise responsibly to the occasion."

Each of the women gave me a quick hug and asked me to be careful, Mme. Le Longe furtively crossing herself as she let go of me. The beautiful Elise wrapped around my neck a green scarf which clashed horribly with my navy-blue turtleneck sweater, and breathlessly exclaimed, "This is my birthday present to you! Wear it always when you fly!" As I was stammering my thanks, Father yanked me aside to give me last-minute instructions.

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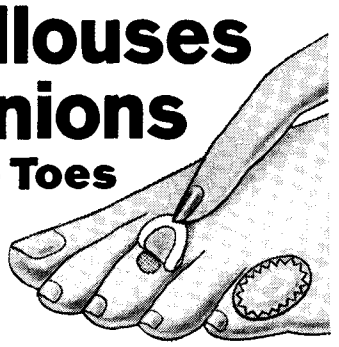

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think you are going to make a bad landing, go around again. There is no disgrace in that—it shows mature judgment. Remember you have no brakes, so give yourself plenty of room. OK? Any questions?" When I shook my head in tight-lipped silence, he reached out and lifted my chin, taking a long look into my face. I suppose that my eyes gave me away, because in a flash his also were suddenly full of fear. "Listen to me, son," he whispered in a low voice. "Do you feel up to it? I mean *really* up to it?"

I shot a glance back at the small crowd around the Morane, who obviously were deliberately keeping their eyes averted. "Sure, Pop." I answered in a voice which was awfully high-pitched.

"To hell with those people over there! You can walk off this field right now, and I'll climb all over the first one who makes a crack about it. If you want to get out of it, it's OK with me."

I felt a tremendous surge of relief, as well as affection for him for giving me this opportunity, slender as it was, to really decide for myself. "I'm going up, Pop. And don't worry about it. I've been taught by the greatest!" With the closest thing I could muster to a swagger, I marched over to the waiting red dragon and climbed into it.

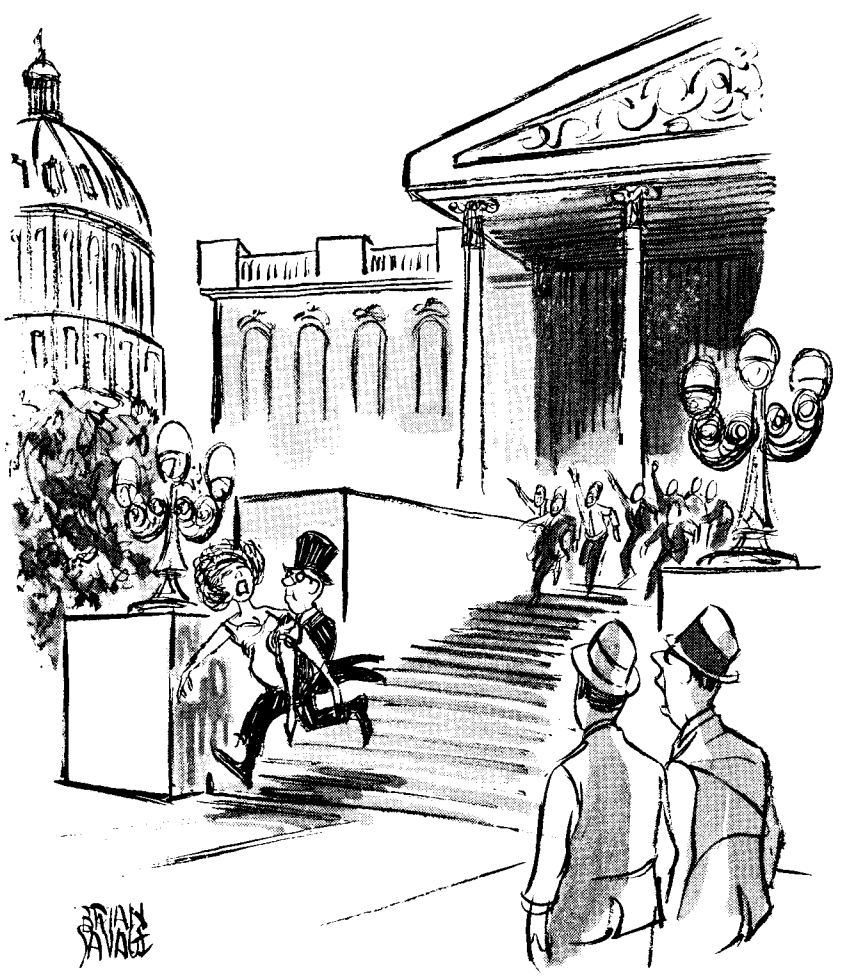
My take-off was not bad at all, and it startled me how much quicker the little monoplane bounded into the air when it was relieved of Father's two hundred pounds. Before I realized it and throttled back, we were over eight hundred feet high instead of the five hundred at which I was supposed to circle the field. I hastily corrected this with a shallow dive, then went into a turn. As Father predicted, my squeamishness (jitters) left me as my whole being concentrated on the job at hand (self-preservation). For a few brief moments along the apogee of my circle I even felt something close to elation in flying alone for the first time. Even in my overwrought state I could not help but respond to this great thrill. The engine throbbed with a steady beat and the wind whistled through the empty front cockpit, briskly whipping back my horrible new green scarf and evaporating the sweat which had been trickling around my goggles. The air was much hazier than I had realized, and the green-and-gold patchwork of fields dissolved into a smudged blur in the near distance. But I could clearly see the Fontainebleau road, with its tall poplars, looking like a narrow path lined by a thin hedge. The airfield stood out clearly, with its matchbox hangars, toy airplanes, and small cluster of insect-sized people waving their arms like ants waving their antennae. I could pick out Elise Le Longe because of her bright yellow dress, and the solitary bug standing apart from the rest had to be Father. I rashly let go of the throttle and raised my hand to wave back, half in reassurance, half in bombast. At that instant we hit an air pocket which jolted the Morane and me back to the perilous actuality of our situation. My first solo landing was seconds away.

Ironically, this was absolutely the best of seven abortive landing attempts I was to make within the next half hour. The final turn was smooth, and I chopped the throttle and established a glide angle that lined me up beautifully with the field. All I really had to do was to keep her on that steady line of descent, flare out for the touchdown, let her roll to a stop, then perch dramatically on the rim of the cockpit and accept the ovation of my audience. But I also had to skim low over the hangars, and they suddenly no longer appeared as matchboxes but as formidable, solid obstacles directly in my path. Beyond them the sixty-acre expanse of green field shrank to something approximating a billiard table. "Am I short?" I yelled, and, of course, received no reassuring answer from the empty hole of the front cockpit. Even as I cleared the hangar roofs with plenty to spare, I rammed the throttle to full power, and the Morane shot upward. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the waiting group of Canards flash beneath me, some of them still foolishly waving, but Father staring up at me with his hands on his hips. He had told me that to "go around again" on a botched landing showed good judgment, but we both realized in this instant that I had just thrown away one of my rare good ones.

I was shaken, but not fatally so as yet, and determined to do everything right on my second attempt. Unfortunately, I forgot to check the wind sock, which would have told me that the breeze had completely died out, so that this time I really was short, even though I executed my final turn at exactly the same spot as before. In the last fraction of a second before the wheels would have hit the hangar roof, I poured on power and started my *third* circuit. The figures who flashed beneath my wing were no longer waving—except Father, who was frantically signaling me to go around again. The slipstream could not dry the sweat that began pouring down my face. My whole body became clammy, and the Bakelite handles of the stick and throttle turned slippery under my moist, convulsive grip.

On the next approach, I overcorrected my previous error, coming in too high and too fast. When I was ready to touch down, less than half the field was left for the landing roll and I had to climb out again, this time brushing the wheels through the leaves of the poplars lining the far side. Attempts Four, Five, and Six came nowhere close to success, because I was still ignoring the wind sock, which was showing the effects of some lively puffs of the capricious wind with a ninety-degree change from its former direction. I did notice that my audience had wisely moved well off to the side of the field in order to give me plenty of room. That left Father standing in lonely agony out on the grass, his white face staring up at me as I swooped past him, one of his arms frozen in a rigid point toward the wind sock.

Finally awakening to what must be wrong, I circled the field again in order to fly past the wind sock on the tall flagpole and give it a very careful check. Realizing I would have to make my next approach from a different direction, I became more confused and apprehensive over how to plan for this change of routine. The hangars would no longer be in my way, but instead there were the lethal strands of a high-tension line, the kind of hazard which invariably seems to be present around European airfields. I had heard many pilots curse them and tell harrowing tales of how they always set fire to any hapless airplane which got snared by them. This particular line was nearly



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Good heavens, isn't that our Ambassador-at-large?"

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half a mile short of the field, but it caused me to make a shaky, steeply curving approach which doomed Landing Attempt Seven.

I actually had plenty of room, but I also had far too much speed, which made me balloon upward as I tried to flare out. When the speed was spilled, I stalled, and dropped the shuddering Morane in from at least fifteen feet. Those stiff shock absorbers crunched, rebounded, and propelled us back into the air in a tremendous bounce. The engine roared as I shoved the throttle ahead to recover, but there was not enough power to remain airborne before two more horrible bounces which should have shaken the airplane to pieces—yet miraculously did not before I was airborne again. However, they shook to pieces every last vestige of confidence left in its pilot. Somehow I had unconsciously done the right thing to avert the fatal crash I was certain was about to snuff out my life, but for the next three or four minutes I could do nothing but sit half-collapsed in the cockpit, shaking with the palsy of raw fear, my eyes glassily staring, through goggles knocked askew, at the whirling disk of the propeller.

When at last I started trying to get a grip on myself, the airfield had vanished in thick haze at least five miles astern and three thousand feet below. Having failed miserably in my first solo landing, I was now off on a cross-country flight, which, of course, was entirely illegal without a valid license, a point which Inspector Romain was probably belaboring with my distraught father at that very moment. But as the power of reason returned to me, I did not give a single thought to Father, Inspector Romain, or the shocking disappointment I had heaped upon the attending Canards. They no longer mattered a snap. How could they, when they stood safely down there on terra firma while I was staggering around in the sky, for the first time in my sixteen tender years facing a mortal danger entirely alone? Why worry about them when I had even managed to lose the very airport on which they had been waiting for me to cover myself with glory? Perhaps it was all for the best that I fly away and meet my end unseen in some distant, forgotten glade beyond the forest of Fontainebleau. If only I had listened to poor Mama, who had begged me to abjure all airplanes as engines of the devil! If only I had followed the example of old Cap'n Gramps and stuck to sailing and ballooning! If only I had swallowed my pride a half hour ago and walked off that airfield!

Even as my mind struggled against a confusion of self-reproach, fear, and suicidal impulses, I was slewing the Morane into a wobbly circle and leaning out of the cockpit in a desperate effort to orient myself. I pushed up my tear-streaked goggles to see better, and the slipstream ripped them off my head—another calamity, but one which made me swear instead of weep. Beneath me lay one identical field after another, with utterly meaningless dirt lanes running between them. The horizon was a misty blur that seemed to press in close beyond the rocking wing tips. Remembering there was a compass on the instrument panel, my eyes sought it out, only to be caught by the fuel gauge instead. The needle hovered between quarter-full and empty. I had only fifteen minutes in which to find my airfield and make a final attempt at landing.

Time has mercifully clouded any detailed memory of the agony I suffered during those fifteen minutes, or perhaps a kind of numbness actually set in with the certainty of imminent death. As I recall, I took up a northeasterly heading and tried to hold it steady while watching out for a familiar landmark. After five minutes of this, I decided that I must have passed the field and that if I continued I might blunder over the city of Paris and an especially appalling situation when I ran out of gas. Turning around, I began zigzagging in a southerly direction. An unidentifiable village passed beneath my right wing, then another just like it off the left one, then more meaningless fields and lanes. I remembered Prince André's or Boutrie's having once said that it was a good idea to circle in wide spirals when you were lost in the air, so I decided to try that. However, Father had not wasted time teaching me that particular maneuver, and I quickly discovered that it was not only difficult, but had a dizzying effect which confused my sense of direction even more. Nine minutes out of the fifteen had gone by. I resumed the haphazard, zigzagging search while desperately trying to think of something to save me. Only one stark realization became clearer and clearer with each passing second: I was going to have to try a forced landing on one of those green or brown postage stamps down there!

One of the axioms of piloting I had repeatedly heard from Father and his friends was that one *never* waited for the engine to stop for want of fuel before making a forced landing. I knew this to be sound and knew that I needed to choose my spot immediately if I were not to be caught going down "dead-stick" with even less control than I now had over the Morane. Nearly thirteen minutes had gone. The needle of the fuel gauge was nudging the big E for Empty. With the wind stinging my watering eyes, I peered down, trying to select the largest, smoothest-looking field. They were all either plowed or impossibly small, and I began wrestling with another agonizing decision. Which kind presented the lesser peril? I had just decided upon a long, narrow, plowed field when I suddenly spotted a darker smudge on the misty rim of visibility. A town! Perhaps Melun! Melun was only a few miles from my home field! Possibly the gauge was wrong, and I would have enough fuel to reach it!

Throttling back for maximum economy, I started a long, shallow power-glide toward the town. As I drew closer, it seemed to shrink in size, and I quickly realized it was barely larger than a big village and much smaller than Melun. Only a single paved road led into it and a single church spire rose out of the rough, red mosaic of tile roofs. Small, wooded dells and garden-sized plots clung to the periphery in typical rural French style, but I spied a fairly large grass meadow close by the far side of town, and I decided it presented me with my last chance. I remember wondering whether the place was big enough to have a hospital, or if the ambulance would have to be called from miles away to pick up my pain-racked remains.

I had less than three hundred feet of altitude when I flew in over this unknown rural center. Just as the steeple of the church flashed by, disgorging a

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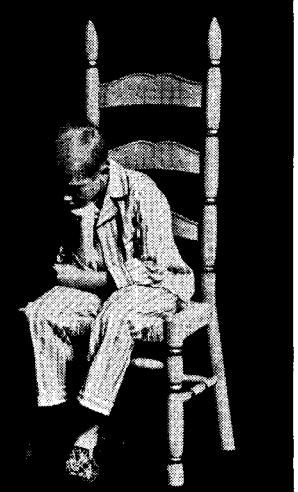

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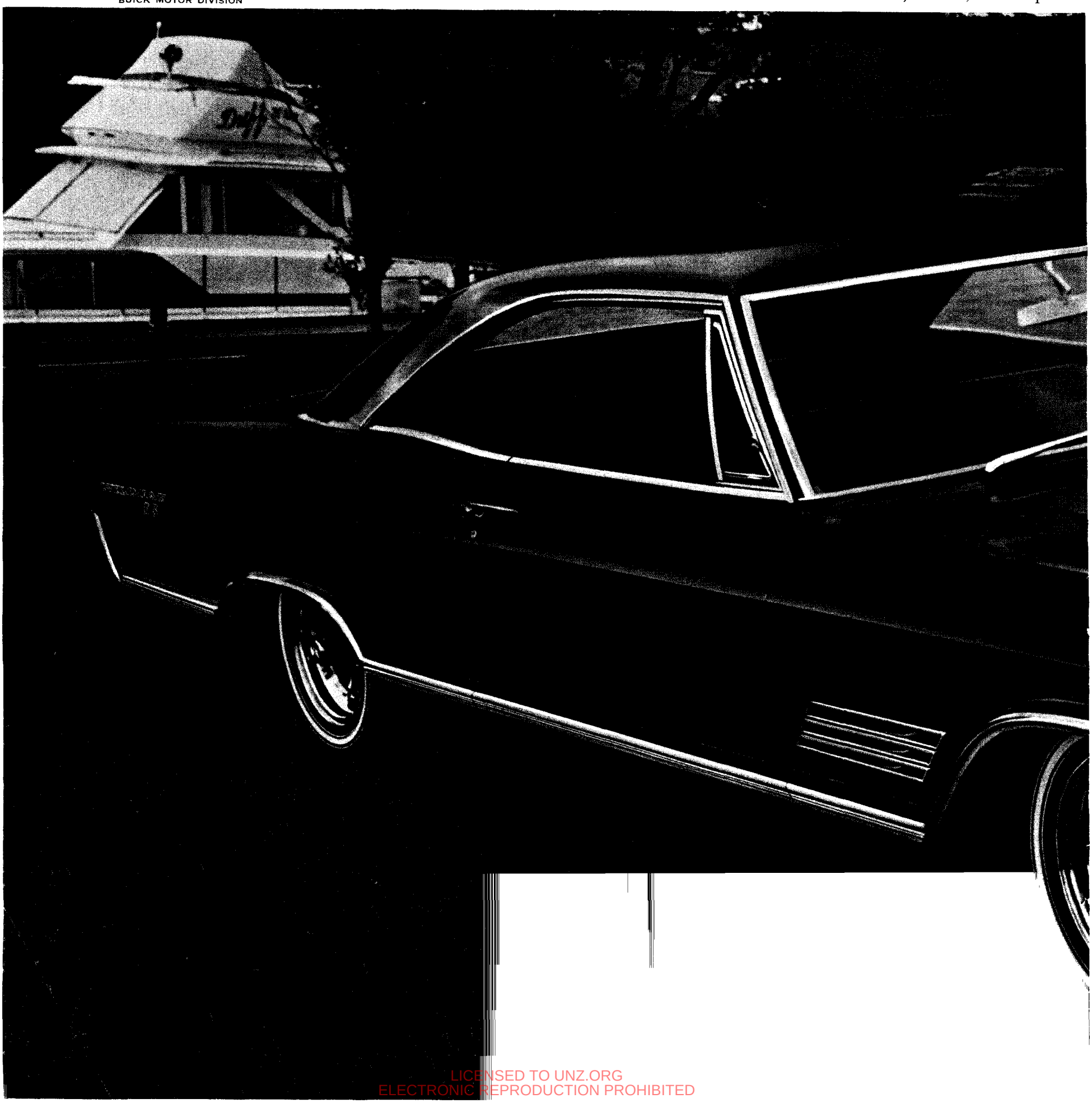

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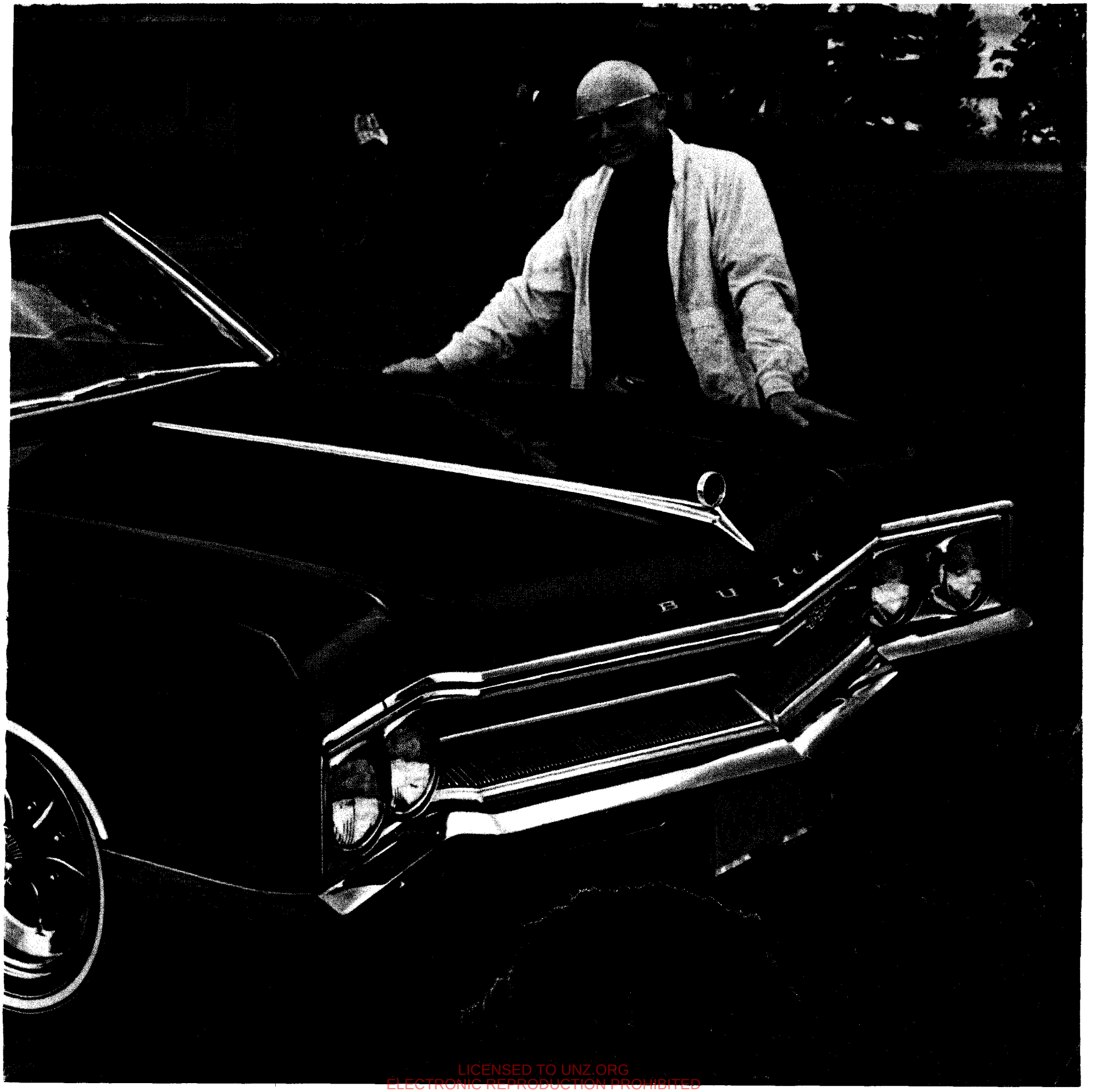

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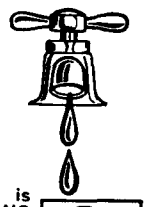

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flight of panicked pigeons in my path, the engine spluttered and gave forth a series of shattering backfires as I desperately pumped on the throttle for a few more vital turns of the propeller. The meadow beckoned over the nose, but jagged roofs and chimneys intervened. With a final bang, the engine quit completely, leaving nothing but the mournful wail of the slipstream after its noisy expiration. I began to pray—not formally, just a sobbed, fervent plea to God not to let me burn. But I still grimly held the Morane pointed toward that field, and suddenly the last roof whooshed beneath me, its chimney actually passing *between* the wheels. The meadow filled the windshield with its green, which no longer looked smooth, but full of lumps and depressions. At its far end was something I had not noticed before: a stone wall and a huge stone barn, part of a large farm complex! They loomed closer . . . closer . . . closer. I hauled back on the stick and stalled in, felt a surprisingly soft jolt as the wheels sank into deep grass, then let go of everything and threw my arms over my face and braced my body for the end. The rolling motion became violent and I felt that familiar old twisting jerk of a ground-loop—once, twice, then a quick deceleration to a gentle stop . . . and silence. When I timidly looked up, I saw not the expected pearly gates of heaven, but the rough masonry of the stone barn with a faded advertisement for BYRRH APÉRITIF. It was barely a yard beyond the now motionless propeller.

I was still sitting there when a big, shaggy dog came tearing over, barking and snarling at the red monster that had just dropped out of the sky. Behind it ran two small boys who, when they reached us, jumped up and down in wild excitement, yelling ecstatically, "Look at the plane! Look at the aviator! A real plane! A real aviator!" They stopped abruptly when I climbed shakily out of the cockpit and fell to the ground. The older one then exclaimed, as if all his illusions about the breed had been rudely shattered, "He's not a real aviator. Look, he's crying!"

A farmer and his wife arrived and simply stood staring at me in amazement. Then there were more people approaching, running across the meadow from the direction of the town. I heard the swelling *hee-haw* sound of a siren, and an antiquated fire engine jolted off the bordering road, bounded crazily over the grass, and roared up to the Morane, where it disgorged a motley crew of firemen whose only common garb was their helmets. Puffing along far behind the rest came a gendarme on a bicycle.

As I clung to the Morane's fuselage in a dazed condition, questions began to din in my ears. I recall one from a big, burly man wearing a butcher's apron and fireman's helmet whose chin strap was hooked through his moustache instead of under his chin. "Where is the pilot of this flying machine, young man?" he boomed at me.

"I am alone," I gasped, trying to suppress a persistent urge to throw up on the spot.

"Alone? You are alone? God preserve us all! The pilot must have fallen out!"

Exclamations of horror rippled through the crowd, and many of the bystanders started looking around, as if expecting to spot a body sticking headdown out of the meadow somewhere.

"*I* am the pilot . . . sort of," I explained weakly.

"Oo-la! The poor child lost his mind up there!"

I started to blurt out a completely unbelievable and disconnected account of what had been happening to me during the last hour, but I was interrupted by the sight of another motor vehicle bursting onto the pasture and hurtling toward us. When I recognized the Prince's Hispano, I relapsed into a state of speechless shock. The car was pressed down on its springs by double its designed load of passengers. Its flanks were splashed with mud, its fenders festooned with greenery uprooted during a violent cross-country chase. As it skidded to a stop, Father, Inspector Romain, and all five of the attending Canards shot out of it as if driven by springs, and ran toward me.

"Are you all right?" Father screamed. When I nodded in tearful silence, he clasped me to his breast for a moment before suddenly turning away, blowing his nose, then becoming entirely preoccupied with the condition of his Morane. But I was immediately surrounded by the Canards and passed from one to the other to receive hugs, handshakes, and hearty thumps on the back. Everybody was now shouting and laughing, the townspeople and farmers joining in the general bedlam. Then the gendarme blew his whistle and yelled, "Stand back! Stand back for the official investigation!" He promptly got into an argument with Inspector Romain, who claimed priority investigative powers by virtue of his air-ministry status While they exchanged and challenged each other's credentials, Father and the Canards conducted a brief investigation of their own, including the dimensions and obstructions of the pasture in which I had landed.

"A miracle!" Boutrie exclaimed with a gesture toward the heavens. "The boy performed a miracle!"

"He flew so low he almost hit several of our houses," the gendarme protested angrily. "Our lives and property were clearly endangered."

"That is for aviation experts to determine, not country gendarmes," Inspector Romain snapped at him. "I will examine the facts in the case and take appropriate action if negligence is proven."

Father heard him and exploded in indignation. "Negligence? My son has shown the greatest coolness and skill in averting a disaster. If you have any understanding of brilliant piloting, you'll issue him his license right here and now!"

"Ah-ha!" the gendarme shouted. "Not only do you allow a child to fly around unsupervised, but an *unlicensed* child!" He furiously scribbled down this fact in his notebook.

"I got lost and ran out of gas," I wailed, the tears starting to flow again.

"That's beside the point," Father hissed to me in a quick aside. Then he shouted one of aviation's oldest and most discredited clichés. "Any landing you walk away from is a good landing! This one was brilliant!"

The other Canards leaped to my defense, and the shouting became louder and more vituperative. Several members of the populace demanded my immediate arrest. Father clearly intimated that any such move would be resisted by force, though we were outnumbered by at least thirty to one. "We won't submit to any ridiculous extremes when no actual harm has been done," he bellowed.

The big butcher in the fireman's helmet retorted acidly, "Forgive us, monsieur, for being so sensitive. But only a few years ago another flying machine crashed in our midst and burned up, causing great shock and inconvenience, to say the least."

His statement had a bombshell effect on both Father and Prince André. Their faces turned white. They stared at each other, then over their shoulders at the little town lying beyond the pasture, then back at each other in utter disbelief. Their whole demeanor became so strange that the entire crowd quickly fell silent. When Father recovered his power of speech, his belligerence had evaporated and was replaced by all the persuasive charm he could muster. "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" he pleaded, producing his wallet. "Surely we can settle this amicably and quickly. I naturally intend to pay for any inconvenience caused by my son."

Prince André promptly backed him up, producing his own wallet, but with his usually suave manner somewhat marred by a peculiar nervousness. "Yes, yes! Let's settle it between ourselves right away," he urged.

"Are you attempting to make a bribe, messieurs?" the gendarme asked haughtily.

"Not at all," Father soothed him. "I only want to pay the farmer for the legitimate use of his field. And reward your brave firemen for arriving so promptly on the scene. And arrange for refreshments for every last one of you who abandoned homes and businesses to rush to my son's rescue. I am going to show every one my deepest gratitude!"

Both he and Prince André began indiscriminately passing out sheaves of bills, and in the crowd there suddenly came a radical change of attitude which quickly silenced the grumblings of the gendarme. The whole business, indeed, was settled more quickly than would have seemed possible a few moments before.

Even the gendarme was pacified when he received a generous tip for "guarding" the Morane until the next day, when it would be refueled and towed to a safer field for takeoff. He actually patted me on the head and said, "You will become a great pilot one day, *mon petit* . . . *if* you grow up, of course."

We declined invitations to join in the anticipated binge at the local *bistro*, and, under Father's and Prince André's impatient urgings, all of us squeezed into the groaning Hispano and drove away at a speed which Father did not slacken until we were miles from the scene. Everybody remained tensely silent until that point, but as the car slowed down, Boutrie suddenly began to laugh, then Petit Poussin, then Poncinet and Queffeleq, and finally even Inspector Romain started a horsy kind of neighing. The uproar of laughter was such that I myself began to giggle nervously, then went into hysterical peals with the rest of them. Only Father and Prince André remained soberly quiet. □

Another adventure of the Ruptured Ducks will appear in the next issue.

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Sabina and the Herd

By Louis Auchincloss

Take one self-sacrificing mother, add three cowlike daughters, then a beautiful daughter-in-law, and you have the perfect mixture for warfare.

Sabina Fitch believed in the fundamentals. Indeed, she believed in little else. As long as her three daughters did not exceed their incomes by more than her power to supplement them, as long as their husbands submitted, with at least outward docility, to the continuing yoke of matrimony, as long as her many grandchildren were in animal spirits and private schools, what else really mattered? Sabina had a habit of giving "what else" the back of her hand, as she liked to put it. And the reverse side of that plump white appendage was constantly directed to the scattering of such "elses" as permanent waves, interior decoration, world cruises (of the type adored by her fellow widows), book classes, romance, the arts (if they were "arty"), and something she called "formality." Seated on comfortable wicker on the porch of "Shingle Eyrie" overlooking the sailboat-crowded harbor of Glenville, on Long Island Sound, Sabina, brown and round as autumnal fruit in her brown tweeds, serene as her bland, unpowdered countenance and highly piled gray hair, could contemplate the prefabricated houses of her daughters, Gwen and Fran, and the old gardener's cottage that she had successfully refurbished for Amanda, and reflect that it was very much to her credit, in a day when "interference" was the bogey of the young, that three of her four children should consider that the advantages of having a landlady who charged neither rents for her land nor fees for her baby-sitting should outweigh the indubitable drawback of that landlady's being "Ma."

Sabina pitied her friends who had to spread a long old age over a small card table or project themselves around and around a diminishing globe because they could not adapt themselves to the exigencies of their middle-aging young, but she blamed them for expecting too much. They wanted anniversaries remembered, Sunday lunches attended, summers shared, advice (and anecdotes) listened to, and grandchildren who bowed or bobbed as they eternally thanked. Thanked? For *what?* As if it weren't the blessed privilege of the old, with useless lives protracted by officious medicine, sitting on money that would be far better spent developing young muscles than easing old aches, to give and give and *give* to the posterity that they were lucky enough to have!

Oh, yes, if Sabina knew anything, she knew her place. If she had a religion, it was her zeal for sacrifices. She knelt daily before the eternal truth of Genesis. "Thank *me?*" she would exclaim to any grandchild who might offer her, on leaving, perfunctory gratitude for a party of bobbing for apples that had reduced her living room to a bog. "Thank *you* for coming! Thank *you*, my dear, for giving an old lady the time of her life." Did Gwen's son need a red sash for a gypsy costume in his school play?

"Tell me, my dear," Sabina asked, "why you know so much and I so little?"

Illustrated by Mark English

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Wasn't it luck that Granny had a dress that could be cut up? Did Fran's daughter need Granny's old Buick and gardener-chauffeur to take her to dancing school on Granny's Philharmonic day? Of course! Granny's radio was good enough for her aging ears. And as to any gifts to Granny—on anniversaries, even on Christmas—it was a brave descendant who ventured to violate her famous ban. "Land sakes, angel," she would cry, thrusting away the proffered package, "when I'm doing my darnedest to get rid of all my fool stuff, do me the simple kindness of not giving me more!"

But the visitor on the porch of "Shingle Eyrie" who was engaging all of Sabina's nervous attention that autumn day was certainly not a descendant. The ample figures of Gwen, Fran, and Amanda could not have been encompassed by that slight lavender print, or their shoulders protected by that diminutive mink cape. The bright eyes under the dark, plucked lashes, the brown shiny cap of hair under the little toque could have belonged only to her daughter-in-law, to Cecilia Fitch, Eliot's wife, who lived in the wicked city and cared about "elses" and who could be seen of an afternoon in Central Park with two stylishly clipped poodles and two little dark-eyed daughters with ermine hats—looking for all the world like a Renoir family portrait.

"I know you'll never do anything for yourself, Mrs. Fitch," the quiet tone conveyed to a worried Sabina, "or even hear of anyone else doing it for you, and that is why Eliot and I feel that we must present you with an accomplished fact. We do not think that November eighteenth can be allowed to pass unnoticed this year."

"November eighteenth?" Sabina said insincerely. "Bless you, child, you mean my poor old birthday? But after seventy we mustn't notice birthdays, must we? Do you realize I shall be seventy-one?"

"No, Mrs. Fitch, you will be seventy," Cecilia retorted smoothly, smiling at such clumsy tactics. "Eliot has all the family birthdays entered in a little book, and Eliot, you know, never gets things wrong. He and I are in perfect accord that so important a milestone must not be passed over like the others. We want to give you a real party with all the trimmings."

A little tremor of pain passed over Sabina's heart as she contemplated the lovely creature before her. It was caused by the recollection of another pain, a greater one, inflicted by her husband just before the stroke that had extinguished his brilliant legal career and, a terrible year later, his life. It had been after Cecilia's and Eliot's engagement party, when, in the taxi, she had ventured to confide in Mr. Fitch her hopes that their future daughter-in-law might learn to care about the "right things." "By all means," he had retorted, looking at her through the quivering pincenez on the tiny bridge of his big, aquiline nose, "but let us hope that she may accomplish it without becoming quite as frumpy as our own girls."

"I know it's very kind of you and Eliot," Sabina murmured now to her daughter-in-law, "and I assure you that it's a case of the thought being better than the deed. Now that you mention a party, I think you're quite right. There *should* be a party. Oh, I'm not as self-denying as you think! Let there be a party, by all means, but let me give it. I have so much room, and old Nellie has so little to do and likes to cook, and the girls are all here and won't have to get sitters for the babies and ——"

"Gwen and Fran and Amanda can all jolly well get sitters and hie themselves into town for once," Cecilia interrupted firmly. "It's the only trouble they'll have to take; Eliot and I will do all the rest. What would you say to a dinner dance?"

A dinner dance! Sabina shuddered at the vision of soaring costs. Of course, Eliot was doing very well in his brokerage house, but it was folly for him not to save any party money for the ultimate debuts of his daughters. A dinner dance for an old hag of seventy! It was too ludicrous. Yet looking at Cecilia now, so calm, so easily assuming, she wondered with dismay if it might not actually come off. She remembered Gwen's saying when Cecilia had first come into the family, "Oh, we'll knock her into shape, don't worry, Ma. She looks the type that can be kicked around." But the figuratively speaking Gwen had broken her big toe on the first assault, and Sabina herself remembered that when she had called once too often at the perfect little jewel box occupied by the newlyweds high over Park Avenue, bearing flowers and tomatoes and corn from her garden in Glenville, she had been instructed (and chilled) by the sweet, clear little voice with its message that Cecilia's own mother visited only by appointment.

"I'll talk to the girls," Sabina said more faintly, "and see what plans they have."

"I have already talked to the girls," pursued the relentless Cecilia, "and they have no plans." She gazed for a moment at her mother-in-law's disappointed face and concluded more gently, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Fitch, but Eliot and I feel so strongly about it that I think you really ought to give in to him. Sometimes it's hard to remember that family love can be a two-way street."

Even Sabina could not resist this. She threw out her arms in a gesture of surrender to Eliot's wife. "Bless you, my darling. Of course I'll come to your party."

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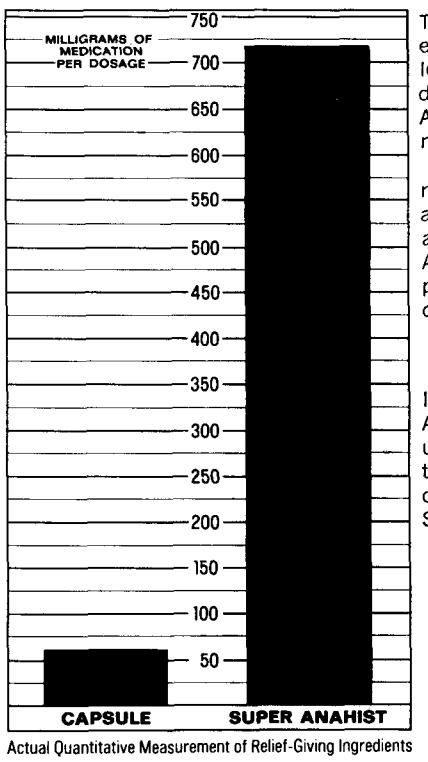
than the leading cold capsule



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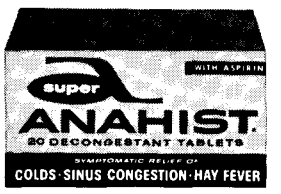

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"I understand this play opened to mixed reviews."

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Gwen, Fran, and Amanda, alerted by telephone, came over in the evening to discuss the crisis. Though a day never passed without Sabina's going to one of them, it was the first time in many months that they had all been under the maternal roof at once. The family resemblance was striking. They were big, with heavy chests and buttocks, sandy hair, small, fat, aquiline noses (a paternal inheritance), and alabaster skins. Gwen was the best-looking and the biggest. If she had emphasized the Valkyrie in her looks, she might have been magnificent. But the Fitch girls took their appearance as much for granted as they took their husbands. They dressed "for the country" and ate what they wanted. Unanimously, they panned the idea of Cecilia's party.

"So like her to try to take over *our* party," Gwen said. "She thinks we don't know how to give one, so she'll show us."

"I suppose it's a good excuse to invite a lot of her own friends," Amanda said. "Do you really want your birthday, Ma, to be the occasion for wining and dining half the trash you read about in the gossip columns?"

"I don't want to seem snobbish," Fran said, "but I can't help being embarrassed at the way Cecilia entertains. All that spit and polish betrays the granddaughter of the garbage collector."

"Mr. Smythe manufactured incinerators," Sabina said, reproving her mildly. Entirely preoccupied by the vertical relationships between the generations, she was quite indifferent to horizontal conflicts. Indeed, she even felt a funny little gratitude to Cecilia for uniting her daughters in what they chose to regard as her defense. It was nice, occasionally, to know that they cared. "But what can I do about it now?" she demanded. "I've promised Cecilia that she could have the party. Do you think I can possibly get out of it? Which of us would dare face Eliot?"

There were no volunteers for this, but Gwen had a more practical suggestion. "Of course, we're stuck with it, Ma, as long as you've been weak enough to say yes. But we should still try to exercise some control over the party. After all, we have a responsibility to see that old friends of Daddy's like Judge Fowler aren't drowned in a sea of Cecilia's twittering decorator friends."

"And we must induce her to have mercy on the poor old things' diets," Amanda said. "And not let her murder them with her fancy foods!"

"The main thing, Ma," Fran warned her, "is to see that it's kept a Fitch party. After all, it's your birthday, not Cecilia's."

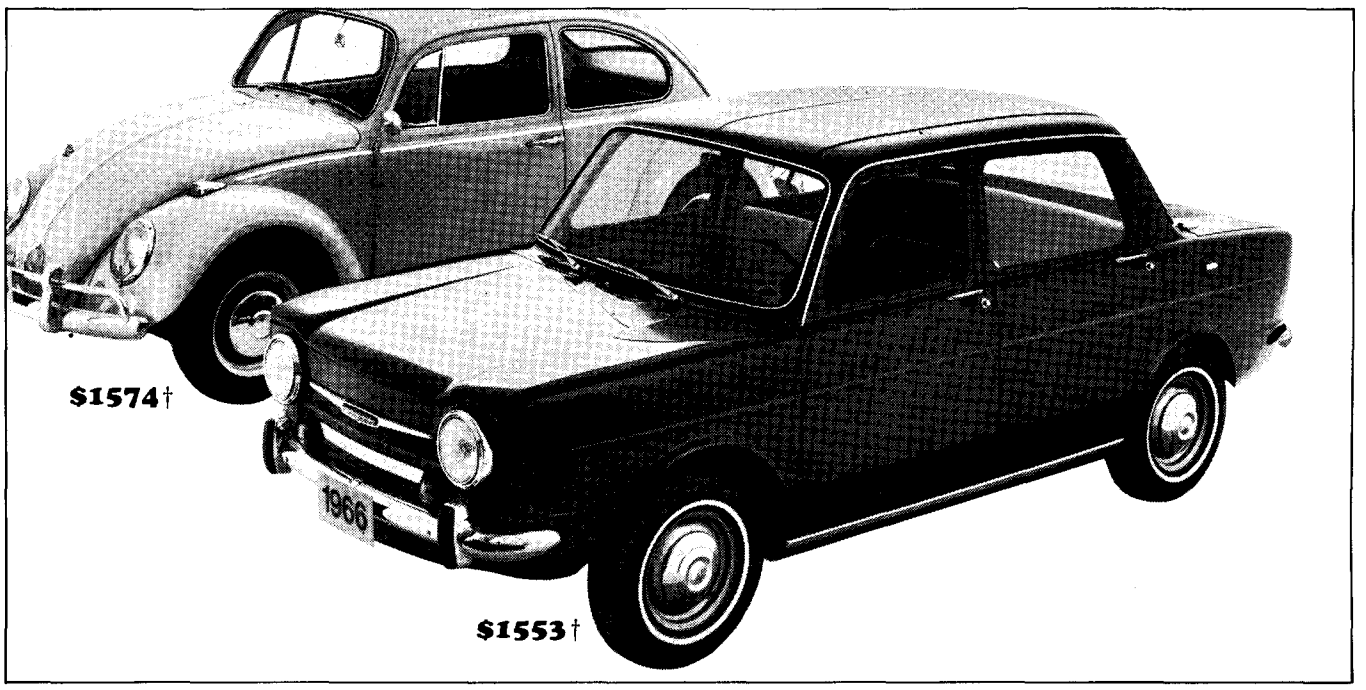
Sabina agreed with all these suggestions, delighted to be backed up, and she went into the city the very next day to tackle Cecilia while her courage was still at its peak.

It was a bit deflating to have her conditions so promptly complied with. The guest list? But of course, Mrs. Fitch could draw it up herself. The menu? Naturally, it must not strain the digestive faculties of the elderly. Would breast of turkey with spinach soufflé hurt anybody? As to wines, Eliot had meant to keep the champagne for dessert, after a sherry, a white wine, and a red, but if Mrs. Fitch really felt that her friends would find four glasses "showy," they could have champagne throughout. And as to dancing—well, if Mrs. Fitch absolutely insisted, they could have a strolling accordionist instead. But a magician for the children? Well, of course, if she really wanted it . . .

Sabina, like many timid people, was a bit of a bully when she got her way. That was why the late Mr. Fitch had never allowed her to have it. She had not thought of the magician for the grandchildren until she was actually in Cecilia's apartment, but now it seemed a necessity. If she could oblige Cecilia to introduce so alien an element into the elegance of her entertainment, surely the "Fitchness" of the birthday party would be assured. On her way home, it actually struck her that the party might be a success in direct proportion to the number of the hostess's wishes that she thwarted.

The girls came over for cocktails to hear about the interview, this time accompanied by their husbands, two bank officers and an insurance salesman—dry, serious men, big like their wives, who would be "getting on" right up to the day of their mandatory retirements. Nobody was satisfied with Cecilia's concessions. The regret was now vociferous that the party was not to be held at Glenville. After all, as Ed, Gwen's husband, put it, how could the late Mr. Fitch play any part, even in respectful memory, at a festival celebrated in a New York apartment that he had never seen?

"Oh, it's true, too true!" Sabina ex-



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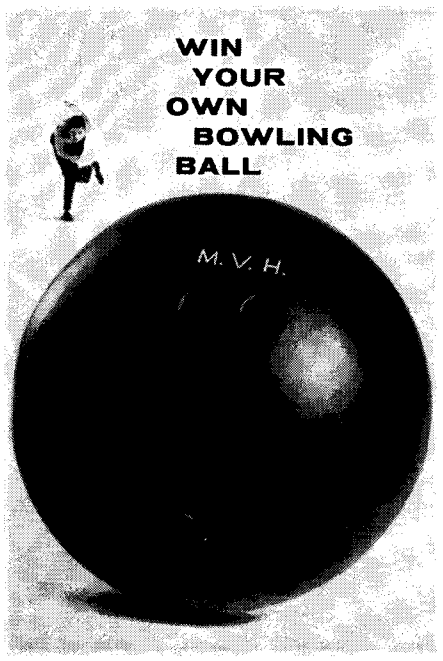

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claimed in sudden guiltiness, clasping her hands in misery. "If only I had had the sense to refuse Cecilia in the beginning!"

"Well, there's one thing that will surely do the trick," Gwen suggested with false languor, glancing at her sisters to see if the moment, obviously prepared for, was propitious. "Tell Cecilia that you want to have everybody at one big table."

"Oh?"

"She'd go to the stake for her principle of little tables," Amanda exclaimed. "Little tables of four, candlelit, each with a magnum of champagne. So cozy! So chic!"

"Try it, Ma! You'll see!" Fran chimed in.

Sabina was not at all sure that this would have such an effect on her daughter-in-law, but two days later, when Cecilia joined her for lunch at the Cosmopolitan Club, she suggested that the party might be more fun seated Gwen's way. Cecilia was silent for a moment, and when she spoke her tone was light, but light as a woman makes her tone when she is afraid to be too serious.

"My dear Mrs. Fitch, you may have the party any way you like: stand up or sit down, wet or dry, one table, two tables, sixteen tables—I only want to make it a nice occasion for you. But if you will forgive me, I cannot help wondering if anything about it is going to suit you now, and if that is so, for heaven's sake tell me, and we'll give it up. Is it so, Mrs. Fitch?"

Sabina contemplated the beautiful creature before her and was startled by the sudden churnings of remorse within herself. "It's only because of Eliot's father," she murmured miserably. "In his memory I thought the party should be at Glenville."

"Then have it at Glenville by all means!" cried Cecilia, as if it were the simplest thing in the world.

Driving home that afternoon, Sabina had ample occasion to reflect how unexpectedly nasty it could be to get one's own way.

From this point on, things began to go very badly indeed. Eliot called up his mother and spoke to her as she had never been spoken to by a child before.

"I can hardly believe that even you would be taken in by malice as obvious as that of my sisters, so I am constrained to recognize that you, too, have it in for poor Cecilia. This will teach her to try to do any little favors for her family-in-law! Do not imagine that I, or any of mine, will be on hand to wish you a happy birthday!"

Sabina was still in tears an hour after he had rung off, when Cecilia called up to promise her that she would work on him, and that all the Eliot Fitches would be present on the great day. But did Sabina really want them after such an explosion? Wouldn't Eliot and his sisters have one of their terrible rows?

Then the girls, whose unity had existed only as a bulwark against Cecilia, fell apart. Gwen, whose children were in their teens and could more or less behave themselves, wanted only grandchildren over twelve present. Fran, whose youngest was six, thought six should be the age limit, and Amanda, who had twins of two whom she regarded as the finest product of the united family, wanted no age limit at all. Sabina, to the disgust of her older daughters, agreed wholeheartedly with Amanda. "What," she demanded of the others, "is the point of a birthday if it's not for the children? What, may I ask, is the point of *us* if it's not for the children?" But Gwen and Fran grumbled that the party was already spoiled for them.

A further point of dispute was the guest list. Gwen felt that it should be limited to Sabina's descendants and oldest friends. Fran felt that the daughters' friends should also be included, for, "What fun will it be if half the guests have one foot in the grave?" Amanda thought it should be done on a basis of neighborhood, as Sabina had lived in Glenville for forty years.

And then there was the question of wines. Gwen felt that champagne was essential; Fran said that her friends preferred whiskey; and Amanda wanted checkered tablecloths and steins of beer. Sabina, listening to their bickering, began to wonder if she did not wish the responsibility back in Cecilia's competent hands.

But the greatest blow of all was the defection of Gwen. Her husband was unexpectedly ordered by his bank to attend a trust officers' conference in Miami during the week of Sabina's birthday, and he suggested that Gwen blow herself to the trip and come with him. What hurt Sabina much more than Gwen's deciding to go was that she never even hesitated.

"Of course, I shall be shattered to miss the party," she told her mother buoyantly, "but the children will be there, and you'll have too many people anyway. Do you realize that Ed and I have never been off on a real trip together? I mean just the two of us?"

Well, what else, Sabina pondered sadly, could she have expected? What could be more neatly in line with everything that she had ever professed? Had she really expected that Gwen would give up a vacation with her husband to attend an old woman's birthday? Did she expect youth to sacrifice its well-earned pleasures for the frivolity of the better-dead?

And yet that night, how her heart ached! How she suddenly and ludicrously cared about her silly birthday! When she at last fell asleep it was only to find herself embogged in a hateful dream to which she kept returning despite constant awakenings. In the dream, her family had become a herd of cattle. That she should dream of Gwen and Fran and Amanda as cows was distressing enough, but it had happened many times before. Sabina had tried to square her conscience for these bovine visitations with the argument that, as nobody need ever know of them, they did not really exist. But the peculiar horror of this dream was that the girls were not simply cows but horrid cows—dirty, ill-tempered, pushing beasts, their flanks slathered with manure, black flies buzzing about their eyes and ears—and they kept up an infernal din of mooing as they lashed their tails. And most horrid of all was the fact that Sabina herself was a cow, not the mother cow, but merely another member of the herd. Indeed, there appeared to be no relationships;

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No, Emily, I'm afraid you were right the first time. It's not Superman, it's a bird."

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that was somehow, very clearly, the meaning of the dream. Even the calves received only a grudging attention from their mothers. As Sabina watched in dismay, Gwen actually kicked a weaned calf that was seeking its accustomed nourishment. Once a cow, evidently, one ceased to be a daughter. The animal to be pushed away from the greener grass might be one's mother or grandmother or even great-great-grandmother—it didn't matter, Gwen and Fran ——

Here, mercifully, Sabina awakened. But when, exhausted, she fell asleep again, it was worse. Eliot, a bull, was approaching, and the dull glitter in his eyes, as he surveyed the cows who were his mother and sisters, was decidedly not familial. This time, Sabina awoke with a scream, turned the lights on, and waited in misery for the dawn.

At eight o'clock, the telephone rang. It was Gwen, to tell her that her oldest girl had been asked to a football game at Dartmouth and would have to regret the birthday party.

"Fortunately, she need not regret it very much," Sabina retorted in a dry, cold tone. "Because there isn't going to be any party. It's too foolish, an old woman celebrating an age that she had far better not have reached."

"Mother! That's too mean! You're just punishing me for my Florida trip."

"No, dear, I'm way beyond that. Oh, if you knew how beyond!"

"Nonsense, I know that tone. You're burned up, and ——"

"I am burned up, I'm afraid, Gwen, but not in the way you imagine. I'm not feeling at all myself, and if you don't mind, I shall ring off now."

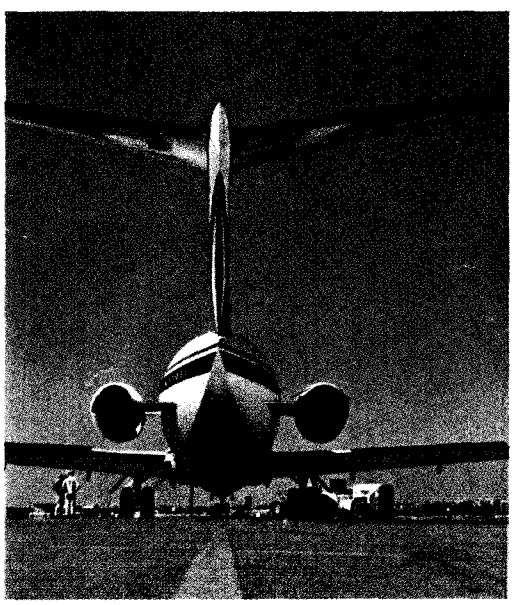
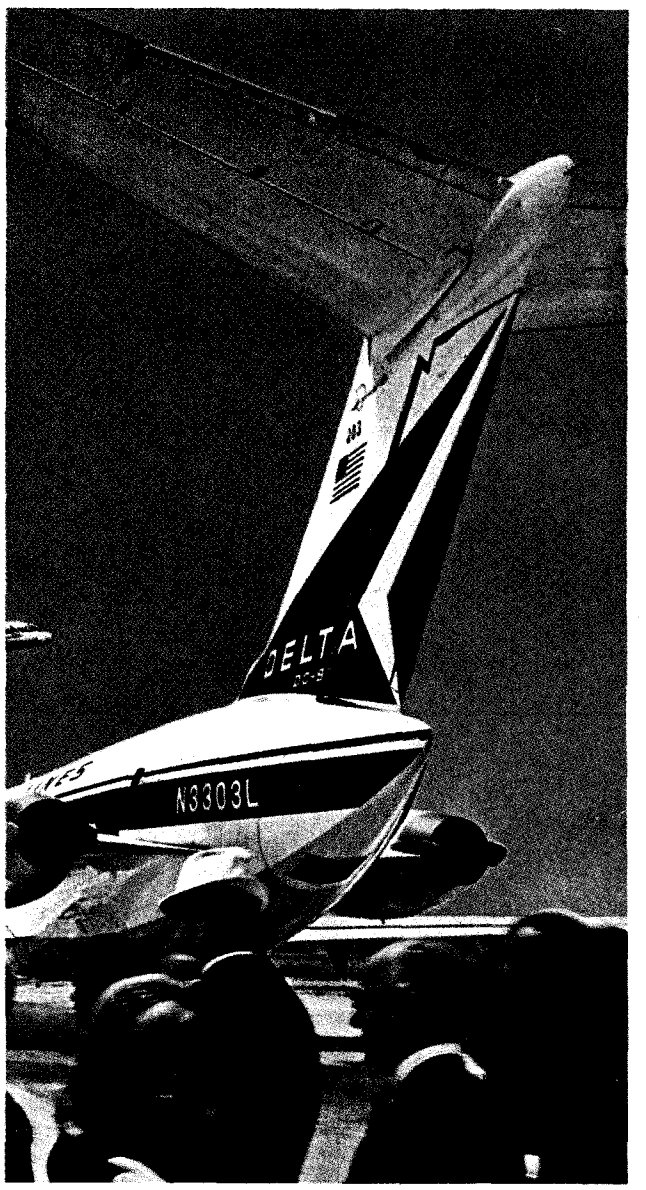
As soon as she had done so, Sabina was very ill indeed. She lay down on her bed and felt her heart pounding wildly. When old Nellie came in with her breakfast, Sabina asked her weakly to fetch Dr. Brandon. He came in an hour's time and pronounced that she had suffered a slight heart attack.

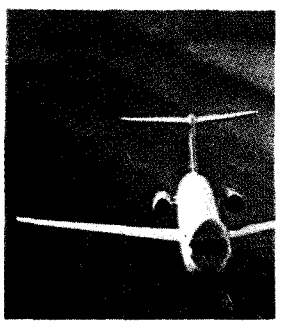
Thirteen months later, on Sabina Fitch's seventy-first birthday, her son and daughter-in-law gave a large and decorous dinner party in her honor at their beautiful apartment. In every particular the occasion bore the "Cecilia touch." There were a dozen little tables and two larger ones; there was a three-piece Hungarian orchestra; there were clusters of tall red candles in silver candelabra; there were flaming dishes and flowing wines. All of the children and their spouses were present, and all grandchildren over the age of fourteen. Sabina's old friends enjoyed the French cooking and the French champagne with evident relish, and Judge Fowler was a bit unsteady when he rose to make a sentimental toast. Gwen, Fran, and Amanda, throughout the party, were at their most gracious. But it was Sabina who was the constant center of attention. Looking remarkably pretty in a new scarlet dress, with her hair handsomely waved for the first time, she announced that she was taking a world cruise with the beautiful cash present from her children and friends, and quoted Tennyson's *Ulysses* about its being her purpose "To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths/Of all the western stars," before she died. There were tears, even in Gwen's eyes, when she concluded.

When the guests and family had all departed, and Eliot had gone to bed, Cecilia and her mother-in-law sat up by the fire for a final glass of champagne.

"Tell me, my dear," Sabina asked, "why do you know so much and I so little? How did you learn that life was a garden that we must make out of a desert? When did you discover that meaning was in form? Did you have an unspeakable childhood? Is it too late for me to learn what you have learned?"

Cecilia knew that she was not supposed to answer. She simply cradled her glass in both hands, staring with a faint smile into the few drops of champagne that it contained, and then tilted her head back and bore the crystal cup slowly to her lips as though she were about to savor a rare and precious liqueur. □



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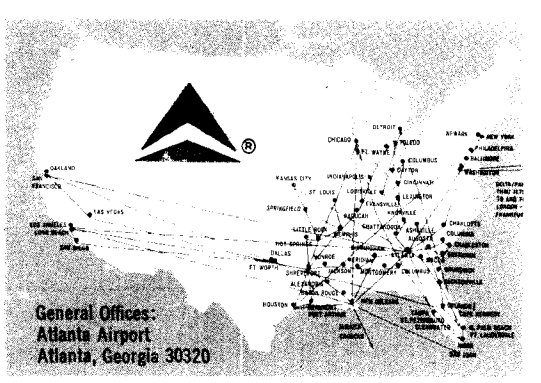

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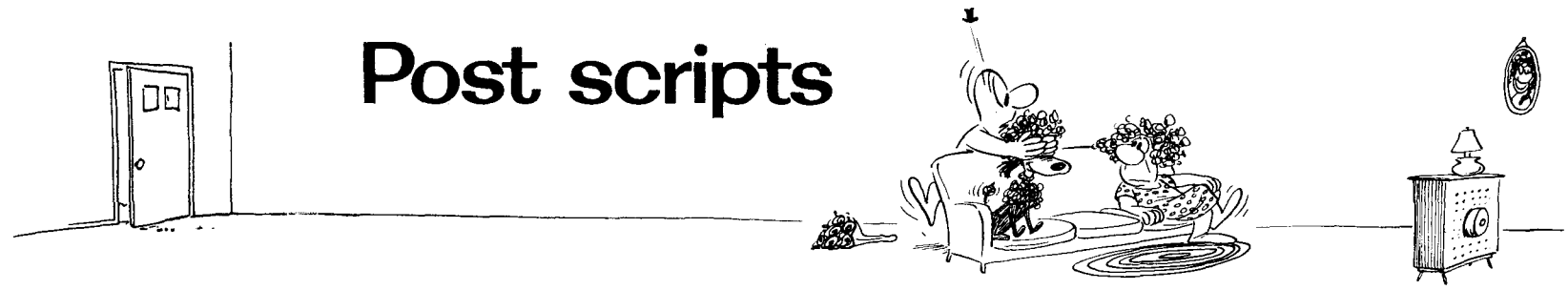
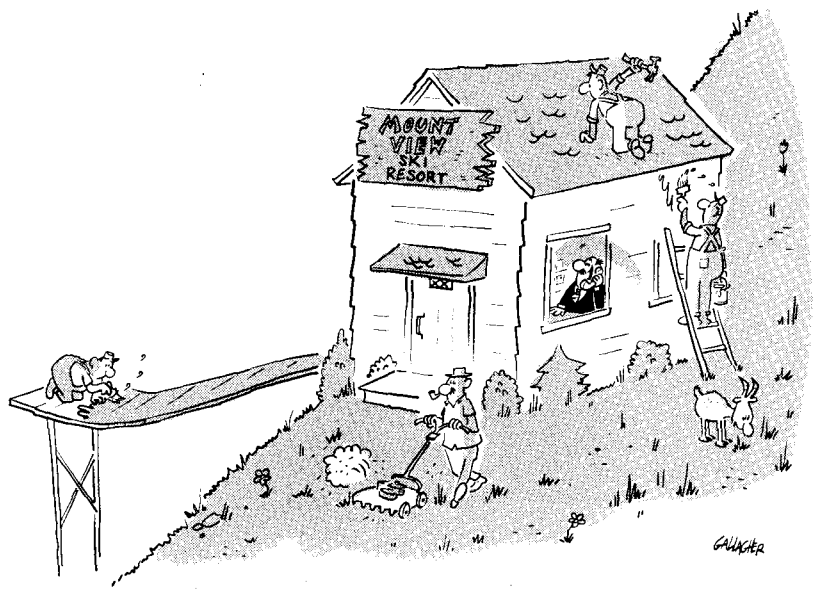
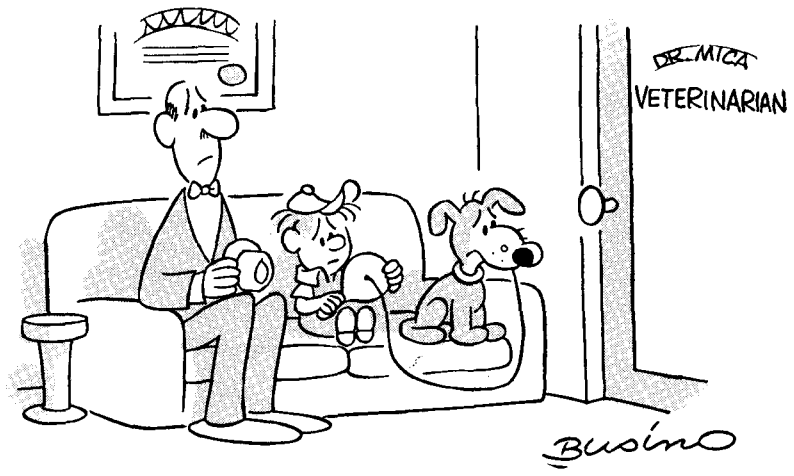
Post scripts





"Skiing conditions are good to excellent, sir."



"Guess what, Lisa? Suzie is getting married and she's giving me her falsies!"

"What's a mother for unless it's to see that they've checked your retros, packed your drogue chute, checked your oxygen . . . ?"

"Wanna drag?"

Barber Ware

There once was a barber named Ware
Who was sadly allergic to hair.
When customers called,
Unless they were bald
He would sneeze them right out of the
chair.

OGDEN NASH

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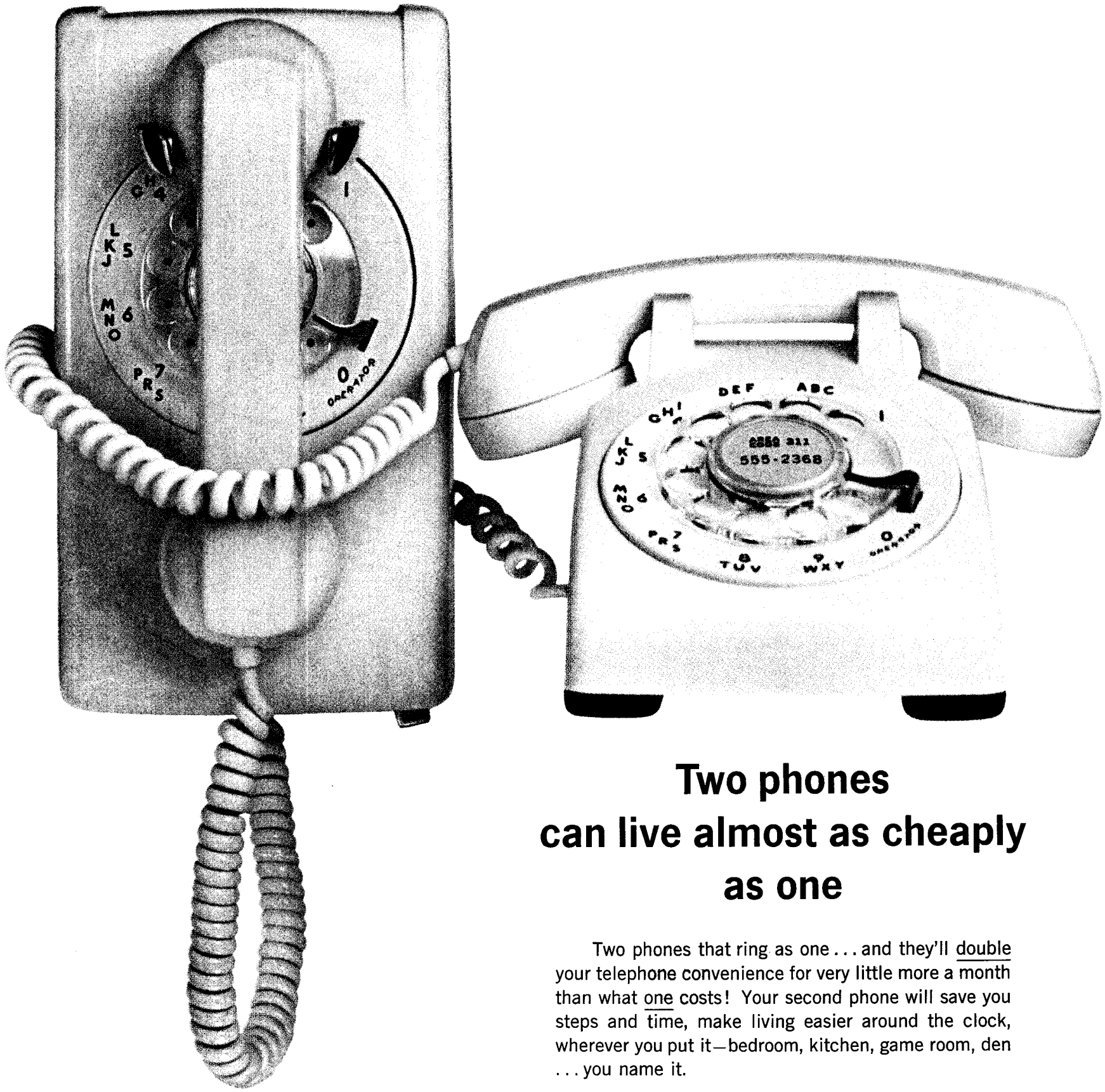

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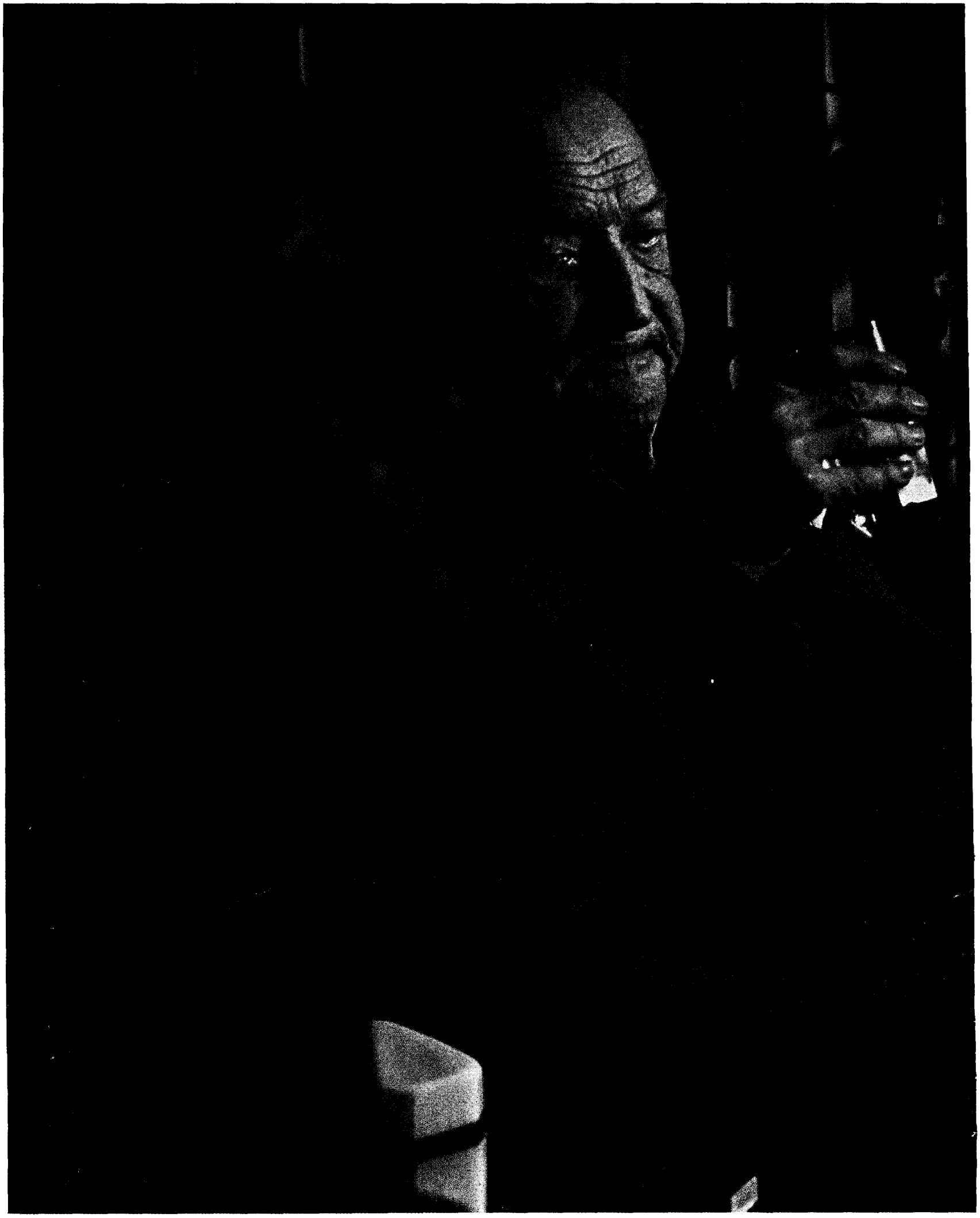

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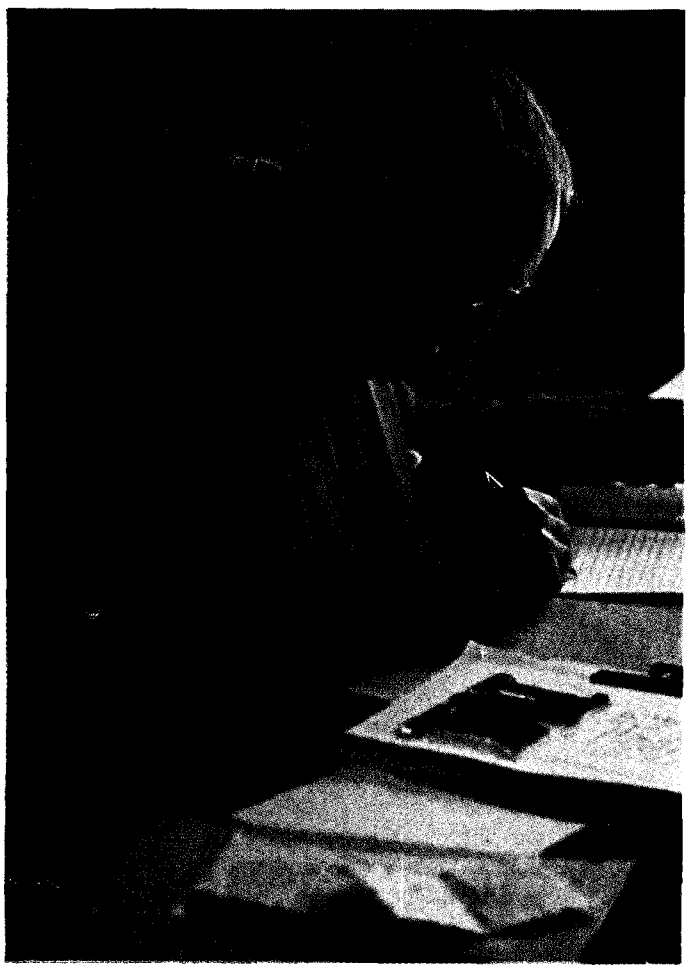
MY UNCLE WILLIE

William Somerset Maugham was one of the most widely read novelists of our time–but few really knew him. This intimate portrait is by a man who did.

By Robin Maugham



I remember that I was in my flat in Brighton, going through the proofs of my new novel, when the first news came of my uncle's fatal illness. As soon as I could, I got through to Alan Searle, who had been my uncle's devoted companion and secretary for the last 20 years of his life. Alan sounded extremely distraught. "I'm afraid it really is the end this time," he said wretchedly.

I felt deeply sad. I had been planning to visit my Uncle Willie during the new year, and I realized now that this wonderful, extraordinary old man was paying his final visit to the hospital, and that I would never see him again. I had gotten down to see him twice the previous summer, at his Villa Mauresque in the south of France, but at that moment my thoughts went back to my earliest real memory of him.

I must have been about seven or eight years old when he invited my mother to bring me to lunch at the Savoy. I was thrilled. I had heard my parents and my three sisters talk about Uncle Willie: I knew that he was famous because he wrote stories and plays, and I had dim memories of an attractive man with skin the color of parchment, visiting the nursery. But what really excited me was the prospect of going to the Savoy.

"What goes on at the Savoy?" I asked my French governess.

"The Savoy!" Mademoiselle Vogne exclaimed. "It is a wicked place where wicked men take wicked women."

"What do they do there?"

"They eat oysters," she replied, "and they drink champagne."

That was it. The words struck home. I realized that with my mother around I hadn't a hope of drinking any champagne, but I was firmly determined to eat oysters.

The great day came. I was dressed in my best suit. In the taxi my mother pinched my cheeks because she said I looked sallow. We walked in through the revolving door of the hotel, and there we saw a man—even sallower than I—waiting to greet us. He led the way to a table, and the head-waiter handed a vast menu to each of us. At the bottom of the list of hors d'oeuvres I found the magic word: Oysters. Beside it was written "Special Supplement."

"Now, Robin, what would you like?" Willie asked after my mother had ordered. "Hors d'oeuvres to start with?"

"Thank you," I said nervously.

"Smoked salmon or potted shrimps?"

I made no reply, but looked at him hopefully.

"Eggs mayonnaise or sardines?"

I was silent. Patiently, Willie, who had begun to stammer slightly, read out the list to the very end. I remained dumb. I shuffled my knees together and stared down at the tablecloth.

"Oysters?" Willie suggested at last in despair.

"Yes, *please*," I cried.

Willie took out his monocle, fixed it into position and stared at me in silence. Then he spoke. "You would be unlike the rest of your family," he remarked sadly, "if you did not prefer the most expensive."

The recollection brought me abruptly to an incident which occurred on my last visit to him. We were sitting on the sofa in his drawing room at the Villa Mauresque, surrounded by the immensely valuable furniture and pictures and art objects that Willie's success had enabled him to acquire. The villa and the grounds surrounding it were alone worth £600,000. Willie had 11 servants; he dined off silver plates; his cook, Annette, was the envy of all the other millionaires on the Riviera. At one point in our conversation I happened to ask him, "What is the happiest memory of your life?"

For seconds he stared off into space. "I cer-can't think of a single moment," he stammered.

Willie had long since retired from work. He no longer climbed each morning the narrow stairs that led up to his writing room built on the roof of the house. In these last years he stayed either in the patio or in the drawing room, reading books—mainly detective stories. Time seemed to hang on his hands. In the Villa Mauresque one could hear the clocks ticking.

Once Willie had delighted in the fortune he amassed, and he thought often about the plight of authors who had failed on the road to success, or had somehow fallen by the wayside. This concern with their misfortune led to his generous bequests to such societies as might benefit struggling writers; it also occasionally led him to convince himself that some famous author was poverty-stricken when in fact he was just the opposite.

One evening after dinner at the villa he announced, "Vivian is coming to lunch tomorrow." We all murmured approval. We knew Vivian Parry—that is not his real name—and we all liked him.

"Poor Vivian," Willie said sadly. "I suppose you know that he's quite down on his uppers?"

"Down on his uppers!" someone exclaimed in astonishment. "I thought he was rolling in money."

"He *was*," Willie said. "But it's all gone. Every penny of it. His novels don't sell as well as they used to. His last two plays were flops. And I'm told that all poor Vivian's investments have gone down the drain." We were all left speechless by this information. "He probably hasn't had a square meal for weeks," Willie continued. "So we'd better give him something substantial."

Punctually at a quarter to one the next day we were assembled, waiting to greet the famous (but apparently now down-at-heels) writer. And punctually Vivian Parry arrived. He looked very well fed and extremely affluent—and indeed we were subsequently to discover that he was both.

"I'm sure you need a cocktail," Willie said.

"I'd love one," Vivian said, sprightly as ever, but rather disconcerted by our surreptitious glances toward his shoes. We went in to lunch—with Vivian still sparkling but a little nervous.

It was a hot summer day, and by the time he had finished the steaming bowl of onion soup, beads of sweat stood out on Vivian's forehead and the torrent of his conversation had been reduced to a trickle. When the steak-and-kidney pudding was brought in, he raised his eyes to the ceiling.

"*Servez bien Monsieur Parry*," said Willie. "He looks quite famished."

Vivian stared down in dismay at the vast helping on his plate. But Vivian was always polite and he finished every bit of it. Then, round came the chocolate soufflé, sizzling in the torrid Riviera heat, and Vivian's eyes again rolled to the ceiling. But once more he got through it manfully, though his shirt was now drenched with sweat.

After coffee and liqueurs I escorted Vivian to his car. He was exhausted by the sheer weight of food. It was with an effort that he spoke at all. "Wonderful old boy!" Vivian said. "But a trifle overhospitable, don't you think?"

"I suppose you noticed how quickly he drank his cocktails," Willie was saying when I came back into the house. "And did you see how he wolfed

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Once or twice a day, until nearly the end, Maugham was taken for a walk through his splendid Riviera garden.

down the steak-and-kidney pudding? *And* the chocolate soufflé? He probably hadn't had a square meal for weeks."

My uncle Willie never forgot his own experience of what he called the "grinding agony of poverty which befalls persons who have to live among those richer than themselves."

"I hated poverty," he once said to a friend. "I hated having to scrape and save so as to make both ends meet."

He never forgot that the success of his first novel, *Liza of Lambeth*, brought him only £20 in royalties, due to an astute contract drawn up by his publisher. For a while he was tormented by the prospect of being forced to give up his career as a writer. His alternative was to admit defeat and take a job as a ship's doctor. "Money," he has written, "is a sixth sense without which you can't make the most of the other five."

Willie's father had once been well established as a lawyer in Paris; he was senior partner in the firm of Maugham and Sewall. While acting as the solicitor to the British Embassy, he met a beautiful young girl, Edith Mary Snell, who had just finished her education at a French convent school. They were married in Paris in 1864. Edith was only 20—and very lovely. Robert Ormond Maugham was 40—and quite hideous. They were known in Paris as "Beauty and the Beast," and they moved in a brilliant circle of friends. My grandmother was frail and suffered from tuberculosis, but childbearing was believed at that time to be helpful in combating the disease. Her first three sons flourished, but the next two sons died young. Then on January 25, 1874, her sixth and last child, William Somerset Maugham, was born. Eight years later my grandmother died, wasted and exhausted at the age of only 38.

Willie adored his mother, and for most of the five years after his elder brothers had been packed off to school at Dover College in 1877, he had her warm affection all to himself.

When his mother knew that she had only a few more weeks to live, she called her maid, had herself dressed in a white satin gown and went out to be photographed so that her sons could have the picture to remember her by. Then she struggled home and collapsed. That photograph always stood on the little table by Willie's bed, and he used the incident, as he used almost every poignant incident of his childhood, in his novel *Of Human Bondage*.

Little is disguised in *Of Human Bondage*. After his father's death in 1884, Willie was sent to stay with his uncle and aunt in Kent. His uncle, the vicar of Whitstable, was severe, pedantic and bigoted; he was also a crashing snob. His aunt was prim and respectable, kindly but straitlaced. Both of them appear with stark clarity in Willie's novel as the Rev. Mr. William Carey and his wife. Whitstable, where Willie spent so much of his painful adolescence, becomes Blackstable; Canterbury, where Willie went to King's School, becomes Tercanbury; and—most important of all—Willie's stammer becomes Philip Carey's clubfoot. Otherwise, the opening chapters are an almost exact description of Willie's childhood.

"I wrote *Of Human Bondage* to rid myself of an intolerable obsession," Willie said. "I wanted to lay all those ghosts, and I succeeded."

But did he succeed? I don't think so. A few years ago I dined one night alone with Willie in London at the Dorchester. He was ill and in pain, and his mind sometimes wandered. Suddenly he muttered: "I shall never get over her death." For an instant I supposed that he was referring to my much beloved sister Kate who had died the previous week, but as he went on talking, I realized from his words that he was thinking of his mother, who had been dead for almost 80 years.

Those early years molded Willie's character. The humiliation of watching his uncle's "toadying" made Willie relish friendship with the great, the titled and the affluent later in his life. To the end of his days he loved to tell stories about rich and powerful acquaintances, about celebrities or royalty, and about his travels. One morning not too long ago we sat between two tall cypress trees on his sunlit terrace overlooking the Mediterranean. "You know," Willie suddenly said, "before the war the King of Sweden came here to lunch. I had previously asked what his majesty would like to eat, and was told roast beef.

"So Annette prepared a succulent dish of roast beef for the King. It was served to him, and he began to eat it with relish. Suddenly there was a terrible clatter from where the King was sitting. All conversation stopped. Everyone thought the King had flung down his knife and fork to demand silence for the story he was telling.

"Then we all saw that his false teeth—both the top set and the bottom—had fallen onto his plate. But the King remained perfectly calm. He continued talking, though somewhat less articulately. Then he polished his false teeth with his napkin, popped them back into his mouth and went on to finish his story. You see," Willie explained to me, "he was a real gentleman."

I have never known anyone tell a story so well as Willie. Somehow he seemed to be able to use his stammer as a lever to lend balance to his sentence or to give dramatic effect. When I stayed at the Villa two summers ago we were talking about Fiji, which I had recently visited.

"I was in Fiji," Willie said, "but it was during the first World War, so I expect it's all changed since then. But I remember I got a very unusual story when I was there. It's always stuck in my mind, but I never wrote it.

"There were two Englishmen who shared a house on the outskirts of Suva, and they'd lived together perfectly happily for over ten years. Now both of them were fond of dogs, but strangely enough they hadn't had a dog since they'd been out there together.

"One evening at the club an old friend of theirs asked them if they'd like a spaniel. He was going back to England and he didn't want to take the dog with him, but he wanted to find a good home for it. They said they'd take it. The spaniel was a great success. Both of them became devoted to it. Each of them did his best to make the animal forget the loss of its previous owner.

"But gradually as the weeks passed by, the two friends began to get desperately jealous of each other. Each of them wanted the dog to like him best. Each of them wanted the dog to come up to him and make a fuss of him. Their jealousy of each other gradually became intense," Willie continued with relish, "and their fiercely possessive obsession over the dog began to poison their relationship. They quarreled almost incessantly. Finally, they began to hate each other."

Willie paused in telling me the story—as he always did to obtain dramatic effect.

"At last one of them could bear the strain no longer. And he realized there was only one solution. He took out the dog they both loved so much," Willie said, clasping and unclasping his hands as the story's dramatic value gripped him. "He had taken the revolver that he kept locked up in his desk. He led the spaniel away from the shack, and he shot the dog stone dead."

Willie took a sip of the pink champagne that his butler had poured into his glass.

"You must admit that it's an unusual story," he said. "And you know, I'm sure it's a true story. It's got the ring of truth about it. I live alone with Alan, and we have a dachshund as you know. And I notice I am quite upset if the dog makes more fuss of Alan than of me."

Willie's stammer, however, made him less loquacious on most occasions; it forced him to remain an onlooker. It is probable that if he had lost his stammer, Willie would not have been an agnostic; it is almost certain that without his stammer Willie would not have been a writer. He was a classic example of what psychologists call the "deprived child." And this was borne out by his constant and sometimes frantic search for happiness and reassurance throughout his life.

When I told Willie that I was thinking of writing a book about him and the family, he looked at me for a while in silence. "You'll have your time cut out when it comes to writing about your father," he said. "He was an odious man. I have met many detestable men in my life, but your father was easily the most detestable."

My father disapproved of Willie in almost every way. He believed that his youngest brother had made what he called "an egregious error" in abandoning his career as a doctor to become a writer. He derided Willie's passion to create a work of art

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He was shocked by the books Willie produced and dismayed by Willie's indigence. And when at last Willie began to make a fortune, my father disapproved of his way of life in general.

"Nothing would ever persuade your father that he was mistaken in any opinion," Willie told me. "But he was a brilliant lawyer. The trouble with him was that he didn't like the human race. And he had no patience with fools. And as we know, most human beings *are* fools. And there's nothing we can do about it."

Success over the years mellowed both brothers sufficiently for them to meet on odd occasions with interest and a certain admiration for their mutual longevity, but neither brother was capable of appreciating the full *extent* of the other's success. My father was convinced that if he had stooped so low as to adopt the career of a professional writer, he would have written far nobler works than Willie; whereas Willie was equally certain that if he had decided to adopt a legal career, he would have done better than end up as Lord Chancellor for a year or two.

One day my father received a letter addressed to Viscount Somerset Maugham. He opened the letter and found that it was intended for Willie, so he sent it to the Villa Mauresque with a tart covering note.

"I was greatly disturbed by the letter you sent on to me," Willie replied. "I know exactly what it is going to be. Shakespeare and Bacon over again. Posterity will say that as an eminent lawyer and Lord Chancellor, it was impossible for you to acknowledge that you had written plays and novels under your own name, so they were produced and published under the insignificant name of your younger brother."

I was in my father's sitting room when this letter arrived. "I detect a distinctly unpleasant flavor about Willie's remarks," my father commented. "I think I shall feel myself obliged to make some suitable reply."

And indeed he did reply—in words, so far as I can remember, to this effect: "Dear Willie," my father wrote. "You may well be right in thinking that you write like Shakespeare. Certainly I have noticed during the last few months an adulation of your name in the more vulgar portions of the popular press. But one word of brotherly advice. *Do not attempt the sonnets.*"

But if anyone knew his own limitation, Willie did. To become a writer he had deliberately stripped himself of every delusion he might have had about himself, of every scrap of self-conceit; and because he had undergone that painful and harsh experience, he resented hypocrisy or pretense in others. He could, of course, be very ruthless. During the war he happened to meet his divorced wife Syrie at a party. "I'm crossing the Atlantic and I'm terrified of torpedoes," she is reported to have said. "And I can't swim, so what should I do if the boat was sunk, and there I was floundering in the water?"

"Swallow," Willie replied without hesitation. "Just swallow."

Like everyone, Willie had his faults. But unlike most of us he hid them neither from himself nor from others. It is only his true nature that he hid. Very few of his friends ever pierced through the layers of morbid shyness caused by the misery of his youth; few ever caught a glimpse of his real character.

In the most brilliant of all his novels, *Cakes and Ale*, Willie writes this about the old and world-famous novelist, "Edward Driffield."

"I had an impression that the real man, to his death unknown and lonely, was a wraith that went a silent way unseen between the writer of his books and the man who led his life, and smiled with an ironical detachment at the two puppets that the world took for Edward Driffield."

For "Edward Driffield" in that quotation many people have thought to substitute the name "Thomas Hardy." But I am convinced that it is a true description of William Somerset Maugham.

One morning last summer I noticed that Willie had begun to mutter to himself. His face was that of a tortured man, and nothing that I said got through to him. That evening Alan went out to dine with some friends, and Willie and I were left alone.

At first I was nervous, but I needn't have been. For a time the torment seemed to go away, and he became tranquil and benign and affectionate. Once again he was the uncle whom I had loved since I was a child. But sadness hung around him like a mist.

We were sitting together on the sofa when suddenly he gripped my hand. "You know, *you'll* die one of these days," he said. "And there's nothing you can do about it."

I didn't answer, not knowing what to say. Then his grip tightened, and he looked fearfully across the room. "Who's that man?" he cried.

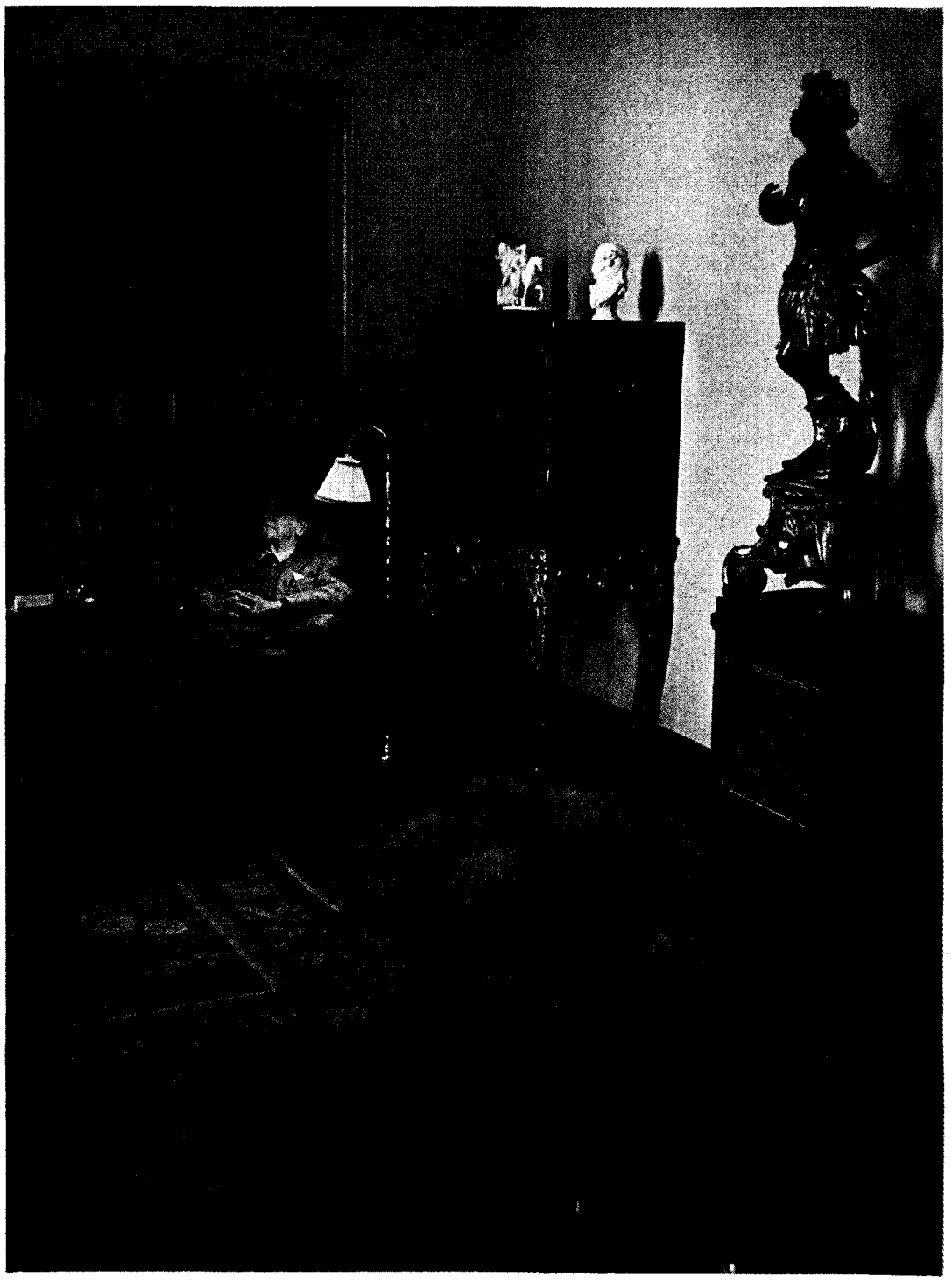
I looked up, but the room was empty. "There's no one there, Willie," I said.

For a moment the grip on my hand relaxed.

"You know," Willie stammered, "I'm at death's door. But the t-trouble is, I'm afraid to knock."

That was the last time I saw him. □

The extraordinary art collection of the Villa Mauresque reflected the author's travels, especially in the East.



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UNDER VIET CONG CONTROL

(continued from page 33)

his heavy equipment and food stored in tunnels, and he can be miles away before anyone reaches the village."

Paoli said Tung was a famous figure in the province. One feat attributed to him is that when his nephew won a scholarship to study in France, Tung went to the Saigon airport to see him off. "These V.C. chiefs move about with complete freedom," Paoli said. "Their identity papers are in order, and when they attend interprovincial meetings, they travel in buses and multipassenger taxis like anyone else. Tung's running down now, though. He's got malaria bad. It puts him out of commission about two days a week."

Despite the V.C.'s freedom of movement and action, there are signs that the new phase of warfare is forcing them to make increasingly severe demands on the rural population. Viet Cong control rests upon making the villager feel he is safer and better off in a "liberated" area, and as long as he can harvest his rice in relative security and remain among his own people, he accepts it. But when the area becomes an air-strike target and an operational zone, he may want to flee to safety, and in many cases the V.C. are having to drop the boy-scout approach and rely more heavily on threats and intimidation.

First among the new pressures is mandatory taxation, which replaced voluntary contributions in 1963 and has increased every year since, sometimes as much as 300 percent. The V.C. have developed a method of triple taxation for the peasant. First, the land is taxed on a sliding scale depending on the acreage. Then the crop is taxed according to a V.C. productivity chart, which fixes what the yield should be and taxes the peasant accordingly, whatever the size of his crop. Finally, the portion of the crop that the peasant wants to sell is taxed again on the basis of theoretical market prices, often much higher than the real going rate. The V.C. hold public meetings where each villager must declare the size of his crop, which is then matched against the charts. Women faint, and men shout, "Why don't you just take my land and be done with it?" The V.C. reply, "You have been cheating the government, but you can't cheat us." The V.C. have also thought up subsidiary taxes, such as taxes on market stalls, and a poultry and livestock tax. "They tax every duck I raise," a villager said. These crippling taxes are driving some villagers to government refugee centers.

The V.C. have also had to resort to forced recruitment, after continually denouncing the government draft and promising to recruit only volunteers. Now there is a three-year V.C. draft period, and each village has a draft quota for men between the ages of 18 and 35. The main appeal of serving with the V.C. used to be that a soldier could stay close to his village and his family, and be made to feel that he was defending them, whereas the government would take him to a distant training camp, and he might one day have to take part in an operation against his own village. But because of the growing rate of defection (a conservative official estimate is 1,000 a month), and because more local guerrillas are being incorporated into regular units, V.C. recruits can no longer count on staying near their villages.

"If I carried out my military service in the Front," a refugee from a "liberated zone" said, "I would be led away from my family. If I died in an encounter, my parents could not take my body back. And at least in the government army, soldiers are paid."

"Guests first!"

In addition to their exploitation of the villagers, the V.C. are no longer able to guarantee them protection. The Vietnamese peasant is a pragmatist, strongly anchored in love of land and family, averse to abstractions. He sees clearly that, far from being able to protect him from air strikes, the V.C. presence attracts the bombers. His main resentment is of course directed against those who bomb and shell his villages. But the bombing also causes villagers to flee V.C. areas for the safety of government-controlled regions. Because the villagers see that the V.C.'s presence attracts the bombers, some villagers have petitioned V.C. district chiefs to keep their men from firing at planes.

Military defectors also testify about conditions of insecurity in V.C. base camps. A squad leader said, "In the old days we could go into a village and have a beer. We could stay in the same place for a week, maybe two. Now we have to move every one or two days. And we used to get leaves every six months, but now they are even rarer. If I was killed in a bombing, I would be buried under a tree, and my family would not know where."

For all these reasons the villager is forced to ask himself which side can offer the best conditions of security and livelihood. If he decides it is the government, he must leave his village for a refugee camp or a city, as more than one million have done. (One U.S. official says, "Refugees are going to be the biggest nonmilitary problem of 1966.") In the sense that the V.C. have failed to extend their control over the population and have instead lost hundreds of thousands of villagers to refugee camps, this could be termed a V.C. defeat. But it can hardly be called a government victory, because dumping 10 percent of the rural population into overcrowded, disease-prone camps, whose inmates live in misery and enforced idleness, is just the opposite of the government's program of bringing government control back to rural areas. Refugee camps are, in fact, an excellent culture medium for more V.C. propaganda and subversion.

Often villagers send a member of their family to scout conditions in the camps. Then they decide what is least unbearable: leaving their land for the protective squalor of a refugee camp, or remaining in their village at the risk of being blown to bits. The V.C. do their best to prevent the population from fleeing. When a villager disappears, his family is placed under house arrest and may not go more than 200 yards from home. Or they may be sent into the jungle for a period of reeducation. The difficulty of fleeing has led to odd situations: One village in the Delta petitioned the government to bomb it so that those who wanted to leave would have a good excuse. Planes came and dropped two smoke bombs, and 25 families fled.

On the military level, Americans in Vietnam agree that the V.C. are some of the best soldiers they have ever seen, and they often draw unflattering comparisons between the V.C. they have to fight and the government army they have to support. But officials point out that Viet Cong military tactics have not changed since the French Indochina war, while counterguerrilla methods have developed considerably. "The V.C.," says one American expert on their tactics, "are like the French Bourbon kings: They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Their leaders in Hanoi, veterans of the successful war against the French, tell them, 'You must win as we won, by progressing from guerrilla action to full-scale regimental-size battles.' Thus, while the Viet Cong are fighting this war much as the Viet Minh fought the French, a Viet Minh-type war can no longer be won because of three new military techniques: The ability to move large numbers of men by air, so that they are no longer slaves of the terrain and can provide swift reinforcements to turn the tide of battle; the air strikes that hit base areas and are used for tactical support of operations; and the use of new weapons, such as heat-seeking radar."

A defector from a D-zone base reported this experience with that new equipment, which is able to pick up and locate ground-heat changes of as little as three degrees Fahrenheit: "We were moving three truckloads of rice and one of ammunition at night with no lights. The first truck started up and whoosh—a bomb landed near it. We thought it was a lucky hit. We started the second truck, and the same thing happened. Then we heard the plane circling above us. It was ghostly."

There are V.C. reversals and heavy losses, as well as disaffection in the villages and a stubborn refusal or inability to change military tactics, but there is no change in the Viet Cong conviction that victory will ultimately be theirs. They see the war as a confrontation between two alien civilizations, one Western and grown soft on a high standard of living, the other Asian and Marxist, patient, flexible, accustomed to sacrifice, and fighting on the native heath. Reversals do not shake their faith in what they believe to be a significant historical experiment. They draw comfort from the success of the Viet Minh against the French, and they tell their men: "Our country has been under the boot of colonialism for more than a century, ever since the French landed at Danang in 1858. Our history is the history of our struggle." □

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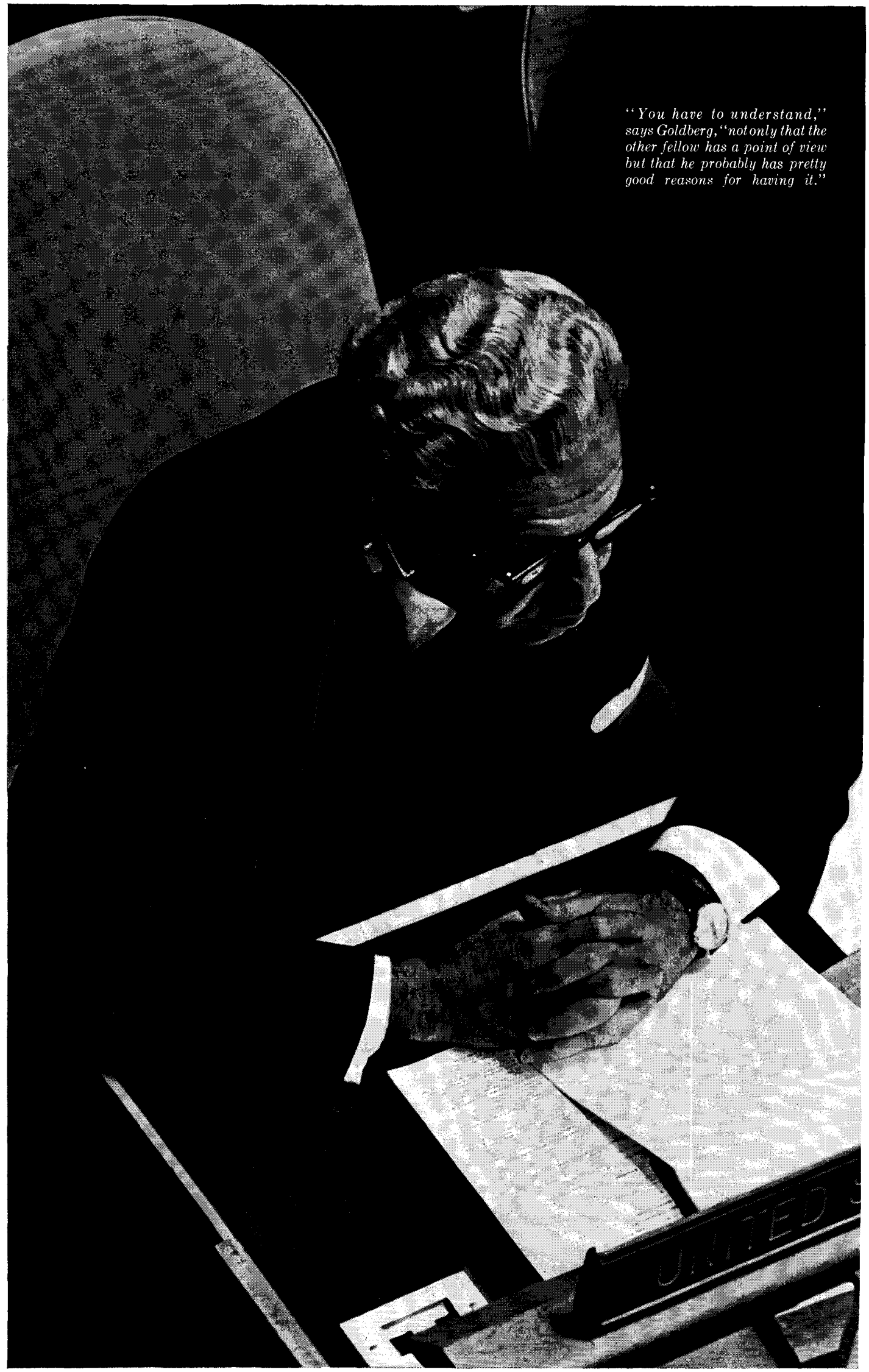
A professional mediator, Arthur Goldberg now confronts the myriad problems of the United Nations. Are the prospects encouraging? Well . . .

'I'm not discouraged either. Got it?'

BY ROGER KAHN

It is half a year now since Adlai Stevenson fell dead in a London street and a peddler's son was hired to replace him. (A "complete surprise," said *The New York Times*, but a "brilliant" choice.) It has been a terrifying season for mankind, and Arthur Joseph Goldberg, the freshman American ambassador to the United Nations, is walking shakily for the first time. On a damp November day, when the Rhodesian crisis was at issue before the great powers in the Security Council, Arthur Goldberg began to feel dizzy. He left the hall without help at the close of debate, but that evening he was unable to serve as host at a private showing of a film lionizing Stevenson. "To tell you the truth," Goldberg said afterward, "I thought I was having a damn stroke, right out there on the floor."



"You have to understand," says Goldberg, "not only that the other fellow has a point of view but that he probably has pretty good reasons for having it."

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

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In private Goldberg and bow-tied Nikolai Fedorenko of the Soviet Union can entertain each other and enjoy a joke.

But on the floor of the United Nations both men are all business

The list of delegates runs to a full 193 pages. Says Goldberg: 'I'm like a lawyer with 116 clients.'

Actually Goldberg, who is not florid and certainly not apoplectic, was feeling the first effects of a virus infection in the middle ear. For days he suffered from vertigo that kept him in bed within the ambassadorial apartment in the Waldorf Towers, 42 floors above Manhattan. For weeks after that he had to navigate with such caution that every curbstone became an adventure.

It was an unsettling experience—people who have suffered from similar infections describe them as thoroughly unpleasant—perhaps particularly unsettling to a man with Goldberg's specific set of gears. Before the illness, his walk, like his manner, usually was described as jaunty or cocky, and he maintained a consistently exhausting pace without falling sick. "But this job at the U.N.," Goldberg says humbly, "is the toughest job I've ever had. Why, I've been able to have just five dinners alone with my wife since August. Five," Goldberg repeats, shaking his head for emphasis, but slowly, so as not to disturb his middle ear.

"The day," he says, "starts at eight or so when I begin going over State Department reports. After that, staff meetings and meetings with ambassadors, foreign ministers, important men. Sometimes they can help me. Sometimes they want me to help them. Add to that my work on the floor or in the committees and the evening meetings and the formal dinners and the private ones. They're all a part of this job." Goldberg pauses before he concludes in a matter-of-fact way that muffles the impact of the words: "I can see now what brought Adlai down."

One does not really expect to hear Arthur Goldberg musing about mortality. Like so many others drafted into government service by John Kennedy, he is devoutly young-in-heart. His background suggests a man totally involved in life. Getting ahead in life. Getting the most out of life. Being useful in life. Wanting 100 years of life. Goldberg has come very far very fast, playing within the rules, and by and large he likes what he has seen. He is proud of himself.

Before entering government work he was a labor lawyer, the *best* labor lawyer, an incredibly persuasive man who earned in excess of $100,000 a year from union clients without losing the respect of big business. Enlisted as Secretary of Labor by John Kennedy, Goldberg immediately became one of Kennedy's "two or three most important cabinet members." From the outset Kennedy consulted him not only on matters of labor, but on economics, defense and personal headaches. When the President had that final soulful session during which he convinced an uncharacteristically coy brother to become Attorney General, the only other person in the room was persuasive Arthur Goldberg. "Arthur," suggests a friend, "could have come up with a reasonable response to anything Bobby might possibly have said, even if Bobby had wanted to say a lot."

After less than two years in the Cabinet, Goldberg ascended to the Supreme Court, following the late Felix Frankfurter, who in turn had followed the late Benjamin Cardozo to the court's "Jewish seat," a reality which politicians often deny exists. He was 54 when he joined the bench, and the happy saga of Goldberg seemed to have reached a satisfactory conclusion. Before him stretched an honored and magisterial old age, enlivened by Seders, secular banquets and Washington Redskin football games.

Goldberg was surprised last July when Lyndon Johnson asked him to become ambassador to the United Nations. "The first thing I did," he says, "was suggest to the President a number of Americans who might be more suitable for the job than I." A pragmatist, he was surprised but not struck dumb. Johnson invited Goldberg to fly with him to Stevenson's funeral, and in the presidential jet, on the way to the burial, Arthur Goldberg said yes, he was willing, yes, he would leave the bench, yes. "I thought," Goldberg says, "what the hell. The country has given me two wonderful jobs. I owe the country something for that. I can't say no, even if this job is a tough one."

No one questions Goldberg's integrity or memory, but some do point out, in the interest of completeness, that he was not divinely happy on the bench. "The secretary's phone rang all the time," Goldberg had remarked. "The justice's phone never rings." To someone else he had observed in surprise, "They don't even give you a car in this job." An outgoing, mobile man, Goldberg, some of his friends now suggest, was appointed to an introspective judicial job 10 years too soon.

Sending Goldberg to the United Nations is a good example of Lyndon Johnson's political genius. In Goldberg, Johnson found a man who had the immediate, almost automatic support of everyone dedicated to the U.N. Liberals talked of his forcefulness and assured one another that Goldberg would never bow to humiliations as Stevenson, however unhappily, had done. Conservatives, such as Everett McKinley Dirksen, a Seder guest of the Goldbergs', liked his practical bent. There was nothing "fuzzy in Arthur's thinking." Editorial writers, first noting that labor-management disputes were not exactly comparable to arguments between sovereign states, then observed that they were not exactly different either. *Viva* Goldberg! is what the editorialists concluded. Thus Johnson had what he may value more than anything else: a national consensus cheering an unexpected move by Lyndon Johnson.

The President seems less sure of the international scene, and international observers seemed less sure of Arthur Goldberg. Arab delegates announced that they were going to consider him a Zionist, until he proved that he was not. ("We have transcripts of speeches he has made to B'nai B'rith," said one.) Others spoke of his

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and their business is being adversaries. Here Ambassador Goldberg doggedly attacks Soviet support of North Vietnam and Ambassador Fedorenko just as doggedly tries to look bored.

inexperience in world affairs. Foreign diplomats deeply admired Adlai Stevenson, and it is doubtful that any new American ambassador who was not a bald, sad-faced, eloquent Princeton liberal could have won them over very easily.

Goldberg, a Crane Junior College man with a midwestern twang and a driving lawyer's bluntness, did not soon charm them. His first impression came in a formal public speech which displayed him at his worst. Generally, he makes no ringing phrases, his wit is slight and his references are legalistic, not classical. In this speech, his opening statement to the General Assembly, he compounded these negative qualities with such a superfluity of references to Johnson that a West European remarked, "We might have been listening to a Russian praising the Chairman."

Aware of his limitations as an orator, Goldberg proceeded to devote himself to that which he does best: meeting people singly or in small groups, head to head. There are 117 nations in the U.N., and the roster of delegates runs 193 pages long. (Goldberg remarked not long ago, "My God, I'm like a lawyer with 116 clients.") Meeting hundreds of delegates during a General Assembly session with more than 100 items on its agenda—"That's nearly 12,000 country positions on individual items"—provides some measure of the pace Goldberg found rough.

"I'd like to ask a rude question and a philosophical one," someone said to the ambassador the other evening as the black limousine, license number S 201, drifted through Manhattan traffic toward the Waldorf-Astoria. It had been a long workday and it was going to be longer. Goldberg puffed his cheeks and nodded. "Go ahead."

A phenomenal worker, Goldberg, with his wife Dorothy, puts in time after hours charming the ambassador from Rwanda.

"There are reports the President promised you something better, say the Vice Presidency next time, if you'd take this job."

Goldberg waved his hand impatiently. "That's foolish," he said. "I left political life when I joined the Bench. What's the philosophical question?"

"Well, now that you've been here for a while, I was wondering what you thought of the future of the U.N. and the future of man in a nuclear age."

"That," Goldberg said slowly, "certainly is a philosophical question. It is *the* philosophical question." He stared toward the red telephone opposite him in the back of the limousine and seemed disinclined to answer further.

"Are you encouraged?"

"No," Goldberg said heavily, "I wouldn't say that. I'm not encouraged. Peace is such a fragile thing. It can be threatened in so many places in so many ways. I'm not encouraged, but you can say this: I'm not discouraged either. Got it? Don't say I'm encouraged. Say I'm not discouraged. That way you'll be about right."

The answer seemed to cheer him and he mentioned the party to which he was going later. "The ambassador who's giving it seemed to be in, uh, a bit of trouble with his foreign minister, and I gather the idea of the party is to impress the foreign minister, who's in town. Maybe we can all do ourselves a little good tonight."

The total good that Goldberg has done at the United Nations is difficult to evaluate after one Assembly session. Most of his work at the U.N. and in Washington involves continuing issues. Further, Goldberg himself is impressed to the point of awe with the mystique of diplomacy. He is so secretive about his private positions that he constantly disappoints liberal audiences who hope for hints of a dissent from Johnson's policy on Vietnam. Indeed, if the U.N. were not such a turbulent confluence of secondary sources, it might be hard to learn if Goldberg has done any real good at all. But certain ratings can be made.

Before the session even began, Goldberg was influential in working out a complicated financial compromise that permitted the General Assembly

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What if Goldberg doesn't agree with Washington? The ambassador's answer: 'I have my say.'

to take votes for the first time in almost a year. Ever since the Congo crisis began in 1960, the U.N. had gone deeper and deeper into debt as the Soviets and French refused to pay their share of the costs. When the U.S. insisted that the delinquent nations be deprived of their voting rights, the U.N. decided not to have any votes at all. "Very well," Goldberg said in effect. "We hold to the principle that the delinquents are wrong. But the U.N. has important things to do. We won't press our principle at this time." When Goldberg helps bring about a solution of this sort, he is generally able to get Johnson to go along with him.

Once the session convened, it confronted once again the problem of Communist China. Goldberg's efforts to block Peking's entry were successful without being inspired. On the day that he spoke against China in the Assembly, debate and deportment on both sides were unimpressive.

A man from Cambodia, an oval of Southeast Asia that lies between Thailand and Vietnam, spoke first. "If the U.N. continues to recognize the pseudo-government [Nationalist China] installed by the U.S., this organization will founder," he warned. Before leaving the podium he added in soft French that the CIA has been using South Vietnamese "disguised as agents of North Vietnam to commit acts of murder and rape."

The next speaker was Liu Chieh, the ambassador from China, or at least that China which the U.N. recognizes, China minus 700 million people. Liu walked toward the head of the great hall, which is handsome in blue and gold even though on one slab wall someone has painted a white and red and black amoeba. As he neared the microphone, all over the floor men began slamming shut attaché cases, buckling satchels, getting up and walking out. They trudged noisily to exits near the rostrum. Before poor Liu could even utter "Mister President," he had lost almost half his audience. All of the Communists and some of the neutralists had gone. Liu could have spoken with the fire of Pericles over the dead of Athens and he still would not have reached half the world. What he did say, almost pathetically, was, "The Civil War in China is not yet ended. Rebels are in control . . . But the basic traits of the Chinese people, reasonableness, moderation, tolerance will prevail. . . ."

Arthur Goldberg applauded Liu and then, after the walkers had returned, a Martini or two to the good, he approached the microphones himself to defend the American position. This is the sort of thing that brought lines to Adlai Stevenson's face. Adlai Stevenson knew that Communist China existed. It wounded him to have to argue that it did not. But no hurt showed on Goldberg. He is an advocate, trained in the adversary system of law. I'll state my side, you state yours, and somewhere in between, a jury may find the truth. Goldberg was doing what every lawyer does—expounding and defending a position, which may not be the precise position he privately holds.

Loudly, in his flat Chicago voice, Goldberg told the General Assembly that admitting Communist China now would be yielding to blackmail. Logically and doggedly, he continued to make points that covered 12 single-spaced typewritten pages. He feared the Red Chinese might subvert the U.N. He feared that admission might encourage Peking on its present path of violence. He spoke of self-determination, the Charter of the United Nations, goals of law and peace for all men and, without striking a single phrase of beauty, sat down to the applause of the delegates who could be expected in advance to applaud him.

And soon double-chinned, bow-tied, soft-voiced Nikolai Trofimovich Fedorenko was doing the same thing for the other side. "There is no need to examine what has been presented as argument by the United States," Fedorenko said. It was diffuse, he added, choleric and inconsistent. Those delegates who could be expected to applaud Fedorenko did so, and it would have been difficult to tell from the public performances that the two nations which probably would least like to see the extremists from Peking seated on the Security Council are the Soviet Union and the United States. ("We worry," remarks a diplomat from the Soviet bloc, "that the Mao-ists might try to take apart the United Nations stone by stone.")

A few days later the General Assembly rejected Peking by a tie vote of 47 to 47. This was victory for Goldberg without much satisfaction. "Every year," warned an African afterward, "China gets closer. Next year, you will see, they will get in."

"The position of the United States," Arthur Goldberg maintains, both feet holding the Johnson line, "is that until Communist China establishes itself as a peace-loving country, there is no place for it in the United Nations."

What Goldberg does concede, significantly, is that Red China is an important power beyond the U.N. He has put the United States on record as favoring universal disarmament, even if that means that American delegates must sit at the same bargaining table with Chinese Communists. This is a major step and a practical one. "We have to consider in any preparatory disarmament group," Goldberg says, "not only countries with nuclear weapons, but those with nuclear capability." The prospect of the U.S. and Russia disarming while Red China builds bombs chills the marrow, and Goldberg is generally credited with having brought President Johnson around to his point of view.

The largest new crisis that confronted the U.N. was Rhodesia's unilateral declaration of independence from Britain. Since the Rhodesian government represents a handful of white settlers, the neighboring states of black Africa demanded that Britain intervene. Arthur Goldberg contributed some nicely ambiguous phrasing to the Security Council resolution that urged Great Britain to act. The council, whose membership included two African nations at the time, was in loose agreement that the proclamation of independence was deplorable and that it was Britain's place to override it. But debate stalled on the question of time. The Africans wanted immediate intervention. Britain wanted to begin with indirect pressures, such as embargoes. The Russians, meanwhile, wanted to talk about imperialist colonialism and the French wanted to abstain.

Just before the resolution, originally offered by Bolivia and Uruguay, came up for a vote, Goldberg reworked a critical phrase into utter ambiguity: "The council," the resolution now read, "determines that the situation resulting from the proclamation of independence by the illegal authorities in Southern Rhodesia is extremely grave, that the United Kingdom Government should put an end to it and that *its continuance in time* constitutes a threat to international peace. . . ."

If the critical phrase had simply read "continuance," the British would have vetoed the entire resolution as a demand for immediate intervention. If the phrase had not mentioned any dangers of a continuance, the African nations, possibly with the Soviets joining, would have voted against the resolution. With *continuance in time*, the resolution passed, 12 to 0, France abstaining.

"I voted for this resolution," said Radhakrishna Ramani of Malaysia, in subsequent discussion, "but as finally adopted, it falls far below my government's expectation of what ought to be done . . . I do not wish to diminish a tribute to the ambassador of the United States, whose talent for persuasiveness is a special quality, but the final form of the text might mystify, if not wholly confuse, the world at large—and by the world I mean the English-speaking world. [Continuance in time] is inartistic, almost illiterate."

"I was, of course, very interested in the comments of Ambassador Ramani," Goldberg told the Council. "For myself, I would merely say that eloquence is always desirable, but I for one would gladly sacrifice grammar for agreement."

The greatest disagreement, the most dangerous condition confronting everyone, is, of course, the Vietnamese war. It is not Goldberg's war, any more than it is President Johnson's war. It is not a war that makes much sense to our allies. But it is a war—and a diplomatic position—behind which the United States has placed all of its prestige.

During much of the recent General Assembly meeting, the American delegates and the American position were ridiculed. "You have taken over half a man's house," said a neutralist, "and now you say to the man: 'Let's talk.' One does not talk with an intruder. One throws him out." The French were delighted to point out that the war was ridiculous, but after all, what could be expected of Americans? The Soviets were happy to discuss America's imperialist aggressions. In the corridors and lounges of the U.N. even our best friends hinted that we should get out.

Against such overwhelming world belief that the U.S. was blundering in Asia, Goldberg was not able to make many public debating points. He repeated Johnson's phrase that the U.S. was ready to negotiate on Vietnam anywhere, any time, without preconditions. Even as he did, U.N. lounges buzzed with a story that posthumously quoted Adlai Stevenson as saying the U.S. had turned down a negotiating offer, carefully arranged by U Thant, the Secretary General. Thant is esteemed in the U.N. and Stevenson was admired. No debating points could be made against a truly neutral world leader and a respected dead man.

But in private, Goldberg's great pragmatism, his instinct for the practical, and his mobility abruptly became important toward the conclusion of the Assembly meeting. Amintore Fanfani of Italy, the President of the Assembly, had heard quietly from two Italian intellectuals that Ho Chi Minh, the president of North Vietnam, was seriously interested in arranging a peaceful settlement. "If America agreed to a cease fire," Ho reportedly told the two, "I'd be at the negotiating table the next day."

Fanfani quickly prepared a letter for Lyndon Johnson which he delivered to Goldberg, who dispatched it to the President at the Texas ranch. Things did not go smoothly. A newspaper printed the secret as a U.S. rejection of Ho's proposal; the State Department then announced that it was "studying the Hanoi feeler." Diplomacy collapsed then, the victim of premature publicity. But it did not die, nor was it meaningless for the future. A few days later Arthur Goldberg was on television saying that now we were willing to consider the North Vietnamese points. "We may not agree with them," he said. "We have points of our own. But we are prepared in negotiations to discuss Hanoi's (four basic) points."

Thus, possibly, hopefully, the United Nations was able to move the Vietnam war away from escalation and toward the conference table.

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Goldberg's impact on the world beyond the U.S. and the U.N. is not comparable to Stevenson's. It may never be, since he lacks Stevenson's eloquence. His impact within the U.N. constantly grows. More and more delegates are impressed by his persuasiveness. More and more are aware that he can reach the President by phone within minutes. More and more are concluding that he is a man of power, and the early snobbish jokes about his "exuberant vulgarity" are subsiding, power and humor being largely incompatible. Particularly in view of the unpopularity of such samples of U.S. foreign policy as the Dominican intervention and the Vietnamese war, Goldberg has made an excellent beginning. After one session of the General Assembly, that is all it is, a beginning.

"Come up to my office," Goldberg had said in the limousine, and now, in the office, he was more inclined to discuss beginnings than ends. "Look at this," he said. "A walking stick the Ghanaians gave me. A genuine chief's walking stick." He was almost a boy with a toy. "With the vertigo I can really use this," he said. He proceeded to a straight-backed Kennedy rocker and remarked, grinning, "We can talk while I exercise."

The office is big and suffused with the hiss of a forced-air ventilation system. There are two pictures of President Johnson ("To a distinguished and wise public servant with the esteem and warm affection of his friend") and one of John Kennedy ("With respect and high expectations."). A painting by Mrs. Goldberg, a non-representational artist, radiates strong colors from one wall.

"My father," Goldberg was saying, "left Russia in an unusual way, across Manchuria. He entered the United States in California and in 1894 he walked across Texas. He was a peddler. He sold what he carried on his back. Imagine that. Crossing the whole state of Texas on foot."

Joseph Goldberg, the father, traveled all the way to Chicago, where he married Rebecca Perlstein and made a living delivering produce. He sired eight children and died when the youngest, Arthur Joseph, was three years old. It was a gutter-poor childhood that Arthur Goldberg recalled in the big office with the signed pictures of two Presidents. He had to go to work at 12 as a delivery boy in a shoe factory. But he stayed in school, Benjamin Harris High, Crane Junior College, and then, working nights in the post office and working on vacations in a construction gang, he put himself through Northwestern University Law School. He graduated at the head of his class and, by special dispensation, was permitted to take the Illinois bar examination before he was 21.

The rest of his story is more familiar. There was labor law through the 1930's, when he represented the Chicago Newspaper Guild, the Steelworkers, the Packing House Workers. He married Dorothy Kurgans in 1931, and the couple had two children, both now grown. He served with the OSS in World War II, and afterward his practice gravitated more and more toward Washington. He became general counsel to the C.I.O. in 1948 and was "chief architect" of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger in 1955, an event Dorothy marked with an abstract painting. His special gift was mediation. Businessmen were glad to see Goldberg at the bargaining table. Usually this meant no strike.

"There isn't any single secret to mediation," Goldberg was saying in his office, "but primarily you have to understand not only that the other fellow has a point of view but that he probably has pretty good reasons for having it. That certainly carried over from labor to here. But, of course, labor, like management, works within the framework of American government. Here we have nations with all different schemes.

"In mediating," Goldberg said, rocking slowly, "you have to be patient and persevering and, as you may gather from the Rhodesian Resolution, you cannot afford pride of authorship."

Religion came up, and Goldberg said that it was a fool's issue. "I should think, after President Kennedy, this country would be beyond raising religious questions," he said. "It is no longer a problem for the Arabs here. Why, we have them at our parties and they ask me to theirs." The rocking stopped. "For heaven's sake," the ambassador said, "I'm not the delegate from Israel. I'm the delegate from the United States."

He spoke of dissent, a Vietnam peace march, as being distinctly different from dissension. Well then, how did he fare with his own dissents on foreign policy within the Administration?

The answer came back short and tough. "I have my say."

The talk went smoothly until suddenly and abruptly the ambassador ran out of time. The door to the big office closed, leaving him alone with State Department papers and a phone that would not stop ringing and an appointment book so crowded that he displays it with delight.

Soon it will be 21 years since the United Nations, 50 countries celebrating their own survival and the pyre of Hitler, gathered in San Francisco to write a charter. Behind them lay the wreck of the League of Nations, and they needed most of all a schema that would work. The framers decided as a fundamental that the great powers which had fought on the same side in two World Wars within 30 years would get along with one another. Thus all nations were enrolled in the General Assembly, which could recommend but could not act, and power was reserved for the Security Council, where the five great nations—China, France, Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the United States—had the ultimate weapon of veto.

A remarkable achievement of the U.N. is that it has survived the years of U.S.-Soviet conflict. It has done more than that. In Palestine and in Suez and in the Congo and in Cyprus, actions by the U.N. have brought crises under control. One tends to assume that some of these were minor crises, unlike Vietnam, but it may be that fast U.N. action is the reason that they stayed minor.

"I wonder," Goldberg says, "if in a nuclear time you can properly describe any crisis as minor. The world has run out of Sarajevos. I am not suggesting that multilateral negotiation is the only way, but it is one way, and to keep the peace we must pursue *all* ways."

At such points in a discussion, the relentless, white-haired ambassador who prides himself on his endurance seems almost weary. It is, after all, a fierce thing to face every day the cruelest fact of our time: The survival of man and his planet are no longer assured. "I am not discouraged," Arthur Goldberg says, almost as if he were trying to convince himself, "not discouraged." □

Correspondents converge for a party, there is more work to be done, but Goldberg steals a minute to kiss Dorothy hello.

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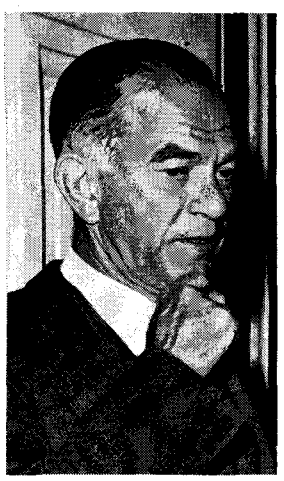
Editorial

The state of the consensus



Sen. J. William Fulbright

William McChesney Martin

According to a recent report on the Washington diplomatic scene, Sen. J. William Fulbright, the distinguished chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was not invited to the White House dinner for Chancellor Ludwig Erhard of Germany. He wasn't invited to the dinner for Prime Minister Harold Wilson of England either, or to the dinner for President Mohammed Ayub Khan of Pakistan. The implication was that President Johnson, who now is issuing his pronouncements on the state of the Union, didn't approve of Senator Fulbright's criticisms of the Administration's policy in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, and that he chose this petty discourtesy in retaliation.

It was not only a discourtesy to Fulbright, who has a constitutional duty to state his views on U.S. foreign policy. It was also a discourtesy to Messrs. Erhard, Wilson and Ayub Khan, who do not necessarily share the President's hostility toward his critics. More important, though, the social ostracism of Senator Fulbright illustrates a major weakness in Lyndon Johnson, and indeed in many men of great power: the unwillingness to accept criticism and dissent.

The President reacted rather similarly in his recent controversy with William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. Unlike Johnson's official hierarchs, who profess to believe that we can finance both a major war in Vietnam and a major domestic spending program with the scrip of presidential pronouncements, Martin puts his trust in fiscal orthodoxy, and he became convinced that the Johnson program would be dangerously inflationary. Unlike Fulbright, Martin has the authority to take independent executive action, so he applied a brake to the economy by raising the federal discount rate one half percent. The White House reacted with indignation, and word leaked out that Martin had been precipitous in raising the rate before the Administration's new budget was completed. Thus, it was said, he had violated the principle of coordinated economic planning. Martin's answer was blunt. He had been trying to get White House approval for the move since October, he said, with no success. Like Fulbright, he had followed his own conscience. While one may argue the merits of the decision—and we happen to think both Fulbright and Martin can make persuasive cases for their views—the basic point is that Lyndon Johnson seems unable to believe that any rational man could possibly disagree with him on any subject.

Nor are these the only instances of presidential autocracy. The Washington press, of course, has long since learned that the President does not take kindly to anything less than outright flattery. And in the White House itself, the departure of McGeorge Bundy represents the departure of one of the last advisers noted for a genuine independence of mind and will. Bundy's replacement, by all reports, will by no means wield the kind of authority Bundy used to have. As for the once-vociferous Hubert Humphrey, he is learning that Lyndon Johnson regards Vice Presidents about the way the Victorians regarded children—to be seen and not heard. There is a Victorian quality, in fact, about the whole White House nowadays. Father knows best, and Father's word is law.

It may be argued that Presidents are entitled to their share of human vanity, and that they have traditionally lashed out at what they consider the stinging nuisance of hostile mosquitoes. John F. Kennedy, for example, made a point of publicly canceling the White House subscription to the New York *Herald Tribune*, and Harry Truman threatened to commit assault and battery against a Washington music critic who failed to appreciate a concert by the President's daughter. Still, granted these human excesses, it remains true that what every leader needs most is advisers who will tell him the truth, even if the truth means an accusation that the leader's policy is a bad one.

President Johnson has been widely described as a believer in the politics of consensus, and, in a nation of the size, power and complexity of the United States, this is doubtless a wise course. Certainly, no policy that is favored by a majority of Americans can long be obstructed by a few lobbies; just as certainly, no policy put into effect solely by presidential power can overcome the hostility or merely grudging acceptance of a large number of citizens.

But what is the real meaning of a policy of consensus? It is not the authoritarian demand that everyone consent to decrees from the White House. It is not the dark suspicion that anyone who criticizes the President is a Birchite, a Communist or an idiot. "Come, let us reason together," used to be President Johnson's favorite maxim, but when we reason together, we do not necessarily agree on every detail. The essence of the American consensus—and it does exist—is that most Americans are pragmatists, not ideologues. They want progress—with law and order—at home. They want peace—with law and order—abroad. On the definition of these broad concepts, there will never be universal agreement, but most of us are prepared to accept and support policies we don't quite agree with, as long as they are policies we can live with. As Republican Sen. George Aiken put it recently, there is a difference between "self-generated consensus and consensus arising out of full and free discussion." Consensus, therefore, is not an area of shining truth in the midst of a sea of darkness but a grayish area where myriad different opinions converge. Only here can any President be sure that his people, despite their reservations, truly support him.

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